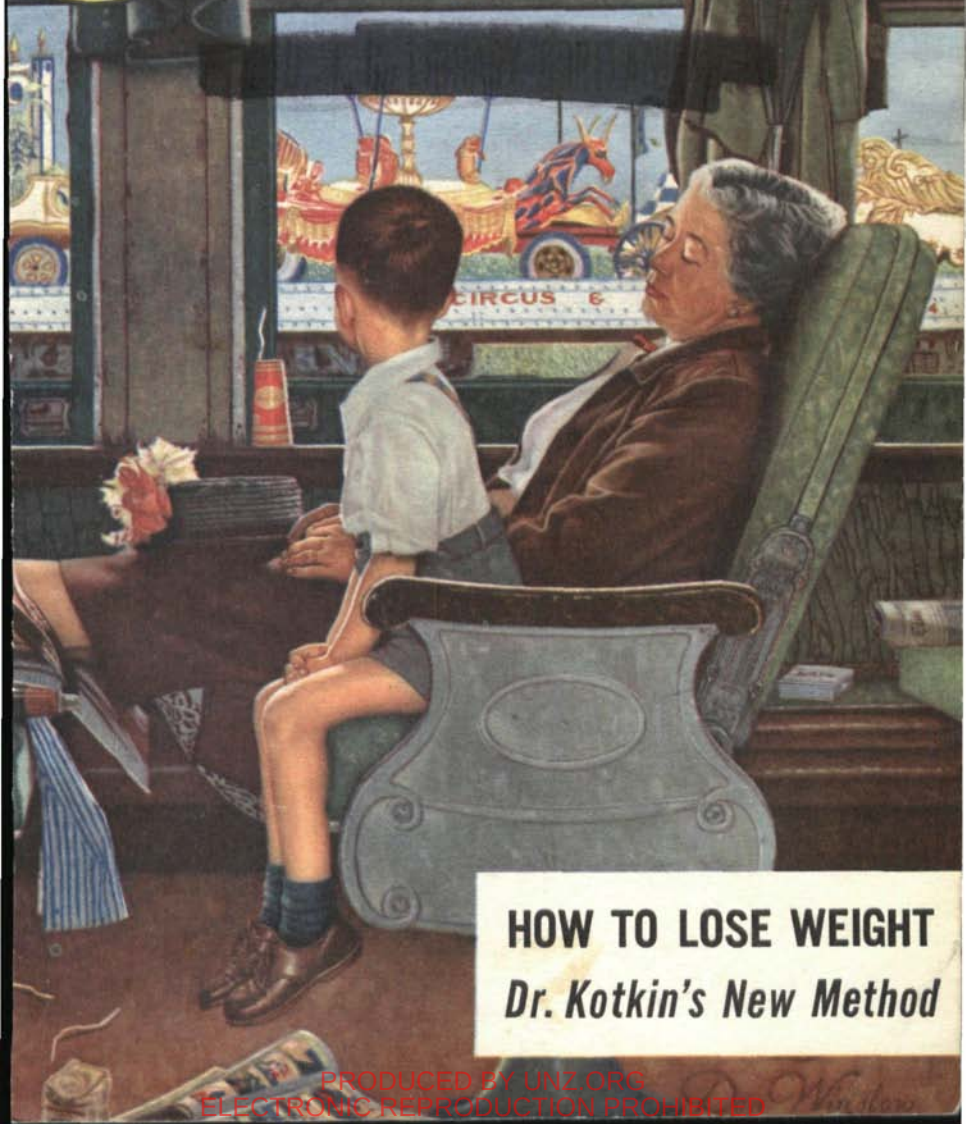


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Mom...



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... let the beauty of your Flowers-By-Wire
tell her of your love.

Simply stop in or phone your F.T.D. Florist —
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MERCURY EMBLEM. On Mother's Day, as always,
F.T.D. Florists *guarantee* delivery.
Even last-minute remembrances get there on time!

Look for **SPEEDY** and the **MERCURY EMBLEM**.
They identify the right shops all over the world.

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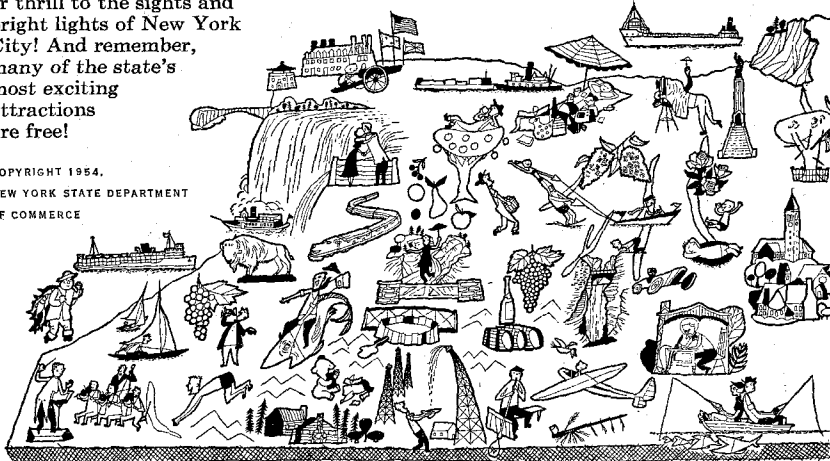
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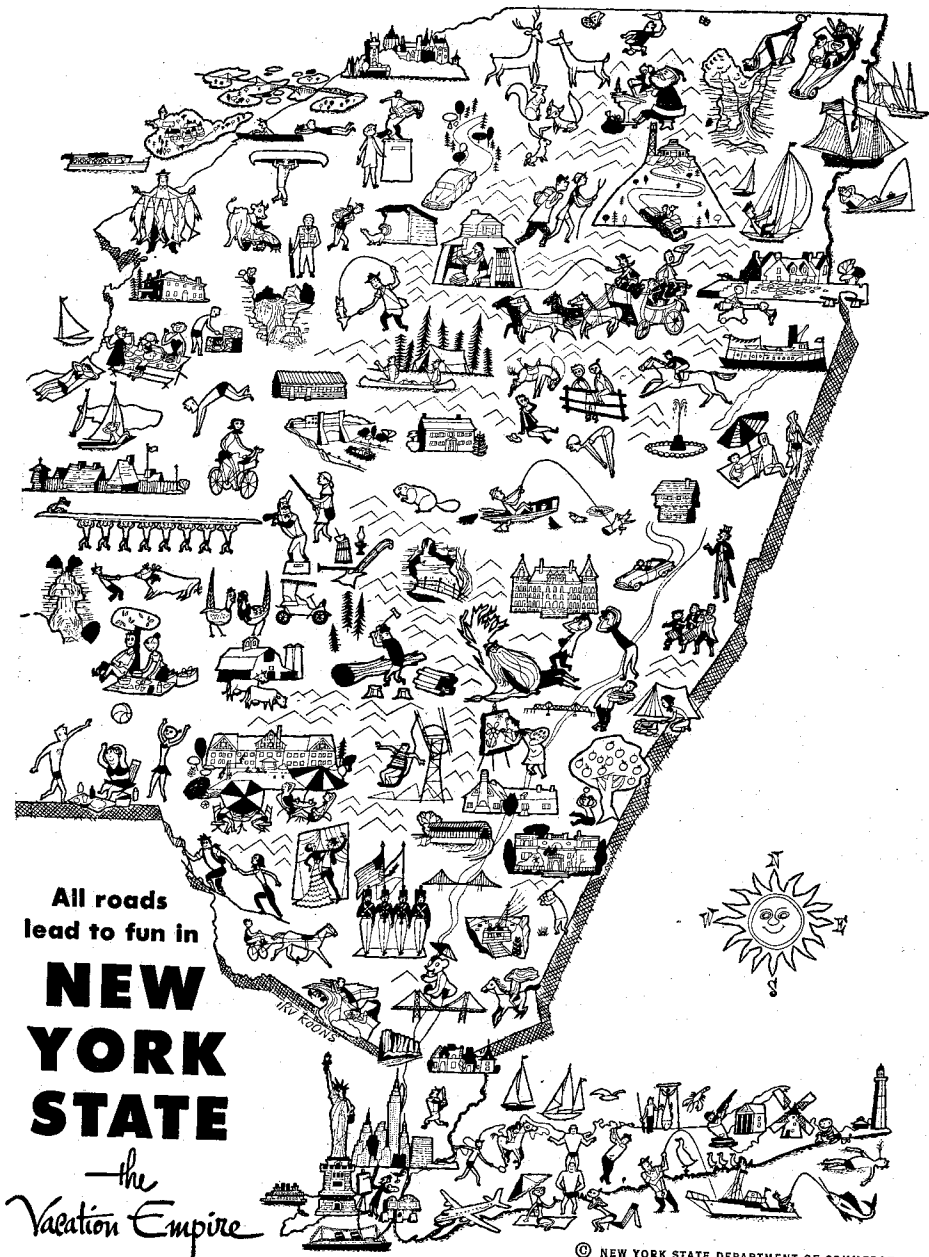


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thousands of
physicians
and dentists
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MAY, 1954

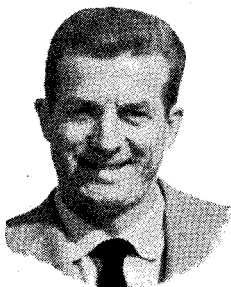




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—Says *Sam Hanks*

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"I do a lot of driving on the highway as well as on the track. Whether it's on the open road, dirt oval or the bricks at Indianapolis, I've learned that spark plugs are the real key to engine performance. So, before you start your trip, better have new spark plugs installed. Make sure they're the proper heat range, that they're installed right and that they're Champions. I say CHAMPIONS because I use them myself in every car I drive. They're tops with me and with every race driver I know."

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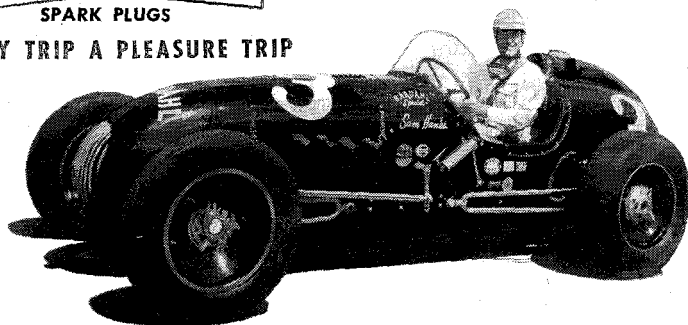


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CHAMPION

SPARK PLUGS

MAKE EVERY TRIP A PLEASURE TRIP





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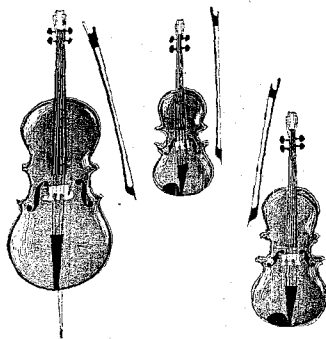
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Classic Chamber Music



Haydn marks the beginning of modern chamber music. The Quartet in D, op. 64, no. 5 (the *Lark* quartet), is played by the Hungarian String Quartet (RCA Victor LM 1076); his trios nos. 1, 28 and 30 (Westminster WL 5202) by Jean Fournier, Antonio Janigro and Badura-Skoda, who consistently have given us the finest in recorded chamber music. An early quartet, F major, op. 3, no. 5, and the Quartet in B flat major, op. 103, are combined in one album with the little known *The Seven Last Words of Christ*, op. 51, (Westminster WL 5064-5).

Mozart's quartets in G major, K. 387, and D minor, K. 421, are available in a beautifully melodious performance by the Quartetto Italiano (Angel 35063). The same group offers Boccherini's quartets, op. 39, no. 3 and op. 58, no. 3 in an equally outstanding rendition (Angel 35062). The Budapest String Quartet, using the Stradivari instruments of the Library of Congress, plays with its usual mastery from the Mozart quartets dedicated to Haydn, no. 18 in A major, K. 464, and no. 19, K. 465, the *Dissonant* (Columbia ML 4728). A first of a quite unusual combination, the Quintet in A major, K. 581, for Clarinet and Strings, is played by Reginald Kell and the Fine Arts String Quartet (Decca DL 9600).

The complete Beethoven quartets are offered by Columbia, performed by the Budapest String Quartet (ML 4576-87). The Paganini Quartet records early quartets of Beethoven's for RCA Victor (LM 1729) and of the later period, no. 14 in C sharp minor, op. 131 (LM 1736). The *Archduke* Trio in B flat

major, op. 97, is given a moving execution by the Fournier, Janigro, Badura-Skoda group (Westminster WL 5131).

Schubert's early quartets nos. 1 to 3, are offered by Westminster, played by the Konzerthaus Quartet (WL 5204). The cheery Quintet in A major for Piano and Strings, the *Trout* Quintet, op. 114, is most pleasantly recorded by a group led by Aeschbacher (Decca DL 9707). The tragic String Quartet in D minor, no. 14, *Death and the Maiden*, is presented in a searching performance, together with the quartets nos. 13 and 15, in a Budapest String Quartet album (Columbia SL 194).

RCA Victor offers the romanticist Schumann's popular Quintet in E flat, with pianist Artur Rubinstein and the Paganini Quartet (LM 1095); and Columbia the Trio no. 1 in D minor, op. 63, played by Alexander Schneider, Pablo Casals and Mieczyslaw Horszowski (ML 4718), both deeply imaginative renditions.

The emotional qualities of Brahms' Quartet no. 1 in G minor for Piano and Strings, op. 25 (with Rudolf Serkin, ML 4296) as well as the superb musical architecture of Quartet no. 2 in A major for Piano and Strings (with C. Curzon, ML 4630) come out brilliantly in these Columbia records. Equally remarkable is his Trio for Piano, Violin and Cello in B major, op. 8, performed by Fournier, Janigro and Skoda (Westminster WL 5237).

—FRED BERGER

Long Distance QUIZ



"They tell me Long Distance calls are mighty cheap. How much would you say these calls would be?"

Baltimore to Philadelphia **Jacksonville to Indianapolis**
Chicago to St. Louis **Boston to San Francisco**
Washington to Detroit See answers at bottom of page

We find that most people don't realize how low Long Distance rates really are. So we put on this little telephone quiz to give you some typical rates.

Small in cost, a Long Distance call can mean so much to someone who is dear but distant.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Answers: Baltimore to Philadelphia 40c

Chicago to St. Louis 70c

Washington to Detroit 85c

Jacksonville to Indianapolis \$1.10

Boston to San Francisco \$2

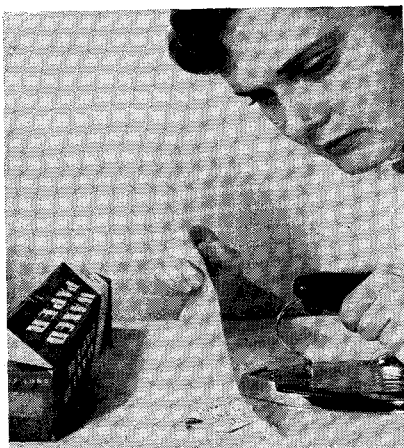
These are the station-to-station

rates for the first three minutes, after 6 every evening and all day Sunday. They do not include the federal excise tax

Waxed-Paper Wizardry



When storing oilcloth, place a sheet of waxed paper between each square or roll. Result: no sticking or marring.



To keep labels or addressed envelopes from smearing in the rain, cover with waxed paper and apply a warm iron.



Twist a piece of waxed paper into a cone and you have a homemade funnel. Caution: hot liquids will melt the wax.



Place pieces of waxed paper on freshly varnished or repainted floors. You will have a walking path until floors dry.

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EDWARD TREVVETT, *Secretary*, Utica 2, N.Y.

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MAY, 1954



A GREAT NUMBER of baseball fans don't know that they owe the traditional seventh-inning stretch to a kink in a Presidential back.

It seems that when William Howard Taft was President he got that kink in his back at an opening game in Washington. So he stood up to work it out. Everybody, thinking the President was leaving, stood up too.

And that's how a baseball tradition was born. —JAMES POOLER (*Detroit Free Press*)

BABE RUTH was once interviewed by a cub reporter. He patiently answered question after question until finally the reporter asked, "Babe, what do you think of psychology?"

"Kid," replied the Babe, without any hesitation, "I haven't bet on a horse in six months."

—From *The Herman Hickman Reader*, by Herman Hickman. Simon & Schuster, Inc., New York, Publishers. Copyright, 1953, by Herman Hickman.

THE NEW YORK GIANTS and the Chicago White Sox made a world-wide tour about 35 years ago and the two teams played exhibitions in all the capitals of Europe. It fell to none other than tough, hard-boiled John McGraw to act as guide, interpreter and information agent when the clubs reached London. His Majesty, King George V,

attended the game and McGraw sat in the box with the King to help explain what went on on the field.

A White Sox player laid down a bunt with a man on base and the runner on first went to second as the put-out was made at first base.

"That's called a sacrifice, Your Majesty," said McGraw graciously. "We call it a sacrifice because the batter gave himself up for the other man so he could advance from first to second base."

There were several moments of heavy silence in the royal box and McGraw was embarrassed to think that his explanation had failed to be understood. Then the King cleared his throat.

"I say," he said, "that was rawther sportin' of him, eh what?"

—From *Say It Ain't So*, by MAC DAVIS. Dial Press, New York, Publishers. Copyright, 1953, by MAC DAVIS

BACK IN THE EARLY DAYS of World War II, Bucky Harris managed the Washington Senators. One day he met Umpire Bill McGowan. During their conversation, Harris asked Bill if he thought baseball would be curtailed for the duration.

"Gosh, Bucky," said McGowan, "I dunno. Your guess is as good as mine."

"I know that, Bill," Harris grinned, "but you never admitted it before."

—Victorian

私はタンパックスほしい

Ich muss Tampax haben

Je désire Tampax

Quiero Tampax

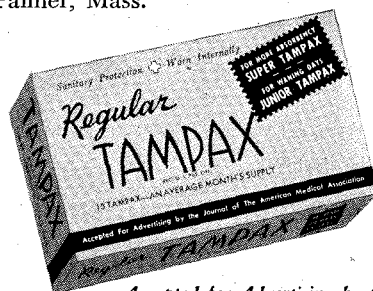
They all mean

“I want Tampax”

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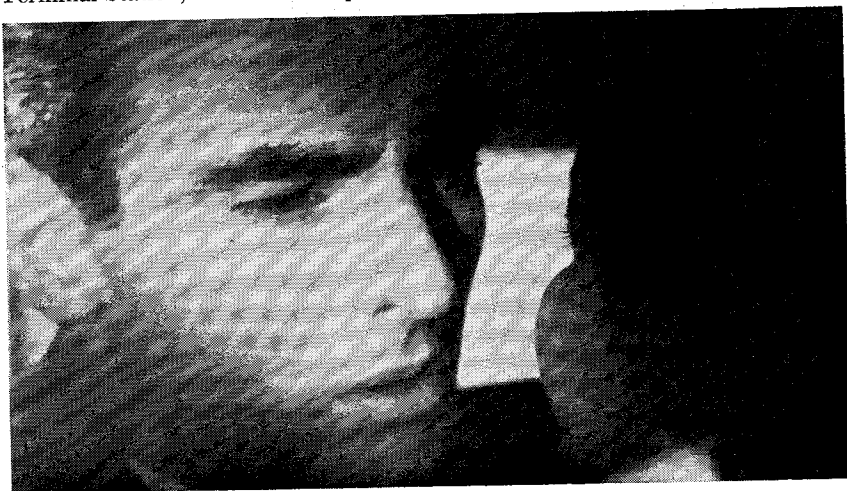
*Accepted for Advertising by the
Journal of the American Medical Association*

THE MONTH'S BEST...

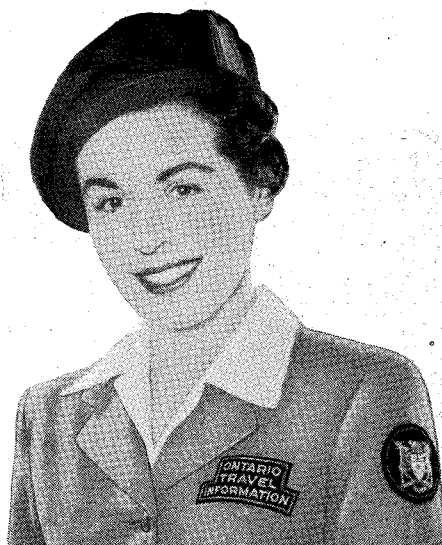


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THIS IS THE STORY of a stolen moment in the life of a man and a woman, of a love that cannot be, yet must exist. Magnificently played by Jennifer Jones and Montgomery Clift, produced and directed by Vittorio de Sica in Rome's Terminal Station, the film is a superb union of American and Italian techniques.



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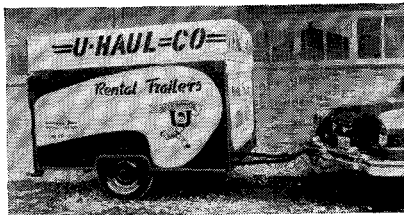
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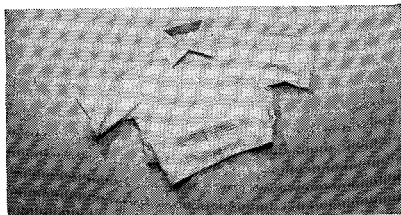
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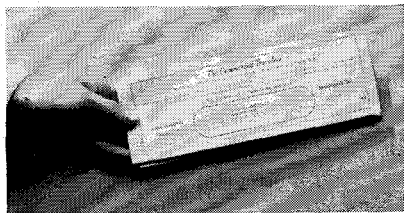
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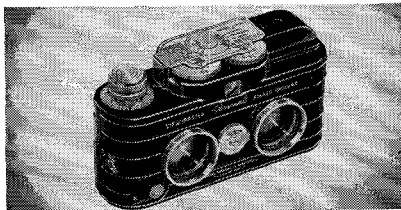
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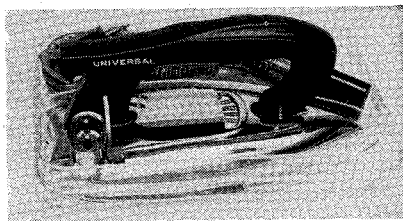
WHEN THE WEATHER decrees that a man should wear no shirt, and fashion decrees otherwise, it's time for Van Heusen's new, washable Pickstitch Checks. Looks cool, feels cool. \$4.95.



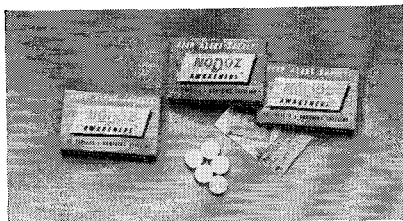
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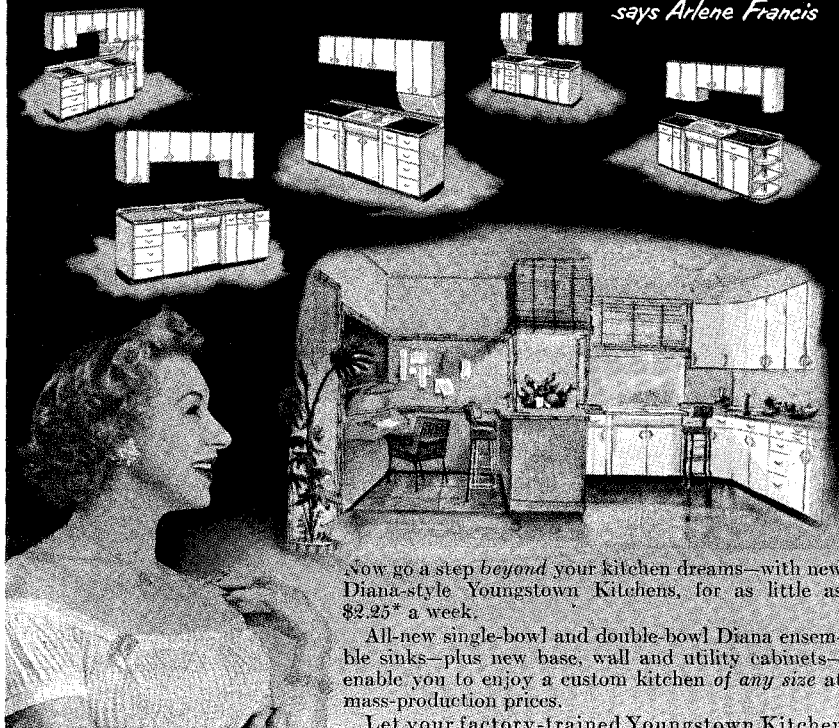
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says Arlene Francis



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for lasting appeal

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Youngstown Kitchens, Mullins Manufacturing Corporation
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Please send newest kitchen-planning, decoration ideas. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. (No stamps, please.)

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I plan to build ☐

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MAY, 1954

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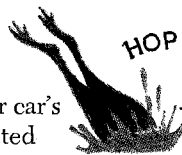
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—on the lift and your car's chassis will be lubricated by *chart* with superior MARFAK. You'll enjoy that *cushiony* feeling for 1,000 miles or more—plus quieter driving, *easier* handling! Transmission and differential get preferred treatment, too!



HOP DOWN

—and you'll roll out with a tankful of Texaco Sky Chief, the *premium* gasoline for those who want the best . . . or famous Fire Chief, for lively power at regular gasoline prices. Both 100% Climate-Controlled!



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MAY, 1954

19

Tired of getting up dead tired?

New medical findings revealed! You may actually be "starved" for the RIGHT KIND of sleep

AT BEDTIME and especially during the long nighttime hours without food, your brain may become *starved* for blood sugar, your vital "sleep food." Result: You may feel too nervous to go to sleep, too restless to sleep *well*.

How you can help your body get the "sleep food" it needs. Take something before bed that will help maintain your blood sugar supply. Sweet, sugary foods are too quickly burned up... but the new Postum Nightcap is ideal. Made with



INSTANT POSTUM and hot milk, a drugless Postum Nightcap is good-tasting, safe—helps assure a *slow, steady* supply of "sleep food"... the kind that helps give you more refreshing sleep *tonight*, a brighter, more productive day *tomorrow*.

The new Postum Nightcap is safe and so easy—try one tonight! If the right kind of sleep is a problem for you—get yourself a jar of



INSTANT POSTUM and try the new Postum Nightcap tonight. It's easy—just a teaspoon of INSTANT



POSTUM in a cup of hot milk. See if you don't sleep better, *nights*—wake to more energetic

days. Remember, too, that POSTUM is a great mealtime beverage—no caffeine, no "Coffee Nerves"!

The "SLEEP-FOOD" Nightcap
for sleepless Millions!



A Product of
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What Has Happened to Common Sense?

by MARY ELLEN CHASE

WHENEVER I RETURN to the isolated village on the coast of Maine where I now spend every year from early June until late October, I am pleasantly impressed by the way in which my neighbors there hold on to certain old words and terms, now too rarely heard.

One of these is *grit*, with its companion, *gumption*; another is *get up and get*, which in Maine means to depend on oneself; and yet another is *common*, or *horse sense*. My neighbors, who are all fishermen, and their wives need these words to describe the human qualities which they extoll above all others. For fishing, whether for lobsters or herring, is a hard and precarious calling. It demands gumption and horse sense, or, in more polite terms, the spirit of adventure, self-reliance, the power of decision, and the determination not to be downed by adverse circumstances.

In other words, one has to *get up and get* in order to wrest a living from the sea and to preserve one's

self-respect as well as the decent opinion of one's fellow men.

My neighbors are frankly suspicious of anyone who seemingly lacks these old American virtues, and they are not slow in the expression of their skepticism. Last summer, they voiced their common judgment of a newcomer to the village who, arriving in search of better fishing grounds, had lost most of his lobster traps in a northeast gale and had been bewailing his fate with too little reserve. In doing so, they employed other homely yet apt phrases still current among them.

"Why don't he shut his mouth and pick up his feet?" they said. "He's bound to *run aground* no matter what he does. You can't sail straight by takin' time out to bawl about bad luck."

Since they and I stem from the same coastal and rural background, I realize that we were brought up on the same plain yet wholesome fare. In the country school of my

childhood, we were faced daily by precepts written on the blackboard each Monday morning by our "old-fashioned" teachers who knew it to be their duty to instill iron in our souls as well as common fractions in our minds.

PRECEPTS, I GATHER from modern notions of education, have quite gone out of date; and yet those which we were obliged to memorize each week have not only somehow stayed with me through many years, but have also proved salutary in many moments of indecision and anxiety.

Usually our weekly precept was in terse prose: *It takes a live fish to swim upstream, but any old log can float down. Or, Don't expect others to bear your troubles. They have their own. Or, Life isn't all you want, but it's all you have, so have it.*

Occasionally, however, a rhyme enlivened us. One of these, in the familiar chalked square at the top of the blackboard, I recall as a general favorite:

*The mind of man has no defense
To equal plain, old common sense.
This homely virtue don't despise,
If you would be happy as well as wise.*

Nor did country schools alone dispense such robust aphorisms. Most American parents 50 years ago dealt them out liberally, sometimes even sternly, in the upbringing of children. My own home and parents were typical of the general run. I was taught early both by precept and example that *a job once undertaken has to be completed whatever the cost, that no one but the maker of them ought to be expected to pay for mistakes,*

and that it is always best to keep one's head a safe distance from one's heels.

I realized early the first of these relentless truths when at ten years old, I undertook the job of driving our family cow to pasture every morning and fetching her at night from May to October for the payment of \$5. In spite of her name, which was Constaney, she was the most unpredictable, not to say ornery, of cows.

Whimsical by nature and agile of movement, she was given to hiding in thickets and swamps at the close of day, and bounding away once I had discovered her. I shall never forget the exasperations and furies of that interminable summer, the terrors which lurked in gathering darkness over the pasture, the mosquitoes and the black flies, and the countless tears shed in secret. But no one came to my rescue or even to my assistance. The job was mine alone, as was the hard-earned \$5 bill in October.

During my life as a teacher I have often recalled such incidents as these, common to my childhood, and wondered whether our more complex life today can afford experiences as valuable. I have questioned also, particularly in recent years, whether we have actually discovered any worthy substitutes for those former precepts and teachings which, outmoded as they seem to be in these present days, are distinctly an American heritage, rooted deeply in our history, our literature, and our ways of life.

The old words, *grit, gumption*, and *common or horse sense*, the old sayings of school and home, are passing out of our speech, except in rural areas, and with such passing there is sure-

ly the suggestion of our apparent lack of need for them and for what they counsel as to our conduct as individuals and, therefore, as a people.

In their places we use today a growing number of new words and terms to describe our states of mind and our meeting of those difficulties and questions which will always beset us. We are now *insecure*, or *ill-adjusted*, or *frustrated*, or made ineffective by a *sense of inferiority*. We suffer from *emotional blocks*, or *phobias*, or *psychoses*; or we are *self-destructive* from some obscure cause.

An examination of these new words, moreover, makes one uncomfortably aware that they lack the affirmation and the optimism of the old. There is implicit in them the notion that we are surrounded by foes difficult to defeat.

This new vocabulary comes into use early with our concern over our children. We now hesitate to look upon them as simply ill-mannered, or undisciplined, or spoiled. We fear that they are *problem* children, who need expert care and utmost caution lest they become *neurotics* or *uncontributive members* of our human society. Anxious parents study them with the help of books and, as a last resort, turn to guidance clinics or to specialists in child welfare and nurture.

When they go to high school and to college, they are surrounded by advisers on this and that, what they would best study, how they may well employ their leisure time, what profession or work in life they are best fitted for. They are urged to confide their worries to understanding, often professional, ears, to unearthen from their past any childhood

grievance which may have built a stumbling-block, to diagnose their parents and the mistakes they have made in upbringing.

They are too seldom encouraged, as were their parents and grandparents, to face problems by themselves, to make their own decisions, and to pay the consequences of their own mistakes.

NOR ARE ADULTS FREE from the waves of anxiety which seem in these latter days to be engulfing us concerning our potentialities as human beings. Too many of us are looking about for some panacea which will ease the burdens of our past and present errors in judgment and lighten our fears of the future. We are sadly conscious that life is slipping by and that we are neither contributing to it as we might or getting from it what it offers.

Something, we feel, is wrong somewhere, and, without making any stout attempt on our own to discover what it is, we turn to wiser friends, or, if we can afford it, to professional advice, or to any number of books which have lately flooded the market and which guarantee to show us how to understand ourselves, or to advance professionally, or to gain self-confidence by influencing others, or to help us "stop worrying and start living."

It is the number and popularity of these books which suggest too



potently the restlessness and anxiety of far too many among us. Yet even a cursory reading of them reveals only what we used to call plain old common sense; their authors are telling us nothing which we have not always known.

They, one and all, urge upon us what common sense has always urged: a calm and objective weighing of ourselves; a frank and even merciless recognition of our weaknesses and failures; a determination to oust at any cost over-sensitivity, which is but a form of self-indulgence; a new attitude toward our families and our communities; a sense of personal responsibility for the well-being and relative happiness of both; a fresh start; a game played with patience, resilience, and humor—in short, a reliance upon our own powers of self-discipline.

No one in his senses would, of course, suggest that such books are not often helpful to the anxious mind. Nor, more importantly, would one deny that modern psychiatry has contributed untold help to our civilization. There are many sick minds among us which demand expert diagnosis and treatment. And yet, the assumption that most if not all of us have somehow acquired mental and emotional conflicts which we cannot cope with by ourselves surely has its dangers.

AS A PEOPLE we have since our beginnings been known for our self-reliance, for our successful struggles with all manner of hardships, for our innate ability to stand on our own feet, for our gumption and our common sense. Isn't it about time, now that existence has become complicated at best and

that restlessness and uncertainty have become ominous characteristics of our modern world, that we return as individuals to those values and practices which we have not so much forgotten as neglected, stop dumping our ashcans on our families, our patient friends, or our physicians, save our money and our self-respect, make our own decisions, however difficult, and at least attempt to work out our own problems?

A few weeks ago a former student of mine, now 26, came to see me. She, of all the many girls I have taught during the past 30 years, might well have looked upon herself as a *problem*, since a painful speech defect has been her lot from babyhood. Yet she went through college uncomplainingly, earned most of the cost herself, graduated with high honors, and seemingly never descended to self-pity or to outcries against her particular fate.

When I asked her how things were going in her New York job, she said everything seemed all right there, but that she was disturbed about the three girls with whom she was sharing an apartment.

"They seem all right to me, if they wouldn't stew about themselves; but they say they're all messed up and can't straighten things out. They're all paying a good part of their salaries to a psychiatrist; in fact, it's funny, but half the people I know are doing the same thing. Maybe there's something wrong with me, too, but since I can't afford to find out what it is, I just go on playing the same old game with myself and trying to settle my own messes.

"I've played it so long now that I've forgotten it *is* a game. Don't

worry about me for one minute. I'm having a swell time."

As Americans we are, or at least we *were*, adventurers, and our history is the story of a game played against tremendous odds and gloriously won. Why not recall that fact and the tough moral fiber which made the winning possible, and start games on our own—contests against lethargy and discouragement, bewilderment and laziness, irritations and ill-temper? Against frustrations (who isn't frustrated in one way or another?), against those nagging notions that we have problems different from those of others, or that we are neither wanted nor needed by our children, or that we have nothing to give to our own time and place?

Life may not be all we want, but it's all we have, as my old school precept said, and it's high time that we *have* it. We shall not find its secrets or its possible riches in the advice of others, however wise, or in books, however revealing, unless we complete (or better *substitute*) that counsel and revelation with our own American heritage of grit, gumption, and common sense.

These homely virtues have never been lost or actually despised. They or their opposites have only been dressed up in a variety of ways and handed out to us under other names. It would be an act of patriotism as well as of wisdom to haul off their modern disguises, return their old, wholesome names, and start at once to put them into practice.

Quick Comebacks

ORDERS CAME THROUGH that all the engineers on a certain New York line had to pass an intelligence test. One engineer, a not very bright fellow, told the examiner, "I have a family to support. I'd lose the day's pay. I can't afford it, and it would upset me so that I'd never pass the test. Let me take it on Sunday, and I know I can do better."

At last the examiner was convinced and gave the test on Sunday. "This test," said he, "is only one question. You are running a train from Rouses Point to Albany, stopping at Saratoga Springs. Tell me where you would stop, sidetrack, and so forth, for other trains, signals, etc."

The engineer answered quickly, "I'd stop at Saratoga and Albany."



The examiner yelled, "Why, man, that's ridiculous! You'd have seven accidents. You'd hit the rear of a freight train. One place you'd hit a passenger train.

You'd never make it. I never heard anything so foolish!"

The engineer said, "You said I'm running this train today?"

"Yes."

"Well, today is Sunday and them other trains aren't running."

—New York Folklore Quarterly

A BRITISH FILM CENSOR, asked why he allowed scenes from Italian and French films showing married people in bed together, said:

"Because there is a consistent report that they are occasionally to be found there."

—CURT L. HEYMANN

Where police officers buy everything from blackjacks to leg irons



This Store Stops Crime



by LEE EDSON

"RUSH JUMPER-REPEATERS." The strange-sounding order came over George F. Cake's telephone in Berkeley, California. Authorities at the California State Prison miles away were in a high state of apprehension over a serious riot that had broken out. Lives depended on stopping it immediately.

Other means exhausted, officials were now pinning their hopes on a new kind of tear-gas grenade—a remarkable mob-dispersing gadget that releases gas immediately and actually hops about among rioters like a kangaroo. The prison authorities were sure they could find the device in Cake's unusual store.

They were right. In a matter of hours, a special car, rushed to Berkeley, placed the spectacular weapon in the hands of embattled prison officials. A short time later, tear-blinded and disorganized prisoners were being herded back to their cells, and what might have developed into a deadly affair ended without bloodshed.

Such dramatic occurrences are by no means unusual in George Cake's business. As private storekeeper to the nation's police, he carries what is probably the most complete stock of law-enforcement equipment in the country. His shelves are literally crammed with handcuffs, blackjacks, tear-gas shells, leg irons, and at least 300 other crime-fighting items, including such unique weapons as Yawara sticks (Japanese billies) and pocket wire-recorders now used for taking on-the-spot testimony.

Emergency demands for these items can come at any hour from harassed police officers. Cake has air-expressed guns to Alaska, prison clubs to Egypt, and straightjackets to the Fiji Islands. His working motto is to supply anything a policeman may need except the uniform, and in 20 years his small, out-of-the-way store has seldom failed to fill an order.

All this adds up to a \$500,000-a-year business, concentrated predominantly among some 2,500 law-enforcement agencies in 11 Western states. Over this little empire the silver-haired, 50-year-old Californian rules with the tolerant air of

one who has heard everything.

And so he has. Not long ago, for instance, a mild-looking man with the air of a distracted professor walked in, calmly ordering a tear-gas gun. In turning him down, Cake patiently pointed out that illegal possession of tear gas is a felony in California. The man looked so crestfallen that Cake impulsively asked, "What in the world do you want it for?"

The man lifted red-rimmed eyes. "Did you ever live next door to a fraternity?" he snapped, and strode out the door.

On another occasion, a suave individual introducing himself as a contractor on a dam-building project, filled out an order for half a dozen submachine guns. "For payroll protection," he explained smoothly.

Without batting an eyelash, Cake took the order and told him to call back for the delivery date. The man smiled graciously, bowed and left the store.

A check soon revealed that the project's engineers had never heard of the supposed contractor. Cake promptly phoned the FBI. That same evening, the man was picked up for questioning. He remained sullenly silent until agents confronted him with a cache of weapons unearched from the basement of his home. Then he confessed to heading a gun-running racket which supplied arms to Latin-American revolutionists.

Surprisingly enough, the red-brick store that attracts such characters is so physically unobtrusive that long-time Berkeley residents do not know it exists. There are no wares in the window, and Cake

figures that the sign reading: "Law Enforcement Equipment" is sufficiently conservative to escape the public's attention.

He is not quite right. Recently, a distraught young lady sought him out for a way to stop her sister from rifling her purse. Cake furnished her with a thief-detection powder. But he was not so cooperative when a seedy-looking youth tried to purchase a blackjack for "self-protection." Cake thought he had other motives and turned him down.

Most of the customers, however, have the familiar look of the law. A typical day sees private detectives and county sheriffs rubbing elbows with FBI agents and patrolmen.

An average of 60 letters arrive a day. The Bombay, India, police ask for fingerprint powder or a New Mexico sheriff wants gun holsters for new deputies. The firm's eleven employees are usually blasé over most off-line requests, but they registered collective surprise one day when an order came in from a nearby convent. Cake filled it, and he and his staff have been puzzled ever since. They can't quite figure what the Sisters intend to do with a pair of handcuffs.

Tear gas is a specialty of the store. If you have a permit, you can buy it not only in such standard forms as a stubby shotgun, revolver and a billy club, but also in a fountain-pen ejector model and a grenade.

Cake also stocks a "gun" with a long projecting needle for picking tumbler locks, a fountain pen telescope for surveillance, and sets of thin bent rods used to open car windows without cracking them. There are miniature cameras that

fit into the palm of your hand; fluorescent powders and compounds now widely used by narcotics agents to trace the exchange of money and by fire sleuths to track down false-alarm addicts; and the latest streamlined identification kit, which, among other things, contains a hypodermic that builds up the fingers of a drowned corpse so that its fingerprints can be taken.

Perhaps the most remarkable device in the current Cake armory is a miniature German wire recorder, called a Minifon. Developed originally for Hitler's Gestapo, it contains a tiny microphone concealed under the face of sham wrist watch. The record is obtained on a spool of hair-thin wire. The recording device weighs only $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and is about the size of a shaving kit. The outfit sells for \$289 and is now the mainstay of many traffic, subversive and divorce investigations.

GEORGE CAKE WAS INTRODUCED to his unusual type of business in 1934, during a violent period in California history. Selling sporting goods in San Francisco at the time, he suddenly found himself caught in the city's epochal five-day general strike.

As business activity came to a standstill, mobs roamed the streets. Rioters hurled potatoes studded with open razor blades and used stretched inner tubes to catapult rocks into police cars. Two were killed by officers. The situation grew so tense that California hastily mobilized all its National Guard in the area.

Local police faced up to the grim fact that they were ill-equipped to meet the crisis. They

needed arms and tear gas. Could they get them fast enough?

Joseph Roush, just starting a law-enforcement equipment business in Los Angeles, had committed himself to supply the San Francisco police. But he needed help. He telephoned his friend Cake.

With nothing better to do, Cake pitched in and for four days and nights the two men met planes, lifted off deadly cargoes and escorted them, sometimes under armed guard, to police depots throughout the San Francisco Bay area.

On the fifth day, the strike collapsed, and Cake and Roush relaxed. But by then Cake had become fascinated with the business. A few months later, when Roush unexpectedly became ill, Cake took over the business, and the George F. Cake Company was launched.

The first two years were tough going. Many law-enforcement agencies still had not experienced the need for stocking emergency supplies nor had real opportunity to study the value of new criminological gadgets. One official even pooh-pooed the value of tear gas in riots. "Police horses would get gassed and go crazy," he argued.

Cake showed him that tear gas does not affect horses, since they have no tear ducts. Nevertheless, business was still slow. The tide turned when Cake heard talk of labor disaffection in the Salinas Valley. Expecting imminent violence, he arrived with an automobile load of tear gas and was escorted by the State Highway Patrol to the city police station.

It was a good move. The very next morning a riot broke out. Cake

found himself deputized. Donning a gas mask, he showed policemen how to use tear gas correctly. After that, Cake made a special point of being wherever the police ran into trouble.

Armed with facts, figures and samples, he traveled through the West, and as his husky six-foot frame became a familiar sight in police stations and sheriffs' offices, other cops started to buy from him. Today, his five outside salesmen, one of whom is a former police chief, regularly tour the law and prison circuits with the latest crime-fighting gadgetry.

In 1936, Cake moved his headquarters to Berkeley because of its central location in the state and because he wanted to identify himself with a city world-famous for its scientific police department.

Although Cake represents some 50 manufacturers, he also studies the ideas of amateur criminologist inventors. If they are sound, he encourages them.

A remarkable trick holster was

invented by a Californian who read a report of how a crazed killer had grabbed a San Francisco cop's exposed revolver from behind and shot him fatally. To prevent such tragic occurrences without affecting the officer's freedom to draw, the inventor came up with a "clam-shell" holster that snaps open when you press a concealed spring. The gun won't budge otherwise.

Cake realizes his business is actually a symbol of the 20-year development of law-enforcement equipment in the U. S. Nevertheless, even he is occasionally surprised by the ingenuity of new gadgets. Recently, a private detective revealed the latest innovation in hotel-room snooping—a television transmitter the size of a hat-box which, when set up inside the room, for the first time will give distant detectives a look behind locked doors.

When he heard about it, Cake grinned. "I guess," he said thoughtfully, "a crook just doesn't stand a chance anymore."

Retort Berra



DURING SPRING TRAINING Yogi Berra, the great Yankee catcher, was being measured for his new uniform. "Cap," said the fitter, "size 7 $\frac{3}{4}$."

"Yeah," said Berra, "but don't forget I'll be losing weight between now and opening day."

ONE YEAR when the New York Yankees were having their pre-season training at St. Petersburg,

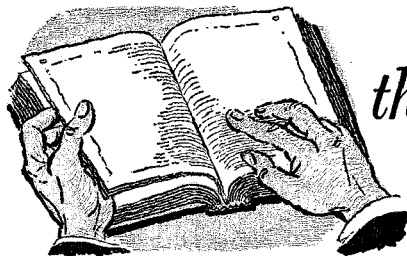
Florida, that city was holding its annual pirate festival, and all of the sailing boats flew the pirate insignia of the skull and crossbones.

A sports columnist, standing near Berra, turned to him: "Yogi, do you know what that insignia of the skull and crossbones means?"

Yogi said, "Yeah, iodine!"

—From *The Herman Hickman Reader*
by HERMAN HICKMAN. Simon & Schuster, Inc.,
New York, Publishers. Copyright, 1953.
by HERMAN HICKMAN

*Knowing the right words will help
you to express and sell your ideas*



Your Friend, the DICTIONARY

by GRACE STUART NUTLEY

HAVE YOU EVER SAID, "I know what I mean, but I can't quite express it?" With 600,000 English words available you should be able to express, describe or define anything—if you know enough words!

Not only is your conversation dependent upon your vocabulary, but so is your *thinking*. Since words are the tools of thought, you cannot think beyond the scope of your vocabulary. The rapid progress of civilization in the last five hundred years, in comparison with the past thousands of years, is not due to accident nor a sudden increase in man's intelligence. It is due to an enriched vocabulary which allows better, fuller understanding and communication.

You enrich your conversation by increasing your word power, by establishing effective communication with your fellow man. The words you use, whether you rattle them off glibly or say them with deliberation, are an indication of your kind of thinking.

Does your speech reflect the personality you want the world to know? Does it do you justice or let you down? If profanity and vulgar-

ity, trite phrases or shallow exaggerations are the measure of your vocabulary, they are also the measure of your mind.

As you set about the task of actively increasing your vocabulary, don't allow yourself to be victimized by big words. You will need big words—unusual words—from time to time, but not because they are big or unusual, only because they are the *right* words for the particular thought you wish to express.

The average person after leaving school adds approximately five new words a year to his vocabulary. It is hopeless to expect words to creep into your vocabulary by themselves, without effort on your part. However, you undoubtedly know far more words than you actually use in your everyday speech. Beyond these there are many words which you understand thoroughly when you read or hear them, but hesitate to use yourself.

Then there are words which you understand vaguely—you are able to get their meaning, more or less, from the context in which they are used, but you do not really know or understand them. Here you have the nucleus for a fine expansion program, and a good starting point.

The words should enter your

From *How to Carry on a Conversation*, by Grace Stuart Nutley.
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CORONET

working vocabulary in this order: First, you set about learning these "vague words" thoroughly. After that you may need an interim period during which you look and listen for these words, understanding their meaning and absorbing the full implication of their use. The final, inevitable step is when you start using them yourself, comfortably and correctly.

The magical formula for transforming new words into old friends can be summed up in a word—Dictionary! Do you know how to get the most out of a dictionary?

To begin with, you should have a fairly new edition of a good dictionary. Don't depend on the one Grandma had. It may be an heirloom, but you need a contemporary edition for current words and their present usage. You can consult your librarian or bookseller for good advice on which to buy.

When you look up a word, don't grab the first definition you see and close the book, thinking you know the word. There may be many meanings of the word. Some dictionaries list the meanings in one order, some in another.

Dictionaries vary in other ways, too. The first thing you should do is read the preface of your dictionary and find out the method used for defining words.

Find out the symbols which are used to show the pronunciation of each word. This may be in the preface, or it may be printed at the bottom of each page for handy reference. Learn to read the letter sounds as given through the symbols. Notice where the accent falls in the word you are looking up, and practice the pronunciation several times

out loud, if it is unfamiliar to you.

Find out what part of speech the word is, for that tells you the kind of job it does in the sentence. One of my students gave me this sentence: "Mrs. Jones preliminaries her vegetables for dinner."

"Will you explain the meaning?" I asked.

"In the dictionary," she answered with some belligerence, "it says *preliminary* means 'prepare ahead of time,' and that is what Mrs. Jones does with her vegetables."

Obviously she had given the definition only a cursory glance, misread the definition, and failed to note the part of speech. Had she looked for this essential point, she would have found that "preliminary" is a noun and also an adjective, but never a verb!

DO YOU WORRY about your grammar? You can obtain much helpful information from a good dictionary. It will give you the plural of nouns, the comparative and superlative of adjectives, and the tenses of verbs. For instance, if you are confused between the verbs "lie" and "lay," your dictionary will set you straight. The book *lies* on the table, it *lay* there yesterday, and in fact has *lain* there for two days.

Read all the definitions given for the word you are looking up, even though one suffices to explain the meaning for you in the particular context. Many words have more than one meaning, and some words have a special meaning in certain phrases or situations. Study the synonyms and the various usages and, if necessary, look up the synonyms, too, for additional information. Otherwise you may fall into ludi-

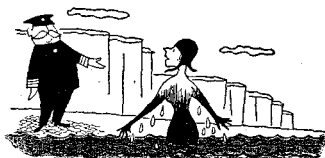
crous error and embarrassment.

Did you ever use a word, certain that you used it correctly, and still with an underlying feeling of uncertainty as to its exact meaning? That is a good sign that you have an ear for words, but why not look it up in the dictionary, too? Once you form the habit of looking up words, you will find your vocabulary growing by leaps and bounds.

The most important step in increasing your vocabulary is to combine the notebook habit with the dictionary habit. Jot down words as you come across them and look them up when you get the chance. When you are reading, it is annoying to interrupt yourself and look up each word as you come to it. Just jot down the word and the page, too, and look up all the definitions when you stop reading.

After you have studied each word in the dictionary, go back to it in your book or paper and see how much clearer the sentence is. Try out the various synonyms and see which can be substituted and which can't. Think about the new word until you are sure that you can handle it properly.

Keep your notebook of words in your pocket and review the words often. Any time you find yourself with a few minutes on your hands—while waiting for someone, in the bus or train, while putting through a phone call—read over the words which are newest to you and study their various meanings and uses. Constant practice is invaluable. Then test yourself with words you have already reviewed by holding one hand over the word and trying to recall the definition, or vice versa.



In Brief

IN THE SUMMER OF 1926, Gertrude Ederle performed a sports feat that excited and thrilled the world when she became the first woman to swim the English Channel.

From Cape Gris Nez on the French coast to the white cliffs of Dover may be only a short voyage for a ship, but it must have been an eternity for the daring American girl who, dressed only in an inch-thick coat of axle-grease, spent 14 hours and 31 minutes in the fog and ice-cold water fighting the treacherous Channel. At last this amazing 19-year-old swimmer felt the welcome touch of sand.

Wearied and exhausted, Gertrude Ederle spent her last ounce of strength to cover the last few precious yards. Then, completely naked and covered with grease, she came out of the sea to set foot upon English soil, as a crowd on the beach tensely waited to welcome her.

However, Gertrude Ederle had hardly set foot on the pebbled beach when a uniformed British immigration official walked up to her, put out his hand and then pompously said:

"I cannot permit you to land in England without proper credentials. Your passport, please?"

—From *Say It Ain't So*, by Mac Davis,
Dial Press, N. Y., Publishers, Copyright, 1953, by Mac Davis

FIRST TO SERVE

by KATE SMITH

ON MAY 15, 1930, while having a cup of coffee at the airport lunchroom in Oakland, California, Ellen Church could not help overhearing the conversation of two young men sitting near her.

"This is the limit!" grumbled one. "Girls on planes!"

"As if we haven't got enough to worry about!" the other agreed. "What if they get scared?"

Ellen felt her cheeks redden. The men were obviously pilots. Quickly she left. But ten minutes later, when she reported at the plane, one pilot recognized her.

"So you're the young lady who's going to be such a help to us in the air? You look more like a school-teacher. Or a nurse."

"As a matter of fact," countered Ellen, "I am a nurse!"

"All right. I don't care what you are, just listen to me. Keep out of the cockpit. If you have to bother someone, bother the passengers."

Ellen only nodded. She had always longed to fly. Now that she had actually talked United Air Lines into giving her a job, nothing could dampen her enthusiasm.

She went about her duties cheerfully, distributing newspapers, serving food, and answering questions. Several days passed. Then, unexpectedly, came the showdown.

On a flight from Cheyenne to Salt Lake City, a passenger became



ill. Ellen took one look at him, then strode into the forbidden cockpit.

"One of our passengers is very ill," she said. "We'll have to stop at Rock Springs."

"We are scheduled to go to Salt Lake City," the pilot snapped. "So control yourself, and don't make a mountain out of airsickness."

"It's not airsickness," said Ellen. "It's appendicitis."

"We have mail on this plane. I'm not letting a panicky girl foul up my schedule!"

"I'm a registered nurse," Ellen insisted. "In my opinion, this man is critically ill. If you don't stop at Rock Springs and radio ahead for a doctor, his life will be your responsibility!"

The pilot, now worried, did stop at Rock Springs. And the waiting doctor performed an emergency operation, saving the passenger's life.

The pilot gave Ellen no trouble after that. "Thank God you were here!" he apologized. "I'll never go again without a stewardess."

He never had to. From that day on, airline stewardesses have become as much a part of planes as wings and propellers.

MAY, 1954

Kate Smith stars on the NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her program is producer-host Ted Collins.

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*Some revealing facts that will
help to dispel many age-old myths*

When Men Face "Change of Life"



MANY A MIDDLE-AGED man has heard dark tales about the strange mental reactions which the male climacteric can bring its victims. But what he dreads most is the physical loss of his sexual powers—his masculine aggressiveness.

In this field of health, unfortunately, most men live on myths. Although they fear the so-called "change of life," few know much about it. One reason is that the climacteric takes so many different forms that not all men are conscious they are passing through it. This much, however, is certain: most of the fears and apprehensions prove needless, once the average man has the correct facts at his disposal.

Actually, there are two kinds of "change of life" which may afflict the middle-aged man—the rare endocrine climacteric, and the frequently occurring emotional climacteric. Although in some respects these may resemble each other, the *endocrine* change is caused by lack of the male sex hormone, while the *emotional* is created by psychological upsets occurring in men with nor-

by WILLIAM KAUFMAN, M.D.

mally functioning endocrine glands.

A middle-aged man will experience the endocrine climacteric whenever his testicles suddenly fail to secrete adequate amounts of male sex hormone into his system. Because the endocrines are delicately balanced in their functioning, a hormone deficiency in turn causes abnormalities in the workings of other glands—particularly the pituitary. As a result, a man experiences frightening symptoms and finds himself facing a major health problem.

Consider the case of Robert Berkefield, a vigorous 55-year-old businessman who was liked and respected by all his associates in the paper industry. However, in four months, he underwent an alarming transformation. Suddenly he seemed to become an old man—tired, stooped and querulous. His face was lined with worry. He lost much weight and complained repeatedly of dull headaches and mental confusion; of being weak and dizzy; of numbness and tingling in his hands; of hot flashes and drenching sweats; and of wild palpitation of his heart.

At business, if anyone disagreed

with him, he would have a temper tantrum. He put off making even simple decisions. "I'll settle that matter when I feel clear in the head again," he would say to his secretary.

Mrs. Berkefield took matters into her own hands. She made an appointment for her husband with their family doctor.

"I'm afraid, Doctor, that you'll think I'm imagining all my symptoms," said Berkefield. But Dr. Higgins took a careful medical history, and the patient was relieved by the sympathetic hearing.

Higgins performed a painstaking physical examination, including an examination of the prostate gland, and ordered certain laboratory tests. When he put the clinical data together, it proved that Berkefield's illness was the "endocrine" change of life. Because his prostate gland was normal, it was safe to start corrective treatment with the male sex hormone.

Within a few days of receiving his first hormone injection, Berkefield felt better, and within two weeks he was his usual vigorous, healthy self.

However, to make sure that the improvement wasn't entirely a psychological response to the injection treatment, Dr. Higgins substituted a placebo (a material which has no medical value) for testosterone, without the patient's knowledge. Despite continuing injection treatment, within ten days Berkefield was again at his worst. This demonstrated the fact that he really needed hormone therapy to feel well.

From this time onward, Berkefield received only injections of testosterone. As a result, he was rapid-

ly restored to health again. With continuing hormone treatment, his health has been maintained at this normal level.

A few men have such serious disturbances in the functioning of endocrine glands that testosterone alone does not suffice for therapy—and other hormones must be simultaneously administered. Some must be given thyroid medication. Those suffering from hot flashes and recurring sweats may require therapy with small amounts of female sex hormone. Others must receive certain pituitary or adrenocortical hormones.

FORTUNATELY, most middle-aged men will never experience the endocrine climacteric, since it is a rare disorder. Even in clinics specializing in the detection of this condition, only a few hundred male patients suffering from an endocrine change of life have been discovered.

However, nearly every aging man as he passes through his middle years will experience the emotional "change of life." This occurs despite normal endocrine function.

The emotional change may be a trivial phase, causing the man mild and transitory mental and physical distress; or, when mismanaged, it can turn out to be so serious that it not only wrecks his life, but also the lives of his loved ones.

Although the emotional climacteric mimics many of the clinical features of the endocrine change of life, it has an entirely different cause. A man's jangled emotions arising from a sudden, unconscious need to take an inventory of his past life seems to be the seed of this

trouble. As he reviews his life, he sees everything that happened or didn't happen to him in the worst possible light. Furthermore, none of his accomplishments seems to please him.

Instead, he seeks the long-hidden skeletons of his secret and unfulfilled desires. He is goaded by past failures, and longs to revive his old-but-not-forgotten loves. For a time, these archaic topics seem to preoccupy him to such a degree that he cannot deal realistically with either the facts or fancies of life.

As a result, many a successful man suddenly feels worthless, frustrated and depressed. He may become unwilling or unable to have sexual relations with his wife because he suffers from psychological impotence. In addition, he may develop many distressing psychosomatic symptoms which simulate a variety of serious disorders, including the endocrine change of life.

Some men going through their emotional climacteric can, after several months, take hold of themselves and recognize the reason for their troubles. To recover, they deliberately do a thorough psychological housecleaning job on their own minds, ridding themselves of inappropriate thoughts and desires, and replacing these with goals and ambitions which will help them live an emotionally healthy and satisfying middle age and old age.

But too many men are overlong in making these constructive changes in their emotional lives. During the time that they flounder in the mental quagmires of their emotional climacteric, they may do many foolish things.

A middle-aged man may try to

conceal his age by dressing and acting like a college freshman. He may quit his job, sell his business, and in various ways try to make a violently spectacular success of himself by breaking all his former rules of conduct. He may go out of his way to alienate his wife, family, friends and business associates. He may drink heavily, gamble, and have love affairs with young women. He may divorce his wife and marry a girl half his age.

True, sometimes a middle-aged man can better himself by making drastic changes in his usual life. But more often, he wastes his physical, emotional and economic resources, and becomes despondent. Sooner or later his mental depression may become so serious that he will require intensive psychotherapy and prolonged hospitalization.

Although a man experiencing the emotional climacteric often seeks medical advice for some minor symptoms, he usually conceals his actual troubles from his doctor. The patient may be ashamed to confess how badly he has been behaving and how mixed up his thinking has become. He may complain only of fatigue, headache, chest pain, breathing troubles, or stomach and intestinal upsets. He seems to hope that in some magical way, he will be cured of his troubles without needing to divulge his basic problems to anyone.

Such a patient may submit to many laboratory tests, and receive treatment with a variety of medications—including vitamins, sedatives, tonics and stimulants. He may even receive testosterone—which he does not really need. However, as a result of receiving medical treat-

ment, he may experience a transient psychological lift, and may temporarily have some lessening of his symptoms. But these benefits cannot last, because the treatments do nothing to correct his troubled ideas, emotions and motivations.

What the patient really needs is to confide in an understanding doctor who is experienced in the medical management of patients going through the emotional change of life. By so doing, the patient can be helped to understand that, as a middle-aged man, he is passing through a normal phase of masculine emotional evolution—and in many ways this psychological process may be more painful than that experienced during adolescence.

The middle-aged man must learn to accept the fact that every male has all kinds of desires which he is unable to fulfill. Furthermore, no one can ever be as successful as he feels he should have been. The solution of emotional problems is blocked by constantly dwelling on one's past mistakes—or even on

one's misfortunes. A prolonged period of grieving for one's lost youth cannot bring it back.

When the middle-aged man attains these insights, he may be helped to reconstruct his emotional life so that he will no longer suffer the exquisite frustration of trying to live in his outdated past and his everyday present at the same time. The patient will then be enabled to make realistic adjustments which permit him to live from day to day without undue anxiety or conflict.

To grow old gracefully and successfully requires preparation. As a man grows older, he must accept realistically the facts of aging as these apply to himself, and he must be willing to give up futile, self-defeating ambitions and substitute, for these, practical goals which can be achieved. If this is done, he will avoid having the male emotional climacteric. Instead, he will find peace of mind, which will enrich his life and make middle age and old age an enjoyable, rewarding adventure.

Roughly Defined

SECRET: Something you tell one person at a time.

—Irish Echo

STREET CAR: Where a man will stand for anything but a woman.

—ANTHONY J. PETTITO

PROVERB: A short sentence based on long experience.

—CERVANTES

OLD AGE: Something others reach long before you do.

—PAUL STEINER

SNOB: A person who wants to know only those individuals who don't want to know him.

—Monthly Moocher

CENSOR: A man who knows more than he thinks you ought to.

—The Optimist Magazine

GOSSIP: A person who suffers constantly from acute indiscretion.

—Catholic Digest



The Atcheson, Topeka & Santa Fe has good reason to be proud of ...

THE SUPER-CHIEF: *Luxury on Rails*



by HERBERT DALMAS

IN DECEMBER, 1951, eight people I had planned to spend exactly 39½ hours in one of the most luxurious hotels in the world on their way from Chicago to Honolulu. The hotel was the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway's famous train, The Super-Chief, which, according to schedule, would get them to Los Angeles with three hours to make connections with a boat for the final stage of their trip.

But The Super-Chief wasn't on schedule. One of the worst blizzards in years hit it a little way out of Chicago; and by the second night it was obvious that there wasn't a chance of being any better than five hours late into Los Angeles.

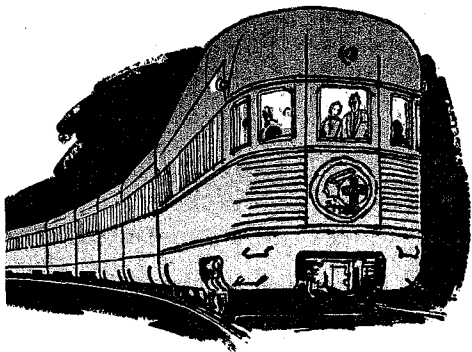
All during dinner, the disheartened vacationers kept begging the steward for some word of hope, even if he and they knew it wasn't true. Finally he said, "Look here—you're letting this ruin your dinner. Stop thinking about it and I'll see what I can find out."

He hunted up the conductor. At the next stop the conductor telephoned Chicago and asked that Mr. Fred Gurley be informed of the vacationers' situation. Mr. Gurley is President of the Santa Fe.

At the following stop a wire was awaiting the conductor, instructing him to tell the passengers in question not to worry, but to pack and be ready to leave the train at Needles, California. They did, and were met by a car which took them to a plane chartered by phone by Mr. Gurley. They made their boat with time to spare.

"We'd been planning that trip for a long time," one of them said recently, in recounting the experience. "It would have broken our hearts to have missed the boat as we hadn't the time or money to wait for another. What Mr. Gurley did was one of the kindest things that ever happened to any of us."

While this sort of thing is not an everyday occurrence, The Super-Chief is probably the only train in existence where it could have happened at all. But you really can't compare The Super-Chief with other trains. For actually it is a hotel on wheels, with food that veteran travelers have compared with what you could expect at such world-famous eating places as Antoine's in New Orleans or the 21 Club in New York, service you might find at the Waldorf—and a



view considerably more varied and impressive than you would get from the windows of any of these.

The view is the American Southwest, of which an Eastern college professor, after making the trip for the first time, said, "I feel like a better American for having seen it."

The Super-Chief is the descendant and contemporary of The Chief, which began service on November 14, 1926, and is the only train that ever became a verb in the American language. The Santa Fe inaugurated it in an attempt to get as much of the opulent movie crowd's business as possible; and almost from its first run, *Variety*, the newspaper of show business, recorded each week the actors and studio executives who "Chief-ed" in and out of Los Angeles.

Long association with the great has made the train and dining-car crews celebrity-proof. The only exception on record occurred a couple of years ago, when General Omar Bradley was aboard. The waiter at whose table he was seated took his order and went to the pantry. A few moments later, coming back down the aisle with laden tray, sudden horror swept over his face;

he turned and retreated. Max Ernst, one of the stewards, thinking he was sick, hurried to his side.

"I can't do it, Mr. Ernst," the waiter said. "I was a private during the war, and he's just too much brass for me."

Sympathetically, Mr. Ernst made a quick switch in waiters, and the General never suspected the crisis he had caused.

The Super-Chief was inaugurated May 12, 1936. Originally, the Super part of the name referred to its time—39½ hours for the 2,224 miles between Los Angeles and Chicago. Since speed is no longer a talking point, the Santa Fe decided that Super would have to refer to luxury and service.

"We found that the people who ride The Super-Chief are primarily interested in two things: the best food available anywhere—and a chance to relax," Leo Sievert, executive representative of the president, explains. "Our recipe for relaxation is a comfortable, soothing atmosphere and a feeling of spaciousness."

The Super-Chief is made up of 14 matching stainless-steel cars. The passenger load is controlled so that there will always be adequate lounge and dining space. If the traffic warrants it, the train goes out in two sections.

There are no berth sections or chairs, passengers being accommodated entirely in drawing rooms, bedrooms and roomettes. All have music available at the touch of a button—classical or popular as you prefer. A light flashes on if the conductor has something to say to the passengers and you can press another button and listen in. All

this stops instantly if you open your door—so there is no chance of a conflict with anybody's taste down the hall.

Because the Southwest has some of the most soul-satisfying scenery on earth, there is a car called *Pleasure Dome*. Other trains have *vista-domes*, but the car on *The Super-Chief* was specially designed to include a private dining-room. This is the *Turquoise Room*, the only private dining-room on any train anywhere in the world.

Passengers who want to give parties, or industrialists who want to hold dinner conferences, can use it without extra charge—and it can be completely shut off from everything else on the train.

But the distinguishing luxury, as is the case in all good hotels, is in the food. The *Fred Harvey Company*, which has been feeding *Santa Fe* passengers for 80 years, has buyers in Los Angeles and Chicago whose job it is to secure prize-winning meat and the first fine specimens of every crop that comes to market—Texas and California melons, oranges and grapefruit; figs, asparagus, apples and olives. The *Santa Fe* has a hatchery in Colorado from which mountain trout are flown daily for pick-up at Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Frequently things like these are put on the train without advance notice. At such times, they don't appear on the menu. The steward suggests them to diners.

Probably 30 per cent of *Super-Chief* passengers are regulars, and

the stewards learn from experience the things that particularly please them. Conrad Hilton, the hotel man, who considers the train one of the best run hostelrys he knows about, has a weakness for blueberry pie. When his name appears on the passenger list, no matter what the season, a blueberry pie is prepared and put in the oven before the train starts.

Situations involving ticklish matters of protocol sometimes arise.

When they do, it is usually the dining-car steward who has to handle them.

Some years ago, the U. S. Attorney General and his wife were on the same *Super-Chief* with a famous movie actress. The Attorney General's wife saw the actress and told the

steward she would like to meet her.

The steward told the actress and the actress said, "All right. Bring her to my compartment."

The steward didn't feel that a Cabinet member's wife should be thus commanded to appear before an actress, so he said nothing more to anyone for a couple of hours. Then he went to the actress's compartment and explained that the Attorney General's wife was not feeling well. "Could you," he asked, "come to see her?"

And, of course, the actress was happy to.

Such displays of tact are not accidental, as stewards are picked from the top men in the *Harvey Company*. All have had long hotel training and most have started in Europe, where protocol is vital, and where

EXCITING MEDICAL NEWS!

*The June issue of
Coronet will bring you
the amazing account
of important new health
victories being won
by doctors around
the world.*

the preparation and serving of food is considered an art.

Pietro Lombardi, an ebullient Italian whose poise has so far never been cracked, came close to having it happen when Joseph Schenck, the movie executive, looked him up as the train was leaving Los Angeles and told him he wanted to give a dinner party the next evening.

"Certainly," beamed Signor Lombardi, envisioning a group of 10 or so in the Turquoise Room. "How many will there be?"

"Fifty-four," Mr. Schenck told him. "I'll leave the details to you."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Lombardi, as if it really were. "Shall we say 8:30?"

There were over a hundred passengers that trip—and one diner with a capacity of 36; the Turquoise Room would seat 10 more. Squeezing in the additional number presented no real problem.

The difficulty lay in getting the other fifty-odd passengers fed and out of the diner in time to clean up and rearrange for the party. This would have been simple if the other passengers could have been asked to speed up their evening meal a little. But it is an unbreakable Harvey rule that diners may not be hurried for any reason.

The dinner hour had never seemed more leisurely than it did that evening. But at 8:30 the 54 dinner guests sat down.

The man in the diner rarely gives a thought to a person he never sees but who has a great deal to do with his meal—the engineer. But the engineer gives a lot of thought to him. "We don't want to spill his soup," Smokey McQuade, a veteran Super-Chief engineer, said recently.

McQuade and his brother engineers ease their three-unit, 6,000-horsepower diesels around the curves like syrup out of a jug.

These gigantic diesels are as gentle as kittens, but in starting and stopping, the engineer is dependent chiefly on his skill. Last fall, a passenger behind McQuade was blindfolded and asked to call the exact moments when motion ceased and began again at four successive stops. He called just one correctly.

The diesel's cab is the size of a small office—heated in winter and draft-cooled in summer. The engineer sits in an upholstered swivel chair rather as if he were an executive, and looks out at the track ahead through a windshield of safety-glass. After a run of from 110 to 230 miles, he and his fireman climb down and let another crew take over.

In the interests of passenger comfort, the Santa Fe has recently reduced the top speed limit of The Super-Chief, except when it is making up time, to 90 miles an hour, even on straight, level stretches where 110 would be safe. A sealed tape magnetically records the speed every inch of the way—and is examined by the division road foreman of engines when the run is over.

Housekeeping problems on The Super-Chief are about what they are in any good hotel—except that here the hotel gets a thorough washing and polishing on its outside before the start of each run. Inside cleaning is the usual vacuum-polish job.

Porters are hand-picked. Along with their other chores, they must

have their ears tuned to catch squeaks or rattles in the cars. They are required to report these to the Pullman conductor instantly, and usually a mechanic is able to eliminate the sound at the next division point stop.

Dining-car crews come aboard in the yards hours before starting time—after the regular cleaners have finished—and clean all over again. They polish each piece of silver individually—and do it after each meal again. Just before the train starts, they go to their quarters and polish themselves.

The sleek silver length of The Super-Chief as it slides over the present-day version of the old Santa Fe Trail, looks, as the saying goes, like a million dollars. Actually, it costs three million dollars to put a Super-Chief on the rails without personnel; and in order to meet the schedule of one every day, east and west, there are five Super-Chiefs always in operation somewhere on the tracks between Los Angeles and Chicago at any given moment of the day or night.

Some of the things that happen on The Super-Chief would seem unusual on a train; but since The Super-Chief is primarily a hotel, no one thinks anything of them. Yet passengers have made requests that would seem bizarre even in a hotel.

One morning, a year ago, an

elderly gentleman, neatly but not expensively dressed, came into the diner and was shown to a table. From a paper bag he took a package of cereal and a large Thermos of milk. "Just a bowl, please," he said when the waiter came for his order.

The bowl appeared. He poured cereal into it, added milk and began to eat. If the waiter had shown any reaction—and he didn't—the old gentleman probably wouldn't have noticed. He was wholly absorbed in watching the scenery as it slipped past.

When he had finished, he left a ten-cent tip. Neither the steward nor the waiters exchanged so much as a glance to indicate they saw anything unusual in this.

Afterward, they learned that the apparent eccentric was a perfectly normal citizen who had just retired on a tiny pension. He was on his way to California, where he hoped to realize one of two ambitions he had had for a long time—to pick his morning orange from a tree.

He had always lived in a small Missouri town, and every day for the past 15 years had watched the long silver train glide past his house on its way to his future home. He developed a second ambition he meant to satisfy no matter what the damage to his scanty savings—to get out there on The Super-Chief.

Modern Illusion



"Would you please remove your hat, madam?" said the little man sharply to the woman in front of him at a 3D movie.

"Don't be silly," she replied. "I'm in the picture."

—B. L. Perrin

Things in Things?

EVERY YEAR MILLIONS of "things" vanish from millions of households. What are these "things?" You know what they are, for they vanish from your house as well as from mine.

They are the little items of personal property that simply aren't there when you want them: a tennis racket, a screw driver, a novel you liked, a fountain pen, an umbrella, a favorite phonograph record, a hat to which you had become attached, a photograph, an important guarantee certificate, an evening purse, a bottle of witch hazel, a pair of especially becoming earrings—things you once had and don't have any more.

Only the other day I promised a new father I would let him have the high chair my young daughter had outgrown. When I mentioned it to my wife that evening, she said, "I wonder where it is? I haven't seen it for some time."

We searched upstairs and down, attic and basement, but no high chair.

"Could we have given it away and forgotten about it?" I asked.

"Maybe," said my wife, "but I would have remembered . . . at least I think I would."

Well, we never found out what happened to it. Another "thing"

There must be an explanation for objects that simply disappear or evaporate in air

by MARTIN PANZER

had gone its mysterious way into that strange nowhere.

I began to wonder about all the things we gather through the years and then lose track of. That old raincoat, for instance. I recall wearing it for several years. But where is it now? And that gray tie with the funny design around my initial? And that beautiful leather book-mark my secretary gave me?

I never sold any of those things or gave them away or discarded them. They are just not around any more. Where are they?

It happens to everybody. Things disappear—vanish. But how? Where? Why? Nobody knows. There seems to be a law of nature that works relentlessly to take these things out of our lives—a sort of law of "vanishing" returns.

Just to check on the matter, I conducted a miniature poll among some friends and acquaintances. Maybe I was wrong. Perhaps I was building up a case for the law of vanishing returns out of my own experience.

Well, I wasn't wrong. Without exception, they all brought to mind a number of possessions that had



disappeared without a trace.

One, a schoolteacher, had been collecting classical sheet music for as far back as she could remember. She never lent any of the music to anyone, she never discarded any of it and she never sold or gave it away. But every month or so she would hunt high and low for some selection that she felt like playing for her own amusement, without finding it.

"It's almost weird," she said. "I'll bet there are 20 pieces that I had and that just simply disappeared."

Another friend, a taxi driver, remembered three items that had vanished mysteriously from his world: a six-foot spring-back tape measure, a slipover sweater, and a letter of recommendation from his first boss, who had since died.

"What do you think happened to them?" I asked.

He shrugged. "What happens to things?" he said. "Who knows? They disappear. Things always disappear."

Our grocer looked sad when he told me of a beautiful bathrobe his mother had given to him.

"It was in the closet and it was in

the closet and it was in the closet, and then it *wasn't* in the closet," he said. "My wife and I went crazy looking for it. We turned the house upside down and inside out. But no bathrobe. I wonder whatever happened to it?"

Even the high-school boy next-door had been a victim of this strange phenomenon. A pair of learner's skates had been put aside for the day when someone might need them. Now he had a kid brother who wanted learner's skates. But he had no skates.

"I don't know what happened to them," he said. "My mother swears she never gave them away or threw them out. They just disappeared."

Yes, they just disappeared. But again I ask—how, when, where? There must be a solution to the mystery, an answer to the riddle. Common sense tells us that things simply don't vanish from the face of the earth. Common sense also tells us that all of the millions—maybe billions—of things that are no longer where they are supposed to be, must be somewhere. But where? Can you answer the question?



No Room for Improvement

DURING THE DEPRESSION, a Government agent traveled through the Tennessee mountains granting small allotments to impoverished farmers for seed, stock or needed improvements. He found one woman who lived alone and scratched out a bare living from two acres of barren ground. Her cabin had no floor, its windows were patched with newspaper, light came through the broken walls.

"If the Government should allot you \$200, what would you do with it?" the agent asked her.

The woman thought a moment, then: "Reckon I'd give it to the poor," she said.

—F. EMERSON ANDREWS in the *Atlantic Monthly*



Natural Childbirth

by MAGGIE BAKER

Photographs by CAL BERNSTEIN

EVERYBODY TOLD ME I was foolish. They said it would never work. Even my doctor ridiculed the idea. Yet, I was determined to have my baby according to the methods of natural childbirth.

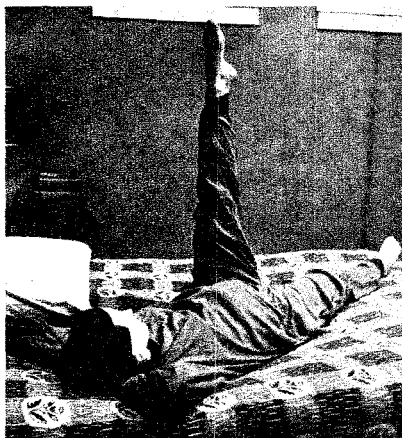
I wanted to be awake when my baby was born, so that after nine months of discomfort and inconvenience, at least I could enjoy those first few moments. Also, after hearing so many frightening tales about the

MAY, 1954

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Bedtime became exercise time for me.



Leg-stretching strengthened my abdomen.

mysteries of childbirth, I had to learn the truth about what was happening inside my body while our baby, this new personality, was being formed there.

My husband and I went to the doctor when I noticed the first symptoms of my pregnancy. He is a good doctor, a country-style practitioner who is accustomed to using as much psychology as medicine on his patients. I had confidence in Dr. Graham. All my friends have gone to him, and the more than 1,500 healthy babies he has delivered during the past 15 years were sufficient proof to me of his ability.

"Doctor, I want to have my baby by natural childbirth!" I told him almost defiantly. .

"You don't say," he answered patiently. And then I noticed those twinkling eyes of his begin to smile. "There's no such thing as painless childbirth, Maggie," he answered. "Childbirth without fear—yes. Childbirth without pain—never. But if you want to go ahead, it's

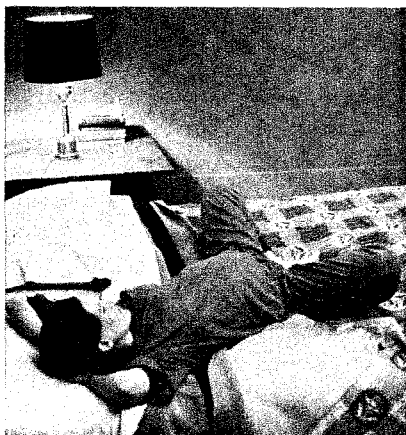
your baby. You can have it any way you want."

Dr. Graham was not very hopeful of my chances of having a baby according to the laws of Nature. He thought I would be like so many other women who talk a lot about it but later cry for anesthetic.

My first interest in natural childbirth was stimulated during a physical-education class more than six years ago at Lake Erie College for Women, in Ohio. At that time it was the big topic of social-club conversation among girls. Somehow the thought remained in my mind, and now here I was, in Salt Lake City, ready to have my baby and not knowing where to go for advice.

To my knowledge, there wasn't a doctor nearby who would recommend natural-childbirth methods. None of my friends whom I had talked with offered any encouragement. Mother was living in New York and besides, how helpful could she be on the subject?

Dr. Graham mentioned that I



This one helps stretch the pelvic muscles.

could go ahead and “read one of those books,” so that was my first clue. My husband, Walker, a graduate student in geology at the University of Utah, suggested the university library. Six hours later I returned home, my arms loaded



Deep-breathing got lazy muscles working.

with books and my head swimming in facts about my body that I never even knew existed.

The chief advocate of the natural-childbirth method is an English obstetrician, Dr. Grantly Dick Read. His book, *Childbirth Without Fear*, is

I got a charley-horse the first time I did forward slides; from then on it was easy.





I was ready and eager to keep busy.

a clear and complete account of its aims and technique.

Basically, I learned that natural childbirth would permit me to be an active participant in the birth of my baby. Instead of merely waiting and fretting for nine months—a sort of human incubator—I would spend that time by conditioning my mind and body for the momentous experience that childbirth actually is, or should be.

Dr. Read's method has nothing whatever in common with the crude and unscientific child-bearing techniques of years ago. Instead, it is a plan for using the mind and body of a pregnant woman—together with all the skills of modern medicine—to help her deliver her child with a minimum of pain and risk.

By following a series of instructions and exercises, I would learn how to bring certain muscles into play: when to relax, when to tighten, how to breathe—all calculated to reduce pain-producing fear and tension.

But best of all, I would be fully aware of all that was happening in

Stretching out on the floor, I concentrated on relaxing every muscle in my body.

those climactic moments when my baby was being born. I would be working with the doctor, understanding, experiencing, instead of lying afraid and helpless and praying for the ordeal to end.

There was so much I had to tell Walker about this whole new world. I had more than enough vindication for my decision to have the baby by natural childbirth.

Apparently, society's "modern" use of "modern" anesthetics and the whole aura of fear associated



with childbirth is founded on nothing more than superstition and cultural misunderstanding. By comprehending this, as well as preparing your body physically and learning how to relax, childbirth can be the wonderful experience that it should be, rather than something unknown and fearful. At least, that was what I was going to find out.

Most women, because of the fear and mystery surrounding childbirth, are not physically ready to help bear a child when they reach

the hospital. They don't realize that this fear causes a muscular tension, and it is this tension which causes actual pain during labor. They mistake the new sensation caused by natural contractions and dilations for what they have been told to expect as pain.

By the time I was ready to have my baby, I knew everything that was going on, knew exactly what kind of sensation to expect next. Without fear, I could relax and overcome any unnecessary muscle



tension, and thereby eliminate a great deal of pain associated with childbirth.

"Is that really my child?" many women remark after they wake up from anesthesia in the ward. There may seem to be no association be-

tween their own pregnancy and the bathed, wrapped infant that the nurse now holds up before them for inspection. They may have completely missed that wonderful experience of creation and motherhood that can't be equalled any other time in a woman's life.

Just to be aware of that brief second, between the time the baby is living inside of you and when he begins a life of his own, is worth every sufferance and inconvenience of a hundred pregnancies.

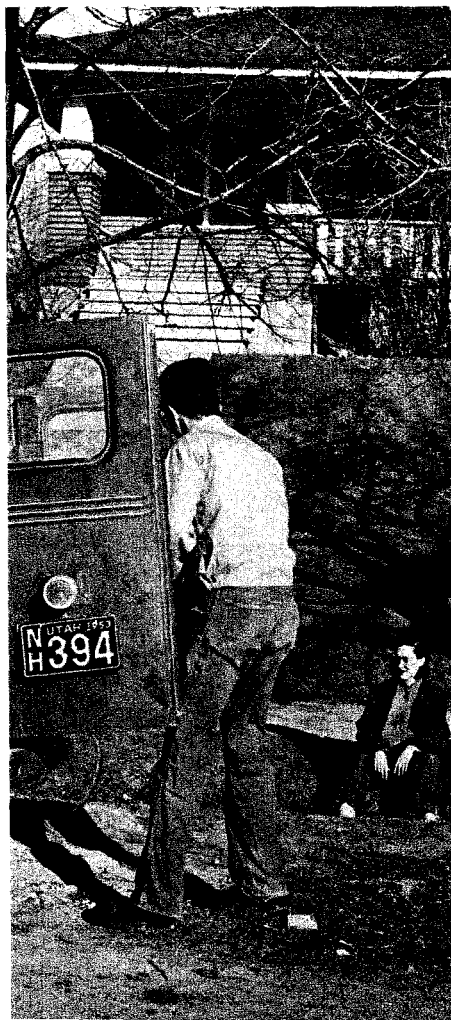
My pregnancy period wasn't like many other women's. Through the very last stages, I continued to work around the house, enjoy myself and, with few exceptions, carry on my regular routine.

Although Dr. Dick Read doesn't recommend beginning his exercises until the first signs of life are felt—around the fourth month—I began them even earlier, so anxious was I to feel that I was doing something to help. The purpose of the exercises is to tone the abdominal muscles and to help stretch other muscles that aren't usually exerted except in childbirth.

I did leg and back exercises; I learned to breathe deeply and deliberately, and to relax completely. All in all, this took me half an hour each night and, in addition to its physical and mental benefits, it certainly helped me to get a good night's sleep.

Even though the doctor said my blood was RH negative, I had a perfectly healthy pregnancy and, in the middle of one night, my time came. Walker, who had read several

Walker stocked the back of the jeep with things I wanted for the hospital.



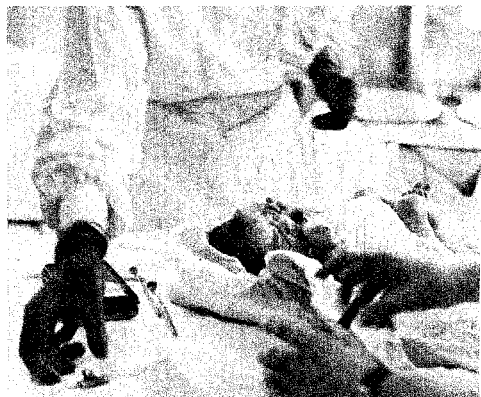
of the books and understood exactly what was happening, was permitted into the labor room. He was a tremendous comfort to me. Whenever a contraction came, I concentrated on relaxing and went into a sort of wonderful trance. As soon as I did, there was no tension, and without tension there was no pain. Between contractions, it was all a very gay affair. Walker and I talked and joked, but I don't remember what we talked about. I was happy.

Soon I was in the delivery room, looking forward to the second stage. I had had about five minutes of sharp pain, but that went away when I started working with each contraction. Now the nurse asked the doctor if I wanted anesthetic. He said yes. I said no.

It was different than in the labor room. Everything was coming naturally. I knew that whenever a contraction came, I was to take a deep breath and push, then concentrate on relaxing between contractions. I didn't need anyone to tell me when to push and when to relax. And I certainly didn't want to be anything but fully awake when my baby appeared.

Then seven and a half pound Deor Baker appeared, a beautiful, healthy, squalling little girl—ultimate proof of my convictions about natural childbirth. It had seemed like a very short time, and I never felt so satisfied in my life.

Although, like all mothers, I wasn't able to start nursing Deor for three days, I fed her the prepared formula right from the start. This was the final and most pleasurable aspect of having a baby—the days of getting acquainted. I had only to turn my head and there





After I had had a few hours' sleep, I was ready for my baby's first visit.

was my child—a tiny miracle moving her fingers and feet, discovering the world while I discovered her.

When Walker came to visit, all he had to do was put on a hygienic mask and he could hold Deor and play with her, and very soon he got the feeling, as I had, that this little mite was really ours, to love and care for forever. With the three of us together, I felt such gratification and confidence for the future welling up in me that I wanted to cry.

I was in the hospital four days, though I felt strong enough on the second day to leave. I was restless and impatient to get home and start caring for my baby.

I am not trying to argue that Deor wouldn't be the fine, healthy baby that she is even if I had never heard about natural childbirth. But I do know about the fears, the anxieties, and unnatural, needless pain and worry that so many women undergo to have their babies.

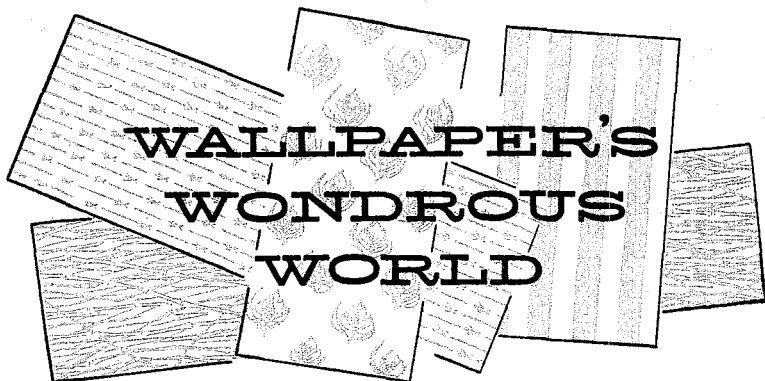
Harry Wismer, sportscaster for his own program, "Sports Ten" (MBS, Monday through Friday, 9:05 to 9:15 p.m., EST), has interviewed many athletes who were discovered in small-town sports events. He now wants to find out if you, too, can make a "discovery" by guessing what geographical location (left column) is hiding in another place (right column). For example, you know that an Asiatic country hiding in an American state must be India in INDIANA. (Answers on page 58.)

1. Asiatic country
2. Russian river
3. Eurasian country
4. French seaport
5. Algerian city
6. Norwegian city
7. Italian river
8. City in Indiana
9. German river
10. Asiatic country
11. English city
12. Russian river
13. City in Oregon
14. Siberian river
15. Arabian city
16. Russian river
17. Italian city
18. City in Ohio
19. American state
20. Michigan city
21. City in Iowa
22. Macedonian town
23. City in Utah
24. City in Oklahoma
25. River in South Africa
26. City in Illinois
27. New York City borough
28. City near Philadelphia
29. A salt lake in Turkey
30. River in France
31. River in west Siberia
32. West Siamese river
33. River in France
34. Yugoslav island

[illegible]

American state?
 English city?
 German state?
 Italian seaport?
 New Jersey city?
 European country?
 American river?
 European country?
 American state?
 Albanian city?
 Massachusetts town?
 City in Montana?
 Biblical city?
 Asiatic desert?
 German city?
 American state?
 New Jersey city?
 City in Florida?
 American state?
 Florida city?
 English river?
 Pacific island group?
 City in New York?
 North American country?
 South African province?
 City in Georgia?
 State in Australia?
 Steel city in England?
 City in British Columbia?
 City in Idaho?
 City in Washington?
 Island off Cape Cod?
 Island in the Pacific?
 Asian peninsula?

Science uses all its talents to bring color and cheer into your home



by **NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE**

AN AMERICAN VISITING PARIS was strolling along the Rue de la Paix when he saw something that caused him to stop and stare with delight and wonder. Then he snatched a pad of drawing paper from his pocket and began to sketch frantically.

That inspired moment outside a Parisian shop window had a curious sequel. For the sight that so entranced the American tourist was soon appearing on the walls of homes all over the U. S. It had, by the alchemy of a remarkable American enterprise, become a wallpaper design so effective that it sold 1,000,000 rolls the first year.

Later, indeed, it became the most viewed wallpaper in history, as millions of TV watchers saw it on the Speaker's Podium at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago in 1952.

What the tourist, who happened to be the art director of a big American wallpaper company, had

seen was a display of tufted silk.

Transforming such artists' inspirations into coverings for walls is big business—so big that last year 40 U. S. companies turned out 250,000,000 rolls of wallpaper in a dazzling array of more than 3,000 different designs. And this year the wallpaper people are confident that, thanks to imagination-stirring innovations, they will hit the biggest bonanza in history—a bonanza that will restore their centuries-old business to its former glory.

For it is a matter of sad record that billions of square feet of wall surface that the papermakers feel could have been covered by wallpaper, have, in recent years, been enlivened instead by the gay hues provided by their rivals, the paintmakers.

Now, to beguile homeowners, they are not only offering literally hundreds of bold new innovations in design, but incredibly tough and versatile papers that are fade-proof,

water-proof, ink-proof, scrub-proof, flame-proof—guaranteed, in fact, to stand the kind of treatment that should not happen to any wall. Moreover, they have climbed aboard the do-it-yourself bandwagon with new developments that get their product onto walls with magical ease.

Wallpaper was once a luxury even for the rich. To the Chinese goes credit for inventing it. Two thousand years ago they commemorated the death of a relative by hanging up a strip of paper covered with delicate hand-painted designs. Later they evolved the idea of using papers purely for decorative effect, and European traders of the 16th century brought back some samples of this "India Paper."

In America, the first wallpapers were made in 1739. Their designs were simple, but there was a wide choice of colors. This early wallpaper was a luxury because of the way it was printed—from blocks on which the design was carved. Some patterns which spread over several strips and involved many colors required as many as a thousand blocks to complete a single design. The printing was done by pressing the blocks, which had been dipped in paint, into place by hand.

Not until 1849 with the advent of the printing machine, did English printers come up with the idea of using cylinders to print the design, and wallpaper at last became a decorative medium almost anybody could afford.

The patterns you so casually flip over in a wallpaper sample book are the result of a never-ending scramble to hit on new designs that people will enjoy seeing on their

walls—or that the makers think they will. A single modest-sized company may add as many as 200 new styles each year. United Wallpaper, largest American company, has, on occasion, come out with a thousand.

Almost anything can be the starting point for a popular pattern. Many are inspired by textiles. For example, a salesman for Imperial Wallpaper was walking through a New York department store when he noticed a crowd of women shoving to get to a certain material. He joined them and succeeded in buying a piece of the stuff, which, he figured, must have something to cause such enthusiastic buying. It became one of his company's big sellers.

On an idea-hunting trip for United, an artist happened to drop in at the studios of the textile designer, Dorothy Liebes. He stared in fascination at the handsome weaves in which she had caught the effect of reed, bamboo, silk and metals.

Could such effects be transferred to paper? Months of technical experimenting in collaboration with Dorothy Liebes proved that they could, and the resulting wallpapers became the greatest sellers in United's history. One pattern alone, a woven twill stripe, sold 1,850,000 rolls the first year.

The search for new designs sends artists to all sorts of sources—old tapestries, costumes, jewels, paintings. One artist picked up an idea for a pattern from the decorations on a jar from ancient Egypt.

Another favorite source is old houses. Wallpaper experts are always alert to the possibility that

some old print they have never seen before will turn up. Thomas Strahan Company of Boston got one such when an old lady from New Hampshire stopped in one day with a sample of paper she had found in her attic. With it had been a letter written by a sea captain from Bordeaux, France, in 1801, telling his wife that he had found just the paper for their front hall and was bringing it back with him on his return voyage.

Wallpaper makers reproduce old papers with astonishing fidelity. You can see a startling example of that in Paul Revere's old house in Boston's North End. Some of the wallpaper panels are the original ones that were there in the days of the Revolution; some were made recently. You cannot tell which is which, so skillfully have the makers of the modern paper duplicated the original.

The first organized effort to use the talents of famous American artists to design wallpaper is being tried this year. For the first time, too, artists are being paid a royalty on paper of their design.

United Wallpaper has commissioned the Associated American Artists to create 181 new styles, each for a fine-arts painter who has been given every chance to bring his fresh approach to wall decoration. In planning the designs, each artist was asked to visualize his own house, and plan wallpaper for the various rooms, just as he would like them to look. The result is a striking series that runs all the way from bold modern motifs to homey country scenes.

However, any wallpaper company will admit that it can guess

woefully wrong on what will sell and what will not. One firm made a million-roll forecast for sales of a floral design that did not sell a tenth that amount.

Actually, every year's offering is a hopeful trial balloon that usually settles quickly to earth, with comparatively few patterns reappearing the following year. United, which in its career has turned out 25,000 different designs, has very few that have been offered for more than five years.

On the other hand, every company has a few designs which keep on selling, year after year, often somewhat to its surprise. Columbus Coated Fabrics, a company which makes textile wall coverings, has a design consisting of silver stars on peach and yellow backgrounds that has been continuously popular for 15 years. Asam has two, a bamboo and an ivy leaf design, that have been sold for 20 years.

A paper called "Cedar Wood" has a 15-year record at United. It is made of genuine cedar wood-pulp, and is printed by a special rotogravure process that simulates the natural wood. These veteran sellers are unusual, however. Four years is considered a long life for a pattern, two about average.

Because the life of patterns is so comparatively short, dealers are often confronted by irate customers who want to buy a roll or so of a certain design to patch up a damaged or worn spot. Informed that the factory no longer makes it, their reactions are often like that of the elderly man who brought in a sample that had been on the walls of his living room for "quite a spell."

He was so insistent that the dealer wrote to the company, only to learn that they had not made that particular paper for 50 years. Informed of this, the old man snapped, "Well, can't they just run some of this off for me?"

Anyone who blithely suggests that the company "run some off" would get a jolt if he could see the complicated process of wallpaper manufacture. Walk into a plant like the world's biggest, United's giant factory in Montgomery, Illinois. One look at the maze of tanks, pipes, presses and racks will convince you there is more to making wallpaper than just printing designs on paper.

The trickiest phase of manufacturing is the problem of getting the right colors. You are justified in being somewhat dazzled when you look at a sample book, because wallpapers are printed in no less than 1,500 hues.

Wallpaper makers are proud of the fact that they have licked the problem of making colors stay just as bright as the day they emerged from the factory. The old curse was sunlight, but not any more. Special dyes and pigments enable the makers to guarantee customers that papers will stand up. They can do this because every batch is tested with a gadget known as a Fadeometer which, in a 24-hour period, can subject a paper to the equivalent of two years' normal room sunlight.

Along with the conquest of sunlight, the industry can also boast of victory over another enemy, plain

dirt and grime. Again chemical treatments produce papers that can take the most vigorous onslaughts of soap and water. Washable papers have withstood as many as 100 scrubbing strokes without any damage, the equivalent of two washings a year for fifty years.

When flames gutted a Brooklyn apartment, firemen got a startling example of the punishment the world's toughest wallpaper can take. After the fire, a cloth wiped over the smokedarkened paper revealed it, bright and fresh as ever.

This particular paper was Varlar, the chemical miracle which does things even the experts once thought no wallpaper could do. What the

papermakers dreamed of was a paper that would not simply be coated with a protective surfacing, but which would be tough all the way through.

They found the secret in the wartime development of synthetic resins. Treated with them, the resultant wall covering has startling resistant properties.

The fact that millions of Americans have developed a desire to do their own redecorating has brought the biggest change of all to the wallpaper industry. Today, more than half of all wallpaper sold is for do-it-yourself application. The papermakers are out to promote the trend toward pre-pasted papers, like Trimz, which accounts for a good part of United's business.

Most recent development comes from America's oldest wallpaper

**"HONEYMOONS
ARE DANGEROUS!"**

*Next month Coronet
will tell of the
unexpected pitfalls
—instead of the ex-
pected pleasures—
that face thousands
of young newlyweds.*

concern, the 120-year-old Birge Company. To apply its paper you just cut off a strip long enough to reach from ceiling to baseboard, roll up the strip, dunk it in a container of water at the base of the wall, smooth it into place.

You trim the top or bottom with scissors or razor blade for a perfect fit. The paper stays wet for 15 minutes, so you can work without frantic urgency. Reasonably nimble amateurs can, the makers report, paper a whole room in 2 hours.

With all their accomplishments, the wallpaper makers have been worrying about an odd problem: they are the victims of their own prolific outpouring of designs.

There are so many of them, in fact, that a prospective buyer (such a buyer will be a woman 99 times out of 100) is all too likely to thumb with increasing bewilderment through a large sample book.

Various companies are taking different approaches to the problem. Birge wraps its rolls in cello-

phane, making the actual wallpaper easier to see. Imperial has an ingenious "Home Decorating Plan" with a sample selection of washable wallpapers for each room, built around the style and color preference of the individual.

After a nationwide survey, United discovered that 91 per cent of buyers know what *colors* they want; their big headache comes when they try to find patterns they like made in the colors they are hunting.

What United has come up with is a self-service wallpaper selector. All the prospect has to do is choose the color group she is interested in, and up comes an index to all the patterns in the book that employ that particular color, or ones that go well with it.

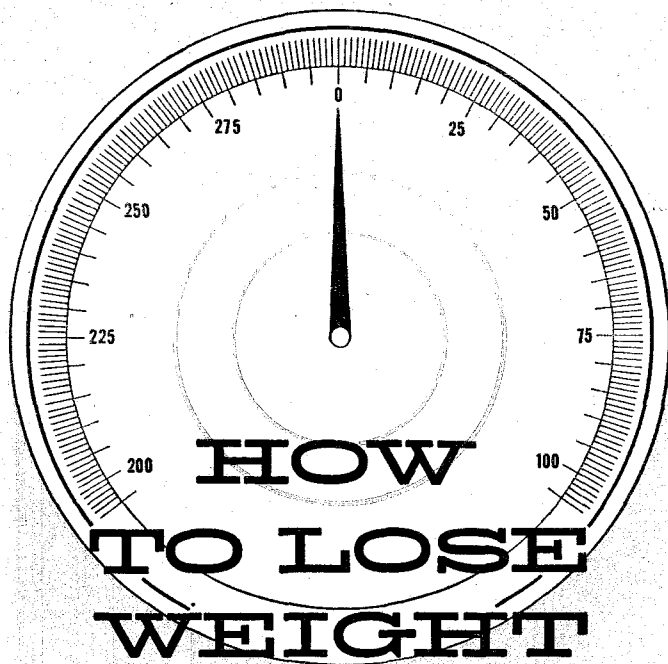
The way things look, the wallpaper makers seem safe in their prediction that 1954 is going to be the year when more pictures and designs get transferred to America's walls than ever before. Anyway, nobody can say they aren't trying.



Hidden Places

(Answers to quiz on page 53)

1. INDIAna; 2. LONDON; 3. PRUSSIA; 4. VeNICE;
5. ORANge; 6. CzechOSLOvakia; 7. POTomac; 8. HunGARY;
9. MAINE; 10. TIRANa; 11. AnDOVER;
12. HeLENA; 13. JeruSALEM; 14. GOBi; 15. Wiesbaden;
16. NEVADA; 17. TRENTON; 18. DAYTONa Beach;
19. ArKANSAS; 20. JACKSONville; 21. ThAMES;
22. PHILIPPINES; 23. OGDENsburg; 24. CanADA;
25. TransVAAL; 26. DALTON; 27. QUEENSland;
28. ManCHESTER; 29. VANcouver; 30. BOISE; 31. TaCoMA;
32. NANtucket; 33. BORNEo; 34. ARABia.



from the new book, "Eat, Think and Be Slender"

by LEONID KOTKIN, M. D.

NEW PATIENTS COME to my office daily, worrying about an "inflation" sweeping the land—the physical inflation of inches added to their waistlines. This brought to my attention the stark fact that despite all that has been written about excess weight, few persons have been able to overcome the problem. Yet there is no reason why, if you are overweight, you should not be able to lose excess weight and

From *Eat, Think and Be Slender*, by Leonid Kotkin, M.D.
Published at \$2.95 by Hawthorn Books, 70 Fifth Avenue,
New York 11, New York. Copyright, 1954, by the author.

then hold the advantage in the later years of life.

You have undoubtedly discovered by hard experience that losing weight is not accomplished overnight. But your past failures do not mean that it cannot be done. It can—and you can do it. The solution lies principally within yourself.

Persons who were overweight for years have taken off all their excess poundage and have admitted that the results were almost unbelievable. The road to reducing is more easily traveled than you imagine, if you are willing to complete the journey and accept the fact that the hazards encountered are surmountable.

At the outset you must take two simple steps: Go to a doctor. Allow him to help you understand why you are fat.

Overweight is a “disease” for which the most important medicine required is understanding—that is, insight to the problem responsible for the excess weight. There is no magic formula which can be used on a fat body to turn it thin. There is no gadget which can be employed: no amount of checking charts or any set of diets alone will work.

Your doctor will help you first to understand why you are overweight. Then he will set about helping you lose weight. He will prescribe hunger-curbing medication; he will prescribe additional vitamins if needed; he will carefully plan a diet for you; he will help bolster your morale through the trying periods you may encounter.

Your doctor can calculate the amount of nutritional fuel your body needs with amazing accuracy. He will consider the amount of ex-

ertion you are subjected to, the loss of body heat due to atmosphere, and the amount of internal work your body does. This computation is made in units you have heard so much about—calories.

The diet your doctor prescribes is planned with particular care to your own specific case. There are many fine points to be considered: your own vitamin and mineral needs must be taken into consideration, for if your diet fails to supply essential dietary needs (and many ready-made diets may) it can be exceedingly dangerous.

When you read of the results achieved by this method of weight-reduction, you may be inclined to think the claims are extravagant. Actually, they are all cases selected from my files. They will offer you a mirror by which you can see inside yourself, so that you may acquire the all-important factor of understanding.

EXCESS POUNDAGE IS NOT the result of a glandular disease, nor of a metabolic disease. There is no gland in the body capable of manufacturing fat out of air and water, nor will one person's normal digestive processes manufacture more fat out of the same amount of food than another person's.

Simply, excess weight is the product of an emotional disturbance. Being overweight is a definite expression on the part of the individual: it is either a suit of armor to cloak anxieties, or an excuse by which the individual avoids mature responsibilities.

Bluntly, overweight persons form a definite group of immature patients, in exactly the same way as do

alcoholics and drug addicts. As a trait, excess weight points unfailingly to a neurotic personality.

The best definition of a fat individual is one who, if left to his own devices in regulating his food intake, will compulsively exhibit an abnormal accumulation of excess weight. That is to say, persons whose neuroses express themselves in their growing fatter are compelled psychologically to gain weight as a cover-up for some fear, some failing, some lack.

These persons envy their neighbors who have normal waistlines. They eagerly search for a magic recipe that will allow them to satisfy the compulsive cravings for food and yet retain, or attain, the physical appearance of their favorite Hollywood star.

The books written about reducing could fill a big shelf. New ones appear almost constantly. But none of them has taken into consideration that the reader is intelligent enough to understand why people become fat and to understand the processes—both emotional and organic—which contribute to overweight.

The Fortress of Fat

Many people feel unable to cope with the onslaughts of a "cruel and demanding world." One of the easiest ways of shirking the responsibilities of living is by hiding. And one of the most common ways of hiding is by building a fortress and climbing into it—a fortress of fat.

A lecturer in history at an Eastern university was one of my earliest overweight patients. After "running

away" within herself by building the protective coat of fattiness, she finally ran away physically and came to New York hoping to start life anew.

Had you met her then, you would have classified her as a good-natured fat girl. She was always jolly, always laughing. Of her jollity, however, she once said, "I've got to be jolly. I'm too big to run and too fat to fight."

She was so well insulated by fat that no one of her friends—or her family, for that matter—knew her. Her fortress of fat was impregnable. However, after lengthy discussions with me, she admitted: "I see where I actually was running away from a real world with its many demands, its disappointments and its discipline. I must have been living in a dream world—though I didn't realize it."

She followed treatment carefully and successfully lost 43 pounds in five months.

Another young lady, when she first came for treatment, was—on the surface—calm and good-natured. The very capable secretary to a successful lawyer, her devotion and loyalty to her employer was well known. She is a woman of average height, and at the time, weighed 196 pounds.

"Every bit of clothing has to be made for me," she confessed, "because I cannot dress as befits my position and buy my clothes ready-made. Actually, to maintain the wardrobe I need takes a huge portion of a very good salary."

Then came an old tale of woe. "You know, doctor, I hardly eat anything and yet there isn't a thing I can do to lose weight. I've tried

all sorts of diets and they haven't worked. I guess it must be a glandular condition."

After she was oriented, this secretary was willing to begin a proper regime of dieting. With her coming to understand the causes of her overweight came the desire to accomplish something for herself—outside of her work—instead of remaining the insecure devoted slave to others.

I got great pleasure watching the *real self* emerge from the fatty shell. As she became more attractive, upon melting inches of the fortress away, she remarked: "For the first time that I can remember, I told my boss he was wrong the other day."

Having shed her fortress of fat, she is no longer the good-natured, jolly girl. But has gained stature in the eyes of all who know her. She has been able to do this because she allowed herself to understand the reasons for her tendency to overeat.

In many cases, the realization alone that fat is a fortress and acts as a cloak to mask the *true you* is sufficient to trigger the determination to rid oneself of this suit of armor. Such persons can diet with little supervision, provided they follow the rules of good nutrition, involving abundant proteins, vegetables and vitamin supplements. Others will need the supervision of an understanding physician.

Is It Glandular?

Most overweight persons try to explain why they are fat. Many say it is due to their glands. For instance, a stock broker calmly announced on his first visit to my

office: "I have an underactive thyroid gland."

This man—who is a person of greater than average intelligence—and all the other patients who have diagnosed their own problem don't realize what rash statements they are making.

So-called glandular obesity is actually an unusual circumstance—and an unfortunate one—which causes excesses of fat to be deposited about the body in a peculiar fashion. But these "glandularly obese" persons still must overeat, or eat the wrong foods, in order to build up these deposits of fat.

Fat persons suffering from a glandular disturbance are treated no differently than other patients suffering from obesity—with one exception: cases of myxedema, that is, thyroid deficiency. Myxedema is relatively rare.

Yet many overweight persons will seek to shift the blame away from themselves for their condition. They will almost invariably complain loudly to doctor and friends: "Oh, if it weren't for my underactive thyroid, I'd be as slim as you!"

Rather than cutting down on the volume of their food intake, or checking to see if the foods they eat are good for them, they would sooner overeat and complain.

The pituitary gland—found in the brain—has often been blamed for overweight. One of the results of underfunctioning of this gland is known as Cushing's disease. This failing will influence the distribution of fat in a characteristic way on the trunk of the body as well as giving the face a moon-like appearance.

But even if a person is suffering

from Cushing's disease—the most characteristic as far as endocrine influence upon fat is concerned—a diet will bring about weight reduction, proof that overeating and nothing else will produce the fat which is deposited in the body.

If there is a gland involved in obesity, it is the salivary gland! Your overeating has made you overweight.

I have had patients claim that they are overweight because they "burn their food slowly," or that "everything I eat changes easily to fat." Just as the patients do who have decided their ailment is glandular, these overweight persons are offering their doctor the free diagnosis that they are suffering from a metabolic disturbance.

Obesity is not a metabolic disease in the sense that there is some upset or error in the metabolic makeup of the body. The popular suppositions that some get fat on little food, or that others stay thin on a great deal of food, are not confirmed by any tests or research.

A newspaperman once told me quite simply: "Thin people are thin because they burn their food more quickly than fat people."

That was his excuse for being overweight. Knowing him as a man whose inquisitiveness would get the better of him, I led him to conduct a little research on his own. He came back chagrined.

"Doc," he confided to me, "everything I've been able to uncover points to the fact that my theory was all wet. Everything I've read shows that fat people burn their food more quickly than thin people, because the body has to supply extra energy for all the ex-

cess weight as well as for their normal body requirements."

This patient made the discovery on his own. With this obstacle overcome, it was a relatively simple matter to lead him to the realization of what caused his own overweight. Then followed a diet regime and his weight dropped from 265 pounds to a normal 175 in eight months. And he has kept it there.

The Folklore of Fat

From the case histories in my files, I have compiled the most common beliefs that patients have used to parry my questions as to why they thought they were overweight. Each has been incontrovertibly disproved, thanks to science.

How often have you heard people say: "*It's healthy to be fat!*" The very opposite is true. Statistics issued by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in 1951 showed that overweight persons exhibit a rate of mortality far in excess of that shown by individuals of normal or below-normal weight.

Among the obese, statistics show a greater incidence of high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, gall bladder diseases and diabetes. The overweight also are poorer risks on the operating table, and tend to recover with greater difficulty from serious illnesses.

"Isn't there any other way of losing weight than dieting, doctor?" asked a very intelligent woman. "I've heard of so many people becoming seriously ill due to dieting. I've even heard of *people who died because of dieting!*"

Dieting to lose excess fat is not

starvation. Yet many are the stories which relate that persons actually dying of cancer or some other wasting disease are really on a diet. This is often the case because people tend, unreasonably, to place a sense of shame on cancer and like diseases. They would rather let friends think that dieting is responsible for the loss of weight.

It must be firmly stated that no one has ever become seriously ill through dieting to lose excess fat, when the dieting is done properly and under the supervision of a physician.

Another widely-accepted piece of folklore is that *body resistance is lowered while dieting*. Persons who believe this will blame on their diet a cold which they have contracted while dieting, despite the fact that most of the people about them have colds as well. Even when a patient doesn't blame the diet, friends and relatives often are quick to place the blame and criticize the diet regime.

As long as the vitamin, mineral and protein intake is adequate, the body will not become deficient in any element necessary for good health. Excess fat is only stored food and the body must utilize it—just as the camel's fat is utilized on long desert journeys—before a person's weight can approach normal.

"I'm not nervous when I'm overweight" is a belief that may have a vestige of truth in it superficially. One patient who told me this actually felt better when he was overeating. Thus his being overweight was the result of his satisfying cravings to cloak many of his disappointments.

It is far better for such persons to

reach a state of normal weight and suffer the nervousness which they are cloaking with a Fortress of Fat. This is the only way they have a chance of facing reality and eventually solving their problems in a mature manner.

How often have you heard people say that *"fat people are happy and jolly; thin people are ill-tempered and unhappy."*

Truthfully, fat people act jolly to mask their true feelings. Their reputation for jolliness is undeserved. They are insecure and feel inferior, therefore they are almost unconsciously motivated to be agreeable to associates, relatives and friends.

"I guess it's just my nature to be fat; it runs in the family."

I see red when I hear this bit of folklore. I cannot emphasize too strongly that fattiness or the tendency to overweight is not inherited.

Physique, body build and stature may be inherited—but not fat. In families where obesity tends to be prevalent, the only reason for this is because of an over-emphasis on eating habits. These usually are families in which rich, starchy and fried foods are served in large quantities.

"Thin people work off their fat in nervous energy, but everything I eat turns into fat and just stays."

The fallacy here is that only excess food is turned into fat, the normal amount of food needed by the body goes to keep the body in running order. People who claim that everything they eat turns to fat use this as an excuse for their gluttony.

"The best way to lose weight is to eat all you want and work it off in

exercise." This is a great trick if you can do it. For example, if walking is the type of exercise you prefer, consider that to take off one pound of fat you would have to walk 36 miles at a brisk pace.

Unfortunately the only thing which exercise will accomplish, aside from tightening the muscles of your body, is increase your appetite. In that way the small amount of fat you have lost in exercising is more than made up in the food you will eat to compensate for the increased appetite.

A great deal of misbelief centers around the fact that *certain foods are not fattening*. The examples given include fruit, nuts, honey and molasses.

The fact that all foods are fattening is well established in scientific knowledge, and the foods mentioned above are more so than average, as they contain starches, sugars and fats as well as protein. With the starch, sugar and fat content of your diet increased, I need not go into what is going to happen to your waistline.

I overheard a conversation in a restaurant where one woman admonished another to cut down on her water intake. "*Excess water turns into fat,*" she told her with a knowing air.

Frankly, this is as ridiculous as the "air into fat" theory. The body may store excess water temporarily during a weight reduction program. This will result in a "lag period" when weight will hold fairly steady and it will seem as though no fat is coming off despite the dieter's great effort. Actually fat is being lost during this period, but the body seems to retain the water for a while.

It must be remembered that during the diet regime, your weight will equal the normal you, plus excess fat, plus or minus water. The latter factor in the equation is unimportant. The water is not held by the body for any length of time, and the body can hold only a limited amount of water in any case.

The idea, though, that water will turn into fat is baseless. There is absolutely no mechanism in or out of the body capable of doing such a thing.

One of the frequent excuses I get from fat persons is: "*I'm fat because I absorb all the nourishment from my food. Thin people waste their food.*" However, experiments have shown this theory to be completely false.

There are other "tales of woe" and "grandmother's tales" which patients have disclosed to me. In every case, the excuse is no more than just that, and in many cases they are too poor even to be considered excuses.

Diet's the Thing

You now understand that there are cases where overeating may be caused by a desire to build a fortress of fat, or cases where it may provide a secondary gain, or others where it may be due to childhood patterns.

Knowledge of these facts provides the insight which in turn gives you the drive to diet. But knowledge alone is not enough. You must diet in order to attain normal weight.

Medical authorities have advocated many methods of dieting. Any of these will prove successful to a patient strongly enough motivated to diet or to one who has insight to

the emotional problems causing overeating.

Nutritionists have created high-protein diets, low-protein diets, egg diets, banana diets, vegetable diets and fluid diets, among others. Most of these, however, have become outmoded with increasing knowledge of all the factors—physical and emotional—which cause obesity.

The recent diets used in reducing programs all demand calorie counting, and from this a new variety of diet has been created: the 800-calorie diet, the 1,000-calorie diet, the 1,200-calorie diet, and so forth, depending on age, sex, occupation and the amount of weight to be lost.

"This is all very well, desirable and scientific. It probably is the ideal way in which weight should be lost. But it is not practical for most overweight patients. The typical individual will not count calories, measure portions nor religiously observe for more than a few weeks at a time the complicated regime necessary.

The diet I recommend is one which can be followed more easily by the patient and results in successful removal of excess weight. Two principles are required in following the diet:

1. *Foods which are permissible may be eaten in unlimited quantities and as often as desired.*

2. *Foods which are not permissible may not be eaten at any time.*

The diet may be called an "exclusively high-protein, low-carbohydrate and no-fat" diet. It permits great quantities of all high-quality foods and generally forbids all low-quality foods.

Practically all foods rich in vitamins, amino acids (the "end" products of protein digestion) and

minerals are allowed. Foods rich in easily available calories are forbidden. Overweight persons have a great number of calories stored in their excess fat, and weight cannot be rid from the body unless these calories are used up. The principle, then, is to utilize the calories already stored in the body for energy.

The patient is permitted all the lean meats, poultry and sea-foods desired. All but five vegetables are allowed.

The average overweight patient will exclaim on seeing this diet: "What, no fruits? Not even a little ice cream? Not even the smallest piece of cake occasionally?"

The answer is a simple "No!"

The reason for this is that practically all overweight persons are like alcoholics. I call them "victualics." Permit them an occasional sweet or starchy dainty, and they will almost invariably take more.

Though fat is sharply curtailed in the diet, adequate vitamins A and D are obtained from eggs, which are permitted in limited number, and from yellow vegetables.

The fruits and vegetables permitted provide adequate quantities of Vitamin C. The unlimited quantities of protein foods permitted provide a super-abundant amount of B-complex vitamins and minerals.

Supplemental vitamins are given, regardless, as a margin for safety. This, however, is something for the physician to give advice about, as each individual case is different. Moreover, most physicians will want to prescribe one of the many hunger-curbing medications now available to make the dieter's task easier.

Salt and water are not restricted

in the diet, for if there is any danger to dieting, it will be because of such restriction and not because of the rapid weight loss.

Once normal weight is attained, the patient can eat as much as any other individual of a similar constitution and still hold his weight. While losing several pounds a week entails some sacrifice, staying at normal weight does not. The principal difference between persons of normal weight and those who are obese is that the former regulate their food intake unconsciously and that the latter must regulate it consciously.

The trouble with too many diets is that they have been drawn up on the theory that the patient will fall in with the ideas of the expert. Instead, the diet has to be practical. It has to fit in with people's actual eating habits. That is the basis upon which this diet has been conceived and upon which the basic menu presented here is based.

With the number of foods permissible, there are many palatable variations of the basic meals given here. Knowing what you may and may not eat makes it possible to utilize this basic menu in conjunction with any diet given by nutritionists. The basic meal listed for lunch and dinner may be interchanged as necessary.

The Basic Diet

Breakfast:

half grapefruit
(or small orange)
one egg (boiled)
one slice of protein bread (if desired)
coffee, tea or skim milk

Lunch:

vegetable juice
(four ounces)
lean meat or pot cheese
large salad
coffee, tea or skim milk

Dinner:

bouillon
lean meat, fowl or seafood
one green and one yellow vegetable
melon (in season)
coffee, tea or skim milk

The salad suggested for lunch may consist of any of the permissible vegetables, but it should be remembered that oil and mayonnaise dressing is prohibited. Vinegar or lemon juice, with a touch of salt and pepper, makes a very tasty dressing for salad.

Tinned and frozen foods are packed under scientific control by the most modern of methods. They are wholesome, sanitary and easily digestible. They retain their vitamin and mineral content to a high degree.

Moderation should be exercised in the intake of vegetables in a raw state. If eaten raw in excessive amounts, they may prove irritating. It is advisable to balance your vegetable intake by having at least half of those you eat cooked.

Now that you are ready to diet, here is a list of rules which are vital. Study them and obey them. Failure to abide by any one of these rules will set up the first pitfall to failure in your diet.

1. You MAY eat all the lean meat, fowl and seafood you want. *Nothing may be fried and all visible fat must be trimmed off.*

2. You MAY NOT eat bread or butter. *While a slice of protein bread*

is permissible at breakfast, it should be omitted if possible.

3. You MAY NOT eat peas, corn, rice, potatoes and beans (excepting string beans). *Other vegetables are allowed in unlimited quantities.*

4. You MAY NOT eat fruit, *excepting half-grapefruit or an orange at breakfast and a small piece of melon for dinner dessert.*

5. You MAY NOT eat sugars, fats or starches.

6. You MAY NOT eat cereals of any kind.

7. You MAY NOT eat soup, *except clear bouillon.*

8. You MAY NOT drink fruit juices, *but vegetable juices are allowed.*

9. You MAY NOT drink liquor or soft drinks. Where business obligations require you to take liquor, two drinks are the maximum and may be taken only straight, with water or soda. *Cocktails are out*, but tea and coffee may be had in unlimited quantities (with skim milk and artificial sweetening agents).

10. You MAY use all condiments. Neither salt—*nor water*—need be limited, except when your physician finds a medical indication to limit these.

11. You MAY NOT use oil or mayonnaise, but ketchup and cocktail sauce may be used sparingly, and lemon juice or vinegar may be used as wanted. (Mineral oil should never be used as this coats the intestinal wall and prevents absorption of vitamins).

12. You MAY eat snacks between meals. These should consist of tomatoes, cucumber, raw carrots, celery and lean meat—in *any quantity desired.*

Here are planned meals for seven days which show how interesting

a variety of menus can be prepared:

First Day

Breakfast:

half grapefruit
one boiled egg
one slice protein bread
coffee

Lunch:

tomato juice
grilled lean hamburger
celery and radishes
tea

Dinner:

shrimps with cocktail sauce
roast leg of lamb
brussels sprouts and cucumber salad
coffee

Second Day

Breakfast:

one sliced orange
one slice protein toast
coffee

Lunch:

tomato and lettuce salad
broiled halibut
spinach and broiled carrots
skim milk

Dinner:

mixed vegetable juice
lean corned beef and cabbage
melon
coffee

Third Day

Breakfast:

one-eighth honeydew melon
one poached egg
coffee

Lunch:

bouillon
tomato stuffed with crab meat
tea

Dinner:

carrot sticks
steak
turnips
string beans
coffee

Fourth Day

Breakfast:

half grapefruit
one slice protein bread
coffee

Lunch:

carrot juice
salmon and chopped onion salad
celery and radishes
skim milk

Dinner:

bouillon
broiled calf's liver
mushrooms and broccoli
coffee

Fifth Day

Breakfast:

one-quarter cantaloupe
coffee

Lunch:

bouillon
fresh vegetable salad
cottage cheese
tea

Dinner:

tomato juice
roast veal
squash
beets
coffee

Sixth Day

Breakfast:

quartered orange
one slice protein toast
coffee

Lunch:

tomato and lettuce salad
two hard boiled eggs
carrots
skim milk

Dinner:

mixed vegetable juice
swordfish steak
asparagus tips and cauliflower
coffee

Seventh Day

Breakfast:

half grapefruit
one poached egg
coffee

Lunch:

bouillon
broiled lamb chop
stewed tomato and green pepper
tea

Dinner:

celery stalks
roast chicken
endive and kohlrabi
melon
coffee

Weight-Watching

After you have reached the point where your weight should be about normal, you will have done a creditable job. But, while having won a major victory, you will still face a long period of "cold war." You will have to maintain your level, and thus will have joined the ranks of the "weight-watchers."

The intensity and length of your battle depends solely upon your reason for losing weight. Some persons are strongly motivated by the temporary advantage that being of normal weight will bring them. For

example, young men and women will lose their excess fat during a period of courting.

But when these persons feel that the danger has passed, or that they have attained the object which weight reduction was to bring them, their unconscious drives and demands for excessive food will be reasserted.

No matter with how much ease or difficulty you have achieved your normal weight in the treatment, you now must constantly watch your weight for months, or even years.

For many persons, it may be necessary to forego the sensual pleasures of eating rich desserts and foods almost permanently. This is so that they may indulge in more bulk of other foods and still hold the line of normal weight.

Weight-watching is doing *consciously* what people of normal weight do *unconsciously*.

The first step is knowing your exact weight status periodically. This is done by weighing yourself *once a week on the same scale at the same time of day, wearing the same amount of clothes*. This will bring about the most exact correlation possible.

Weighing yourself more often than once a week will make you "scale happy." Under such circumstances, your exact weight status will never be known. There are many shifts in water balance in the body, such as during a woman's menstrual period or a man's excessive perspiration, and these will be reflected in a daily see-saw on the scale.

Some persons may find that after watching their food intake carefully over a period of weeks, their weight

has increased a few pounds. This is caused by temporarily retained water; but it can be a discouraging thing to discover.

By checking once a week, under the conditions outlined above, a better picture of your weight is achieved. You should carefully record your weight each week. If a pound or two is added, you must "go into training" immediately to remove this so that a more serious return to a diet regime is not necessary later.

It is possible that after achieving your normal weight, you will continue to lose weight. This is due usually to an overstrict diet regime after normal weight has been accomplished. Your weight-watching will prevent further weight loss, for in these circumstances you will be encouraged to eat more to hold your weight at the desired level.

Every dieter who achieves a weight reduction to the proper level will discover what his normal level is early in the weight-watching period. This should be checked with your physician, rather than against a statistical "average."

The person who has attained insight, lost excessive weight through dieting and then carefully watched weight, will find that the problem of remaining at normal weight becomes less and less difficult as time goes on. Soon the process becomes a conditioned reflex and will be quite "painless."

Before you know it, you will have acquired the unconscious "governor" of those persons who never have had difficulty in staying at a normal weight. When that day comes, you will have successfully conquered your No. 1 health enemy.

SAILOR'S SECRET

by ROBERT Q. LEWIS

THE MEN ON THE WHALING SHIP *America* were a tough, rough crew—and none tougher or rougher than sailor George Weldon. He did his full share of the backbreaking, dangerous work which was a seaman's lot nearly a century ago: he used his free time to drink, fight, gamble and tell coarse stories.

No one ever suspected anything unusual about George Weldon. And chances are that no one ever would have known, if he had not been condemned to be flogged.

On a January morning in 1863, Weldon and a crew had been sent out on the third mate's boat to capture a small whale. The mate took his place at the stern, and George, in order to get as far away as possible, sat in the bow. The mate did not like Weldon, and the feeling was mutual.

Cautiously, they rowed toward the whale, pulling as close as they dared. Then the harpooner flung his heavy iron. But the whale dove toward the bottom of the sea. To keep from being dragged down, the men were forced to cut the rope.

Secretly, Weldon was glad about the mishap. He hoped they would give up the whale and tow back to the *America*, where he was relatively safe from the mate's anger.

"There she blows!" one of the men shouted.

Three miles away, the wounded whale had come up for air. "Make for her!" shouted the mate.

George flexed his bruised mus-



cles and pulled with the rest, but he missed a stroke and promptly received a barrage of curses from the mate.

It was the last straw. George drew his knife and started for the stern.

"Mutiny!" cried the mate. "Grab him and bind him, or I'll see you all hanged!"

The men had to obey. And when they brought him back to the *America*, the captain was waiting.

"Lash him to the mast," he said. "Tear off his shirt and flog him till his back is as raw as his behavior."

"Wait, Captain!" cried Weldon. "You can't do that!"

Everyone turned to stare. Weldon was not the type to plead for mercy. And such a useless plea!

Then Weldon spoke again. "I've got a secret to tell you, Captain. In private. Hear me, that's all I ask. Then, if you still want to flog me—"

Curiosity got the better of the captain. "Take him to my cabin."

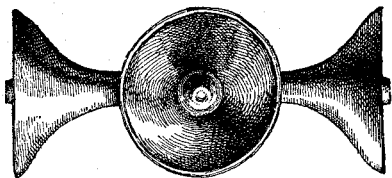
They did not flog George Weldon. Instead, he was sent back to duty as though nothing had happened. But the Captain, still stunned, stayed in his cabin and took out the log.

"This day," he wrote, "I found George Weldon to be a woman."

Robert Q. Lewis appears daily on the CBS-TV network and Saturdays on CBS radio network.

Peter Jensen's ingenuity opened the way to a new era of communication

Forgotten Man of Sound



by GLENN D. KITTLER

PEOPLE THOUGHT THE END of the world had come. Over the quiet village of Napa, California, a loud voice resounded from the skies. It counted, as though timing the last moments of eternity. Suddenly the music of what seemed a vast orchestra filled the air. Frightened people rushed into the streets as though this were the music that heralded the Judgment.

They soon learned, however, that this spring night in 1913 was not the end of the world, but the birth of a new one. It was a world born in the mind of an inventor whose name should rank today with Marconi and Edison. Yet, because of the strange way Fate has of hiding a man in the shadows of fame, Peter L. Jensen is unknown to the millions whose lives his genius has made richer, happier, safer—and louder.

Today, when Jensen strolls his neighborhood streets near Chicago, he is surrounded by evidence of a dream that haunted him 50 years ago as he sat alone in a laboratory

on the outskirts of Copenhagen. "We are able to transmit the sounds of electrical impulses through the air," he mused. "Why can't we transmit the human voice?"

Other scientists pondered the same question. Alexander Graham Bell had already invented the telephone which sent voices long distances—but by wire. And Marconi's wireless telegraphy was also in use.

Sitting in his experimental station, Jensen, then not yet 21, was convinced that somehow the human voice could be transmitted. "But how?" he asked himself.

Five years earlier, Jensen had forsaken his family's traditional career of seamanship and gone to work as an apprentice machinist in the laboratories of Valdemar Poulsen, a famed Danish physicist. Even in that lowly position, Jensen was privileged to witness the development of Poulsen's many important inventions in sound transmission. But attempts to broadcast speech baffled the Poulsen laboratories.

One afternoon in 1906, a staff member arrived with a strange gadget—a crystal detector, which might be helpful in solving some reception problems. By connecting the crystal with the ticker, Poulsen and his staff found that the dots-and-dashes of Morse code with the old hissing sound now became a

series of prolonged, almost musical—or human—sounds.

Unfortunately, Poulsen didn't realize how close he was to broadcasting the spoken word. "The crystal produces a pleasant sound," he said, "but it also weakens reception." And he put it aside.

For weeks, young Jensen wondered about the crystal. He had, by now, become one of Poulsen's assistants, and his insatiable curiosity frequently sent him back to the laboratory at night to restudy the unsolved problems of the day.

One evening an idea struck Jensen. "Let me explain," Jensen said to two friends. "In his experiments, Poulsen has had the microphone connected to the *antenna* circuit of the transmitter. We haven't had any luck. Why not—just to see what happens—connect the mike to the transmitter circuit and then for the receiving device, connect the ticker and crystal detector? It's obviously wrong to use the ticker alone."

He did this and then took his friends to the receiving shack, 300 feet away from the transmission station.

"We need this ticker," he said, pointing to it, "in order to pick up sounds in the headphones. We've been trying to talk through the ticker but it's actually an interrupter, like a doorbell. Instead of one prolonged sound, we hear many very fast short ones. Now a crystal, for some reason, produces a musical tone—we already know that from our Morse code tests. Maybe the two together will do the job. What do you think?"

The friends shook their heads, puzzled.

"Axel," Jensen said, "you go

back to the lab microphone and start counting. Olaf, you stand between the two buildings so you can give my instructions to Axel."

The two men went to their posts. Jensen bent eagerly over the receiver. Precious minutes sped by. Jensen turned knobs, twisted screws, checked sockets. Nothing was happening.

"Is Axel counting?" he shouted across the field.

"He's counting his head off!" Olaf replied.

Jensen returned to the receiver. Again, no sounds. Then, casually, he turned off the ticker. Suddenly into the headphones burst: "... 8, 9, 10. Can you hear me?"

As simply as that, radio broadcasting was born in Denmark. The secret was in the crystal, and from Jensen's work that night in Poulsen's laboratory evolved the crystal sets which eventually found their way into thousands of homes.

But in Denmark it became at first what scientists thought it should be: a wireless telephone. Controlled by the government, only ships were rigged with it, plus a few official offices. Credit for the discovery went to the Poulsen laboratories, and the name of Jensen remained unknown.

Jensen didn't care. Intrigued by what he considered his accidental discoveries, he spent hours at the equipment. Each night, alone at a microphone, he played phonograph records which were heard at sea, and thus became the world's first disk-jockey. Crews sent him requests—undoubtedly the first fan-mail to a radio station.

American interest in the invention was more lively. Small companies sprang up across the country,

promising stockholders the miracle of wireless telephones—for a stiff price. A California firm bid for Poulsen's services, and in 1909, Jensen was sent to install the equipment.

First erecting a station in Stockton, then moving to Sacramento, Jensen met Edwin Pridham, a young engineer who was to become his collaborator and closest friend.

Together the two built stations in San Francisco and Los Angeles, and when Valdemar Poulsen sold his interests to another firm, they traveled to Denmark with the hope of getting other Poulsen franchises for themselves. But by then they were too late.

"Let's go back to California," Pridham suggested. "You can become an American citizen and we'll work together on our own inventions."

It was a wildly optimistic attitude for two such inexperienced engineers, but from similar naïveté has come most of the progress of the world. Back in California, they obtained the support of Richard O'Connor, industrialist. They set up their laboratory in a small building on the outskirts of Napa and, on their first day, found themselves with the unique question: "What shall we invent first?"

For months they stumbled through experiments, often thinking they had found something new but only to learn that others had preceded them. When at last they had invented their first sound reception device, they took it to big New York companies. But their equipment was

too bulky: no one was interested. Disappointed, the inventors went home.

One day a visiting friend, who happened to be a baseball fan, suggested: "Well, if you can get loud reception, why not put a horn on the thing and then we can get rid of Foghorn Murphy."

Everyone in San Francisco knew Foghorn Murphy. Somewhat of a town-crier, he strolled the streets announcing baseball games. At the park, in a loud, stentorian voice, he read off the batteries. Despite his vocal power, his diction was bad, and he was seldom understood in the bleachers.

Amazed, Jensen and Pridham exchanged a silent question: why not? Quickly they connected a large gooseneck horn to their receiver. Using a heavy duty microphone and special wiring, they aligned their equipment. Then they attached the wire to a battery.

Immediately a sharp crack resounded, like a pistol shot. Then followed a screaming, howling noise which shook the building.

"Disconnect the battery! . . ." Pridham shouted. Jensen did, and into the sudden silence that followed, Pridham yelled, ". . . before the house blows up!"

Deciding on a range test, they put the horn on the roof. With Pridham at the microphone, Jensen began an eager dash across the open fields. He ran a quarter-mile, a half-mile, a mile, before strong winds wafted Pridham's voice to the hills beyond hearing range.

Later, Jensen and Prid-



Jensen

ham turned the horn over the Napa rooftops. As the great sounds of voice and music roared above the village, people rushed from their houses, fearing the end of the world. Actually, it was the birth of the era of the dynamic speaker—an era that was to give us radio, television, talking pictures, electric phonographs, loudspeakers—all based on the invention of the two young scientists.

On Christmas Eve, 1915, some 75,000 people stood in the Civic Center of San Francisco and heard speeches and carols over a loudspeaker for the first time. Later, President Wilson, too ill to address in his own voice the crowd of 50,000 that gathered to hear him in San Diego, used Jensen and Pridham's invention and was heard by all. It was used, too, by Billie Burke at the first World War I Liberty Bond drive on the Treasury Department steps. And it subsequently made feasible the construction of large auditoriums like Madison Square Garden and the Chicago Stadium.

With success so brilliantly upon them, it appeared that Jensen and Pridham were destined for world acclaim. They might have made it, but they lacked funds to produce the dynamic speaker for wide distribution, and so the small firm was sold to a corporation. Though the two inventors were named chief engineers, when the dust of the transaction settled, they found themselves with little to do.

But they were not lost to the world of science. For at the outbreak of World War I, the Navy approached them with a serious problem.

"We want to use radio for contact with our planes, and develop

some inter-communication system between them," an officer said, "but all we can pick up is the roar of the engine. Can you help?"

Jensen and Pridham welcomed the challenge. In Oakland, they surrounded themselves with roaring plane engines and hunted for a way to remove the noise from a microphone. They tried countless tests, covering the microphones with all types of protective metals, but still the engine roar was the only sound they heard.

One night, as they returned to San Francisco on the ferry, Pridham said: "If we can't keep all the noise out, why not let it all in?"

Jensen's eyes widened. "And neutralize it," he said. "If the noise hits the diaphragm from all sides with the same force, no sound will register at all. And when a pilot speaks into one side, the diaphragm will pick it up."

"Let's hope so," said Pridham.

They tried it, and it worked. The equipment for radio contact to other planes and ground headquarters soon became a standard part of all U.S. planes.

The postwar years were a boom era for radio. On all sides, engineers raced forward with remarkable progress. Jensen and Pridham found themselves in a race to keep their firm ahead, and in 1925, Jensen withdrew from the company and, first in California and later moving to Chicago, established a laboratory to design loudspeakers.

Married and with four children, Jensen realized that the years since his arrival in America had been filled with much happiness and fruitful work. He knew a great deal of it sprang from the opportunities

abounding in the country he had adopted, and he looked for some way in which he could repay what he felt he owed. Thus, at the outbreak of World War II, he resigned from his own company and took a low-salaried job with the War Production Board. Highly skilled in sound equipment, he was instrumental in obtaining the best for the Armed Forces.

After victory, he returned to Chicago and entered another field of sound: the development of delicate phonograph needles, a business in which he is now engaged.

For 50 years, Peter Jensen has devoted himself to the miracle of broadcasting. Not only was he the first in his native land to receive words through space, but his own inventions have made the process better. They are inventions which have touched practically every hu-

man life, and granted them an abundant wealth of entertainment and knowledge, plus the safety of contact with the rest of the world whether at sea, in the clouds or on a mountain-top.

In Denmark, Jensen is a famous man. There he has been knighted, and a plaque hangs in the house where he was born. But in America, Jensen is virtually unknown outside of the industry, not only because of his love for quiet research but because his name was lost in the avalanche of radio progress that eclipsed his most productive years. Yet he manages to shrug about it.

"All that is unimportant," says Jensen, still a youthful-looking, energetic man. "It is enough to know that I had a part in the growth of the medium which has brought the people of the world closer to each other."



Dubious Recollections

BRITISH DIPLOMAT SIR GLADWYN JEBB, discussing the memories of older people, spoke of the Wellington Festival held in London celebrating the victory over Napoleon. Guest of honor at the occasion was the lone survivor of all those who once had seen Napoleon.

He was given elegant clothes for the festival, was brought there, and then members of the press were permitted to interview him.

"Sure I remember Napoleon," said the old man, who had been found after searching the Empire. "He was tall, and had a long flowing beard."

—LEONARD LYONS

THE LATE JEAN DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY, former French Commander in Indo-China, was an avid student of Napoleon's military tactics. To bolster morale among his troops, De Lattre adopted Bonaparte's method of pulling a soldier's ear in a spirit of camaraderie.

One day while inspecting troops, De Lattre spotted a pink-cheeked corporal, tugged at the latter's ear and asked, "Corporal, where have you and I served before?"

"It was probably at Waterloo, sire," replied the soldier.

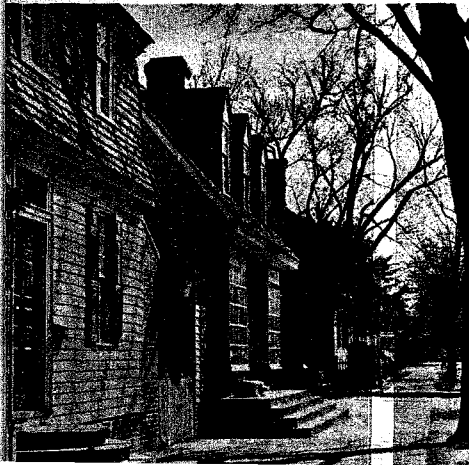
—*Boston Sunday Globe* (Chicago Daily News Wire Service)

See America!

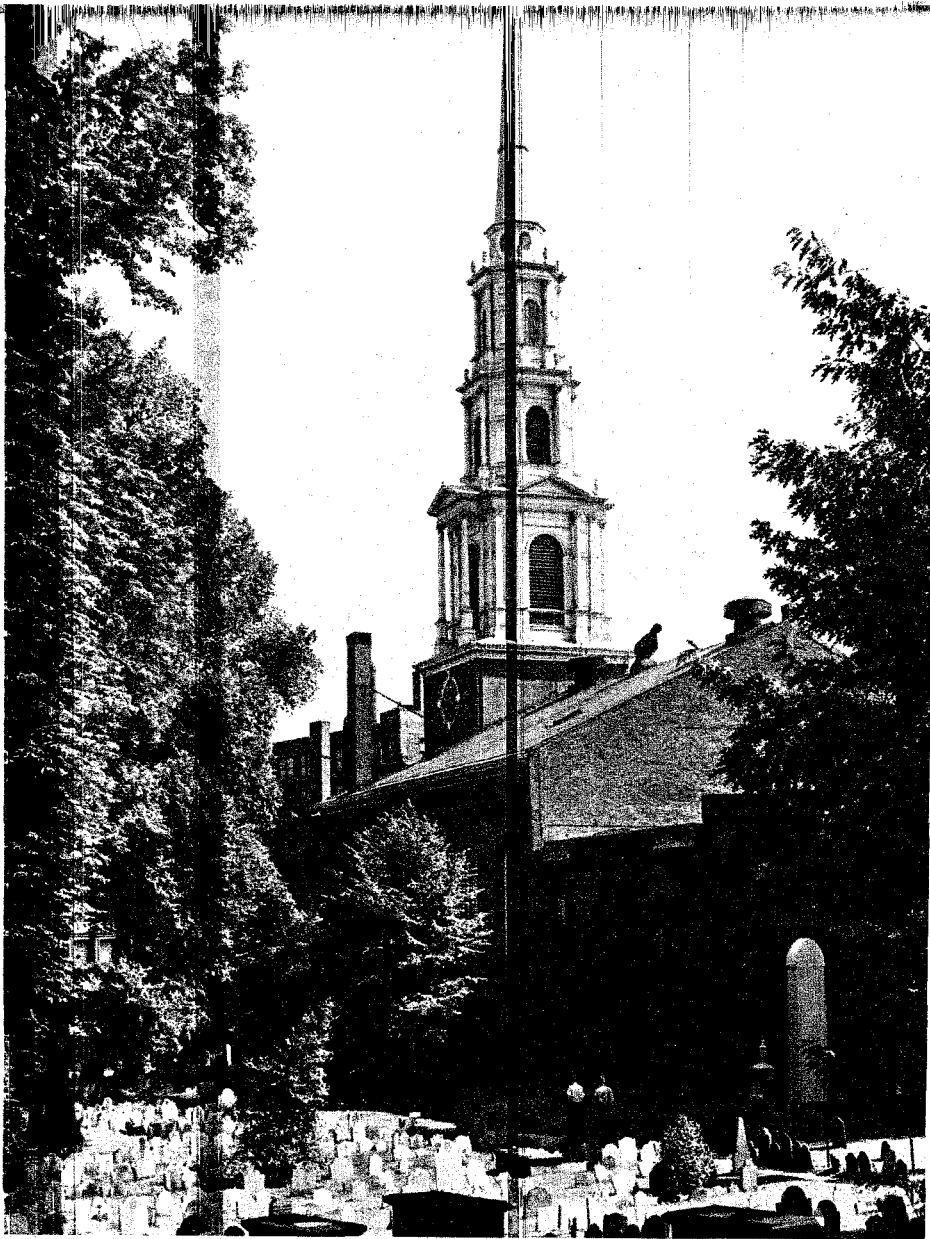
*Our land of beauty is yours
to enjoy for vacation travel*

This is the time of year when millions of families plan their summer trips. On the following pages are some of our nation's fabled beauty spots, each representative of a state or a region. So whether you go north, south, east or west, these are among the scenic places which will make your vacation a cherished memory.

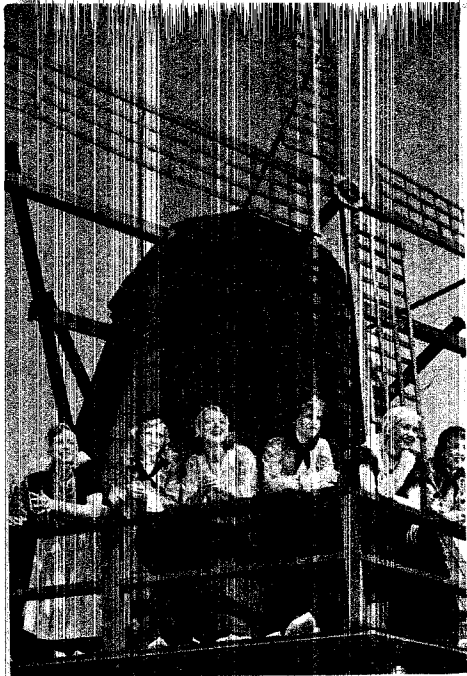
MAINE MEANS SNUG VILLAGES, tiny farms and weatherbeaten lighthouses. And it means the ocean—a farflung seascape of infinite moods and constant beauty, and still a livelihood of State of Mainers after countless years. On mountainous, forest-covered Mount Desert Island near Bar Harbor is serene Acadia, which is the only national park in New England.



WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON left their mark on Virginia, and Virginia—Mother of Presidents—left her mark on the nation. In Williamsburg, where the look and feel of 18th-century America have been authentically re-created—down to stagecoach inns and four-posters—the story of a legendary colonial past is most artfully told.



Cradle of Liberty: Boston. In the church-shadowed Old Granary Burying Ground are buried Samuel Adams, John Hancock and Paul Revere.

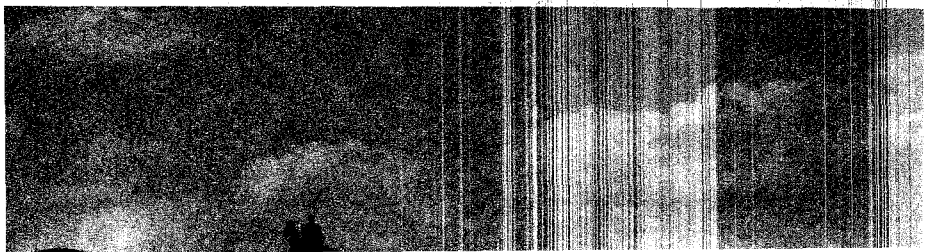


IN MID-MAY, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN, becomes a corner of Netherlands-in-America: eight spectacular miles of tulip plantings, street-scrubbings and maidens in wooden shoes. The matchless surrounding Lake Country—reaching into Wisconsin and Minnesota—more than sustains Michigan's motto: "If you seek a pleasant Peninsula, look about you."

PRESERVED AS A SYMBOL of unity is the bloodiest battleground on the American continent—Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. With silent eloquence, stark cannon and stone tablets—*First New Jersey Cavalry, Louisiana Tigers, High Water Mark*—tell of the fateful steps taken by Lee and Meade, and also mark the site of Lincoln's immortal address.



A CROSS NEW YORK STATE from Manhattan and all its towering man-made wonders is one of the world's great tourist attractions. After your first look, you know why all spectacles are measured against Niagara Falls.





THE STATELY ORTON HOUSE near Wilmington, North Carolina—like most of the South's ante-bellum plantations—is more than a study in architectural grace. It re-evokes a gracious way of life that once it typified.

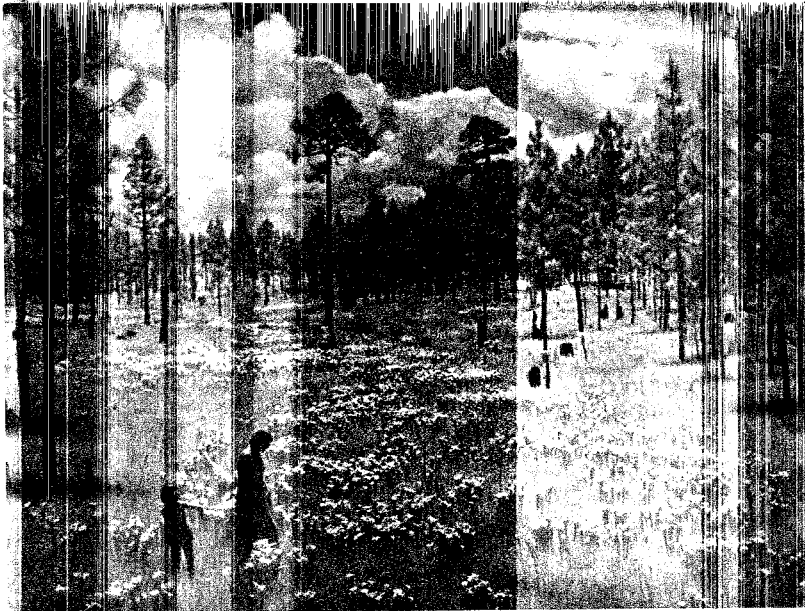


SOME 60 YEARS AGO, Baedeker named Charleston's Magnolia Gardens a "must" for visitors to America—a wonderland of flaming azaleas, shadowy moss and centuries-old oak trees. Today, together with South Carolina's other Gardens—Cypress, Middleton, Belle Isle (*left*)—Charleston is the scene of music, fireworks and folk songs.



FLORIDA IS SUN, SEA AND SKY—and more. It is the mystery of the Everglades and the splendor of Cypress Gardens (*right*). Florida means magnificent stretches of white sand and the adventure of deep-sea fishing. On its East Coast is St. Augustine, America's oldest settlement; at its tip, across an ocean causeway, Key West, our southernmost city.





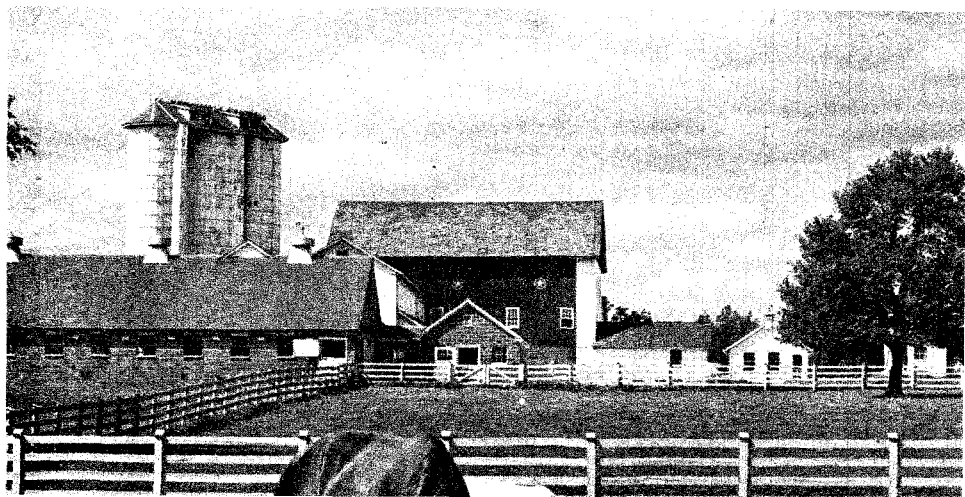
NOT FAR FROM SAVANNAH and Atlanta, first city of the New South, along the red clay roads of the back country, is a Georgia that any native would instantly recognize: a quiet glade, pine woods, and fields of spring flowers. Also in Georgia: the Warm Springs Foundation at the foot of Pine Mountain, and the Little White House.

SINCE RACEHORSES are to Kentucky what movies are to Hollywood, the Kentucky Derby in early May is the Academy Award of the Bluegrass Country—with 100,000 looking on. Other attractions: Mammoth Cave, its Echo River and the famed American Folk Song Festival in Ashland.



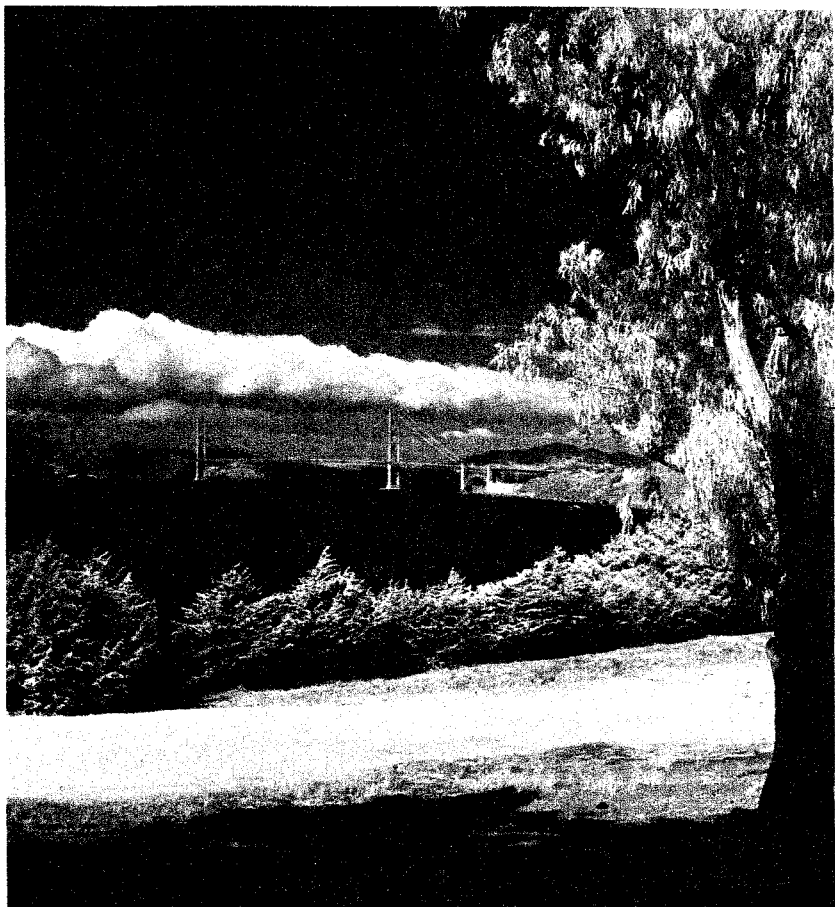


A Civil War prize: Lookout Mountain, with its view of Chattanooga and the Tennessee River valley. North: Andrew Jackson's "Hermitage."





Millions of vacationers have seen Yellowstone's geysers, unspoiled beauty of the wilderness, as found in Estes



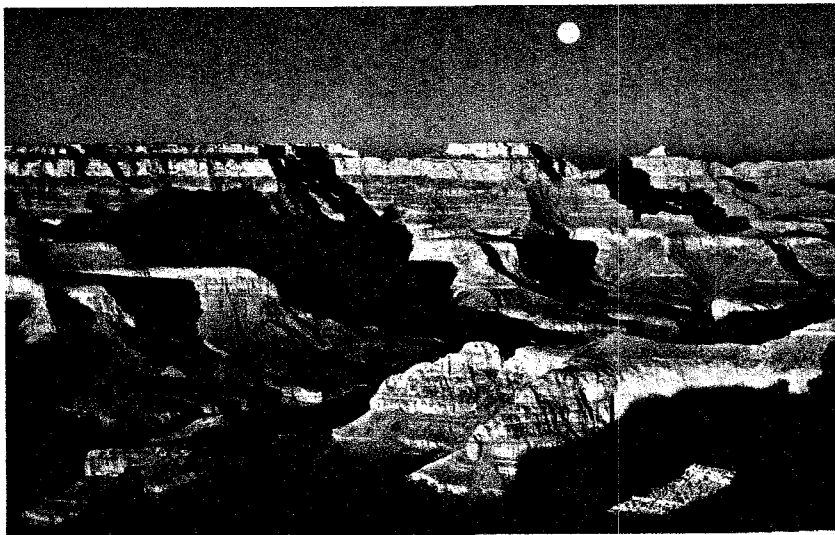
WELCOME, SAYS SAN FRANCISCO's fabled Golden Gate Bridge—welcome to Fisherman's Wharf, cable cars and the Top of the Mark. Welcome to the cosmopolitan city where the spirit of the 49'ers still runs strong. Southward, along the Pacific cliffs, lies the Palomar Observatory, spectacular Sequoia National Park and some of the finest beaches imaginable.

THIS IS NAVAJO COUNTRY—the sandstone-shadowed Monument Valley of Arizona. South of Tucson: Tombstone, last resting place of many a famed bad man of the Old West. Across the New Mexico line: incredible Carlsbad Caverns, some millions of years old, the Santa Fé trail, Billy the Kid Museum and historic St. Francis of Assisi Mission.



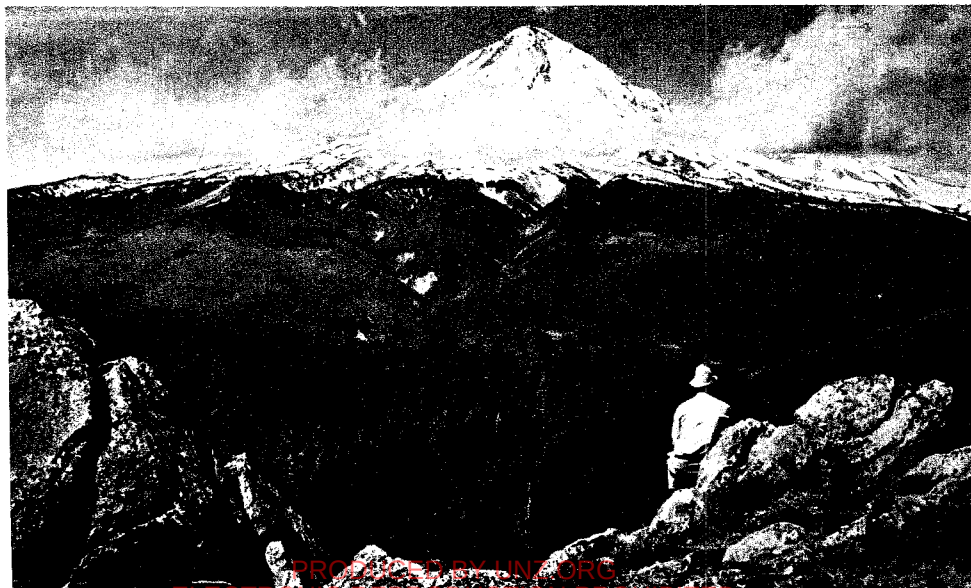
HEWN FROM SOUTH DAKOTA's Black Hills is the Shrine of Democracy, Mount Rushmore National Memorial. Its four stone faces—Washington, Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt and Lincoln—are the most colossal ever carved by man.





But the great spectacle of the Southwest is incredible Grand Canyon, at one point 18 miles across, at another, some 5,500 feet deep . . .

. . . and the great spectacle of the Northwest—visible from Portland, 65 miles away—is Oregon's snow-shrouded Mt. Hood, a lure for skiers and climbers. Idaho's glamorous Sun Valley is also a favorite tourist spot.



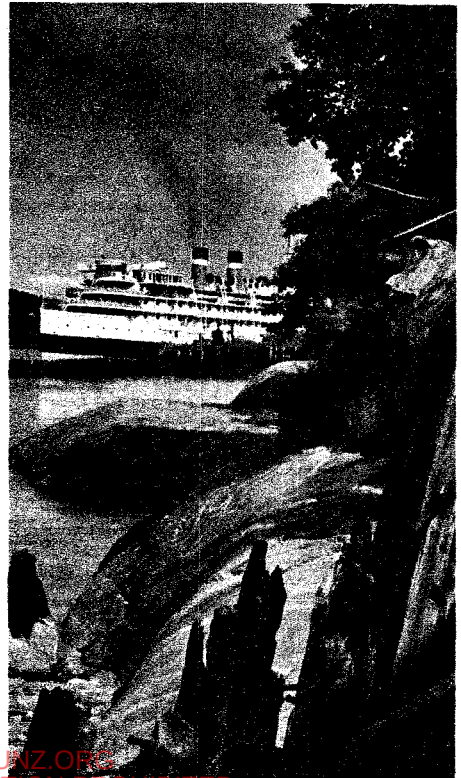


NEW ORLEANS is perhaps the most European city in the U.S., almost as French today as it was in the days when Napoleon ruled the Louisiana Territory. Picturesque alleys, flowered patios and ornate grillwork contribute to the illusion, but Antoine's far-famed Oysters Rockefeller and the beat of authentic jazz rhythms are indisputably New World.



THE FASCINATION OF A FOREIGN LAND draws more and more tourists to Mexico. Their reward: towering mountains where every day is spring; resorts like Acapulco and the modern comforts of Mexico City; the adventure of shopping for pottery and silver—at a very favorable rate of exchange—and all in a truly genuine Spanish setting.

ACROSS OUR NORTHERN BORDER are two worlds: the wildly beautiful mountains and lakes of western Canada—with some of the world's best fishing—and the enchantment of French-speaking Quebec. Near the Old City is the battlefield above the St. Lawrence where the fate of America was once decided between the armies of France and England.





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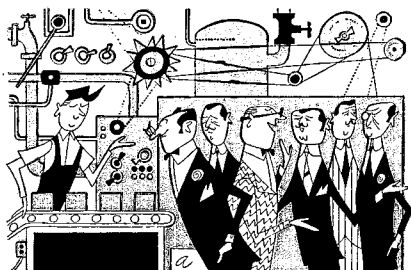
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Grin and Share It



A GROUP OF FOREIGN manufacturers being shown through an American plant stopped beside a machine that took a piece of sheet steel and in one operation stamped, punched and shaped it into a finished product. After they had watched it for a while, an apparently bitter argument broke out, with much arm-waving and finger-shaking. The guide asked the interpreter accompanying the party what all the shouting was about.

"Some of them," said the interpreter, "insist that it can't be done."

—*Executives' Digest*
by Cambridge Associates

DURING THE QUAIL SEASON, an old man was hunting with an ancient pointer. Twice the dog pointed. Each time the hunter walked over, kicked at the matted growth, wheeled sharply and fired into empty air.

Asked why, the old man explained: "I knew there warn't no birds in the grass. Old Jim's nose ain't what it used to be. But him and me have seen some wonderful

days together. He's still trying hard and it'd be mighty little of me to call him a liar."

—*Swing*

IT WAS THE YOUNG HOUSEWIFE'S first dinner party in her new home and her preparations for the big event had been long and painstaking. Everything went smoothly until, in the middle of dinner, one of the guests leaned over and whispered, smiling, "Did you really mean that note in the bathroom for us?"

For a moment she was puzzled, then complete confusion came as she remembered the forgotten sign neatly pinned to the guest towels, and meant for her husband's eyes alone, which read: Don't You Dare Touch These Towels!

—*Christian Science Monitor*

A HUSBAND THOUGHT TO cure his wife of her habit of back-seat driving by teaching her to drive herself. The plan didn't work until one evening while out with friends the wife took the wheel and ordered her husband to sit in the back. At a busy intersection the engine stalled. Traffic piled up behind.

"What do I do now?" wailed the woman, uncomfortably.

"I'm sure you'll remember," said her husband, "if you just move back here."

—YUL BRYNNER

GROUCHO MARX once refused to grant an ad-endorsement which would have put his picture on every railroad and subway station billboard in the country, remarking, "No, thanks. I already *have* a moustache."

—LEONARD LYONS

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toothbrushes are "bent like a
dentist's mirror to reach those
hard-to-get-at places."*

A FATHER TOOK HIS SMALL SON OUT on the golf course for the first time.

As Dad was about to drive, he pointed to the little cone on the ground and explained: "That's a tee." Farther along he said: "You see those smooth, grassy places? Those are greens." Then, pointing to the hole on the green he said: "And that's a cup."

The little boy pointed to the woods beyond. "Daddy," he asked, bewildered, "is that a tree?"

—ELEANOR CLARAGE



ONE DAY Admiral Nimitz, walking the deck of the *Enterprise*, noticed an approaching plane and sent for the Recognition Officer. "Is that plane friend or enemy?" he asked the R.O., who assured him "Friend," just a few seconds before the plane dropped a bomb near the big "E."

After the plane was downed, so the story goes, Admiral Nimitz called for the Recognition Officer again and told him: "This ship isn't big enough to hold both of us." So the next day Nimitz transferred to the *Saratoga*.

—LEONARD LYONS

BACK IN THE OLD DAYS a man residing in the Indian Territory was being tried for assault and battery. His attorney, a shrewd lawyer, was cross-examining a witness, brought by the government to testify to the reputation of the complaining witness as a law-abiding, peaceful citizen. The witness, on direct examination, had sworn to the angelic character and disposition of the complainant.

"Now," said the attorney for de-

fense, "don't you know that this complainant frequently gets into trouble with his neighbors?"

"Yes," assented the witness.

"Don't you know, sir, that he gets drunk and whips his wife, and that he was arrested last spring for badly beating a boy, and that he gets into quarrels nearly every time he goes to town?"

"Yes," again admitted the witness.

"What, sir! You know all this, and yet you come here and state on your oath that his reputation is good in the neighborhood where he resides?"

"Oh!" replied the witness without the least sign of discomfiture, "it takes more than that to give a man a bad reputation up where I live."

—*Treasury of Southern Folklore*
edited by B. A. BOTKIN
Copyright 1949 by Crown Publishers

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST ONCE urged his famous columnist, Arthur Brisbane, to take a six-month holiday. In rejecting the generous offer, Brisbane wrote his chief: "There are two reasons why I will not accept an extended vacation. The first reason is that if I quit writing my column for six months, it might affect the circulation of your newspapers. The second reason is that it might not."

—WALTER WINCHELL



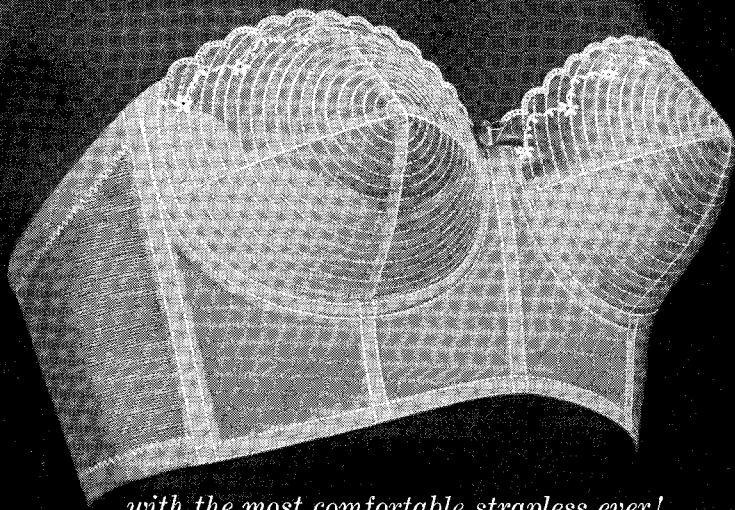
MARK TWAIN once debated polygamy with a Mormon. The Mormon claimed polygamy was perfectly moral and defied Mark to cite any passage of Scripture which forbade it.

"Well," said Twain, "how about that passage that tells us no man can serve two masters?"

—Pen

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GUTZON BORGLUM, the sculptor who created the tremendous Mount Rushmore Memorial in South Dakota, was once asked if he considered his work perfect in every detail.

"Not today," he replied. "The nose of Washington is an inch too long. It's better that way, though. It will erode to be exactly right in 10,000 years."

—*Executives' Digest*
by Cambridge Associates, Inc.

TEACHERS TELL THE STORY about a young man who wasn't adjusting too well in college. His dean consulted his high school superintendent. He in turn placed the blame on the boy's grade-school background. The grade-school teachers when questioned thought it was the fault of his training at home. But his mother wasn't too perturbed and she settled it once and for all when she told them, "He's just like his father, that's all!"

—MILDRED KEESHAN
Mercury-Chronicle, Manhattan, Kans.



ARTUR RODZINSKI, the symphony conductor, once grew interested in a young prodigy who was to conduct a concert scheduled for broadcast from Lewisohn Stadium. Rodzinski made a mental note to tune in.

He arrived at his radio a few minutes late, but soon became enraptured by the music. "There," he said to himself, "is a young conductor with ability. I must help his career."

Rodzinski's admiration increased as he listened to the rendition of Shostakovitch's Fifth Symphony. But his face turned a reddish hue

when the announcer, at the end of the program, stated: "Because of rain, tonight's scheduled concert from Lewisohn Stadium was cancelled. For the past half hour you have been listening to a recording of Shostakovitch's Fifth Symphony, conducted by Artur Rodzinski!"

—IRV KUPCINET (*Chicago Sun-Times*)

A STUDENT TELEPHONE OPERATOR, who happened to get her first call from a coin box customer, completed it perfectly. But when it came time to notify the caller: "Your three minutes are up—signal when through, please," her nervousness asserted itself and she said: "Sir, your time has come!"

—*Telephone Review*



CYRUS CHING, the Government's former labor mediator, faced one of his toughest problems when he came to grips with a stubborn Sioux Indian negotiator in a Southwestern strike. The Sioux, representing a thousand defiant strikers, presented his demands in writing, and the only answer Ching could extract from him was "Ugh." For two solid days he grunted "Ugh" at the termination of every plea of Ching's, and stared stolidly into space.

Ching had one last conference with the owners and then approached the Sioux again. "I think I have good news for you," he smiled. "The owners will grant your men a two-dollar-a-day increase in pay."

The Sioux again said "Ugh" . . . but this time he added, "Are they willing to make it retroactive?"

—BENNETT CERF
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IN A NEW YORK CITY SCHOOL in a crowded tenement district, the teacher was telling her class of small fry about George Washington. She illustrated her remarks by showing them a picture of Mt. Vernon, explaining, "This is where George Washington lived."

One little fellow looked at the picture earnestly for a moment, then asked, "What floor?" —*Dixie Roto Magazine*

GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE, classifying his job in a report for Washington officials, wrote: "I am responsible for maintaining the obsolete material as up-to-date as possible." —*Tempo*

THE PEOPLE WAITING in the lobby of a hospital were amused one day when a proud new father who had just seen his son for the first time shouted jubilantly: "If he had glasses on, you couldn't tell us apart!" —*ELEANOR CLARAGE*

A WOMAN FROM the hill country appeared before the local judge complaining that her husband had made a murderous attack on her with a large pair of scissors.

"Judge," she cried, "that man rushed at me and slashed my face to ribbons."

The judge looked at her face, on which appeared not the slightest

mark of conflict.

"When did you say this happened?" he inquired.

"Only last night, Jedge."

"Only last night?" asked the puzzled judge. "But I don't see any marks on your face."

"Marks!" roared the woman. "What do I care about marks. I've got witnesses!" —*American Legion Magazine*

AT THE BEGINNING OF WORLD WAR II, the officer in charge of a British post deep in the heart of Africa received this wireless message from his superior officer: "War declared. Arrest all enemy aliens in your district."

With commendable promptness this reply was sent: "Have arrested seven Germans, three Belgians, two Frenchmen, two Italians, an Austrian and an American. Please say with whom we are at war."

—*Encyclopedia of Wit, Humor & Wisdom*
LEEWIN B. WILLIAMS, Abingdon Press

BOBBY ASKED HIS LITTLE BROTHER if he knew what the word "truth" meant. "Sure," replied the youngster. "It means which one of us did it." —*Dixie Roto Magazine*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

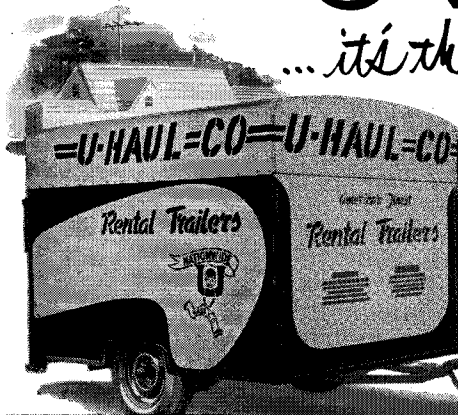
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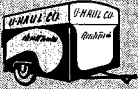
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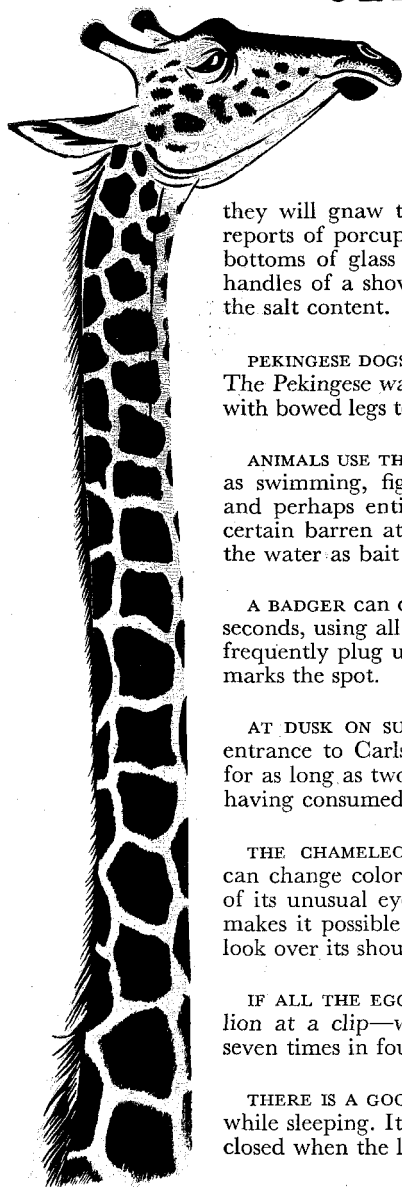


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OLD MOTHER NATURE



A GIRAFFE and a mouse have exactly the same number of bones in their necks, only the giraffe's neckbones are somewhat longer.

PORCUPINES have one constant craving that frequently drives them into inhabited areas—a consuming desire for salt, which they will gnaw through practically anything to get. There are reports of porcupines having actually gnawed through the thick bottoms of glass bottles to get to salt; and they will chew the handles of a shovel on which perspiration has dried, because of the salt content.

PEKINGESE DOGS are not bowlegged through weight or accident. The Pekingese was the sacred dog of Chinese rulers and was bred with bowed legs to keep it from wandering off the palace grounds.

ANIMALS USE THEIR TAILS for at least 25 different purposes, such as swimming, fighting, balancing, etc. The most unusual use, and perhaps entirely fanciful, is said to be that of the rats on certain barren atolls in the South Pacific—they dangle theirs in the water as bait for the crabs on which they live.

A BADGER can dig underground in actually no more than a few seconds, using all four feet and his mouth. Woodsmen say he will frequently plug up the hole so that only a patch of fresh ground marks the spot.

AT DUSK ON SUMMER EVENINGS millions of bats fly out of the entrance to Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico, darkening the sky for as long as two hours as they leave. They return before dawn, having consumed from 11 to 19 tons of insects.

THE CHAMELEON is an amazing creature, not only because it can change color rapidly to match its surroundings but because of its unusual eyes, each of which can roll independently. This makes it possible for a chameleon to keep one eye on a fly and look over its shoulder with the other.

IF ALL THE EGGS laid by a single Spanish mackerel—two million at a clip—were to hatch, they would outweigh the earth seven times in four generations.

THERE IS A GOOD REASON why a bird does not fall off its perch while sleeping. Its feet are so constructed that the foot is forcibly closed when the leg is bent.

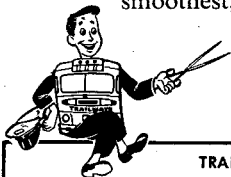
—RAY NELSON,
The Rod and Gun Club of the Air (Greenberg)

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103



Vacation-Wear Check List



HAVING THE RIGHT CLOTHING for any occasion will add considerably to the pleasures of your vacation. In checking your vacation-wear needs, here are some to keep in mind:

For sports, a three-piece, bumble-bee print ensemble of glazed cotton (*above, left*) provides an Italian-inspired shirt and cuffed shorts (\$3.98 each), both side-zipped for flattering fit. Add the side-belted skirt (\$5.98) for strolling. Pink, blue or yellow print on white.

For coolness, comfort and cover-up occasions, there is the baby-cord suit (*above, right*). With hip-cuffed box jacket and kick-pleat sheath skirt, it comes in gray, blue or brown, at \$10.95.

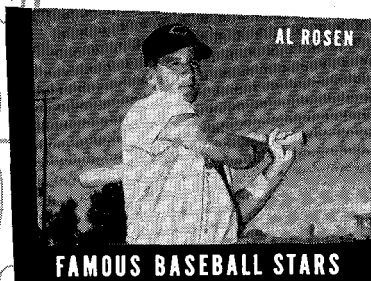
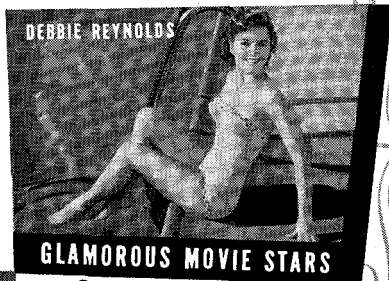
For strolling, sightseeing or just sitting in the sun, Tailortown has come up with a triple-play ensemble: matching dress, cap and drawstring pouch of silky chambray. Sanforized. In brown, blue, rose or green, at \$10.99.

(Continued on page 106)

3-D FUN

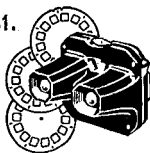
with **NEW** View-Master color pictures

Hundreds of pleasure-packed hours for all the family when these fascinating pictures spring to life in vivid 3-dimension realism and glorious full color Kodachrome.



See your favorite stars "real as life"...thrill to adventure stories...enjoy breath-taking new scenics...More than 400 Reels...each with seven sparkling stereo pictures.

Reels, 35c—3 for \$1.
Stereoscopes, \$2.



ask to see
VIEW-MASTER

Stereoscopic pictures



® Sawyer's Inc., Portland 7, Ore.
Makers of the Personal
Stereo Camera and the
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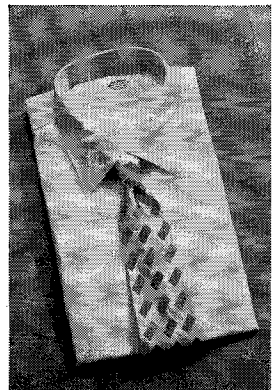
At selected photo, gift and department stores



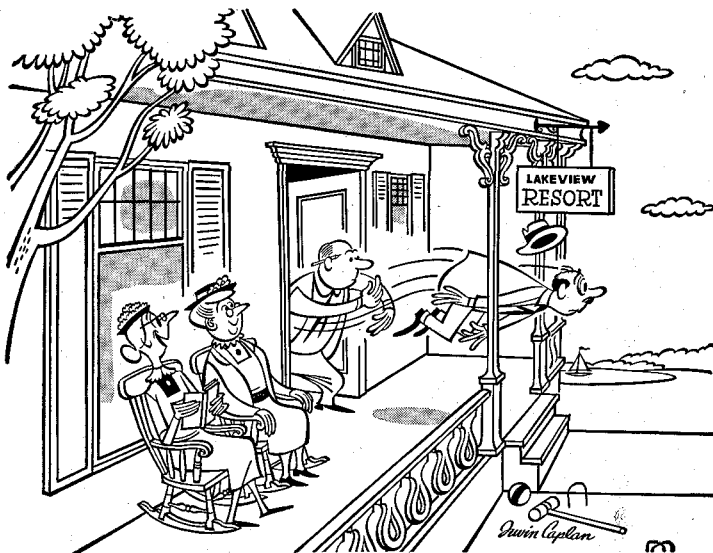
THE SHORT STOP COAT by Cambridge (left) combines the new 29-inch length for toppers with a new wool: a springy, pebbleton weave. It comes in white, navy, beige, ice blue, pink or red, and is a fashionable answer to a cool evening. Under \$25.

In men's vacation wear, the keynote is comfortable, lightweight living. Any man will welcome these: Weldon's no-iron cotton plisse pajamas with short-sleeve top and knee-length shorts. The handsome checks come in blue, charcoal, gray, wine or brown, \$3.95; Interwoven's stretchable socks, rib-knit of 100% nylon, which adjust naturally to the size and shape of the foot, won't droop or pull, and are available in a wide range of colors at \$1 a pair; Arrow's *Zephyr Weight* shirt for dress-up occasions. Its light, open-weave fabric lets body heat out, lets cool breezes in. For a touch of cool color, add a light silk Arrow tie. Shirt \$3.95, tie \$2.50.

Vacation-Wear Check List



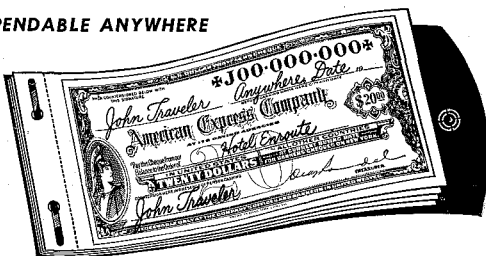
(Continued on page 108)



"It's so informal here—even the way they insist on American Express Travelers Cheques!"

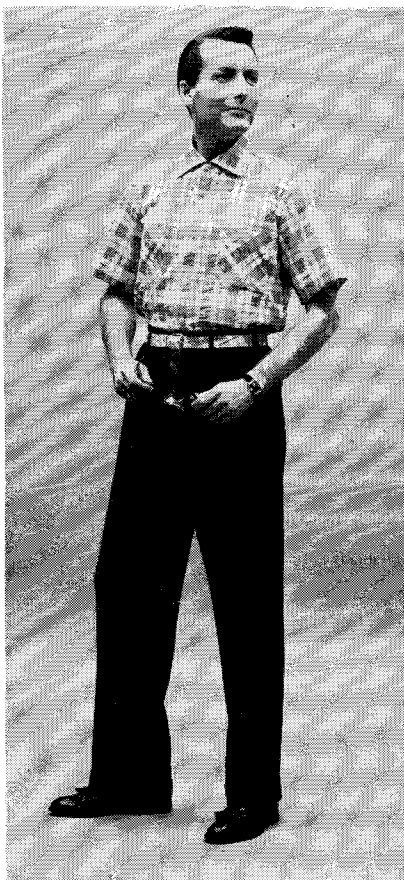
You're never up in the air when you protect your travel cash with American Express Travelers Cheques. They're instantly accepted *everywhere!* 100% safe—quick refund if lost or stolen. Buy them at any BANK, at Railway Express, Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per \$100.

100% SAFE—SPENDABLE ANYWHERE



THE BEST-KNOWN CHEQUES IN THE WORLD!

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES



Vacation-Wear Check List

MCGREGOR Sportswear offers two ensembles designed for casual comfort. The *Blanc Holiday Slack Set* (left) coordinates a short-sleeved, raised-cord cotton shirt, guaranteed not to fade or shrink, with rayon-nylon slacks finished to look like linen. There is a belt to match the shirt. Sets in many colors,

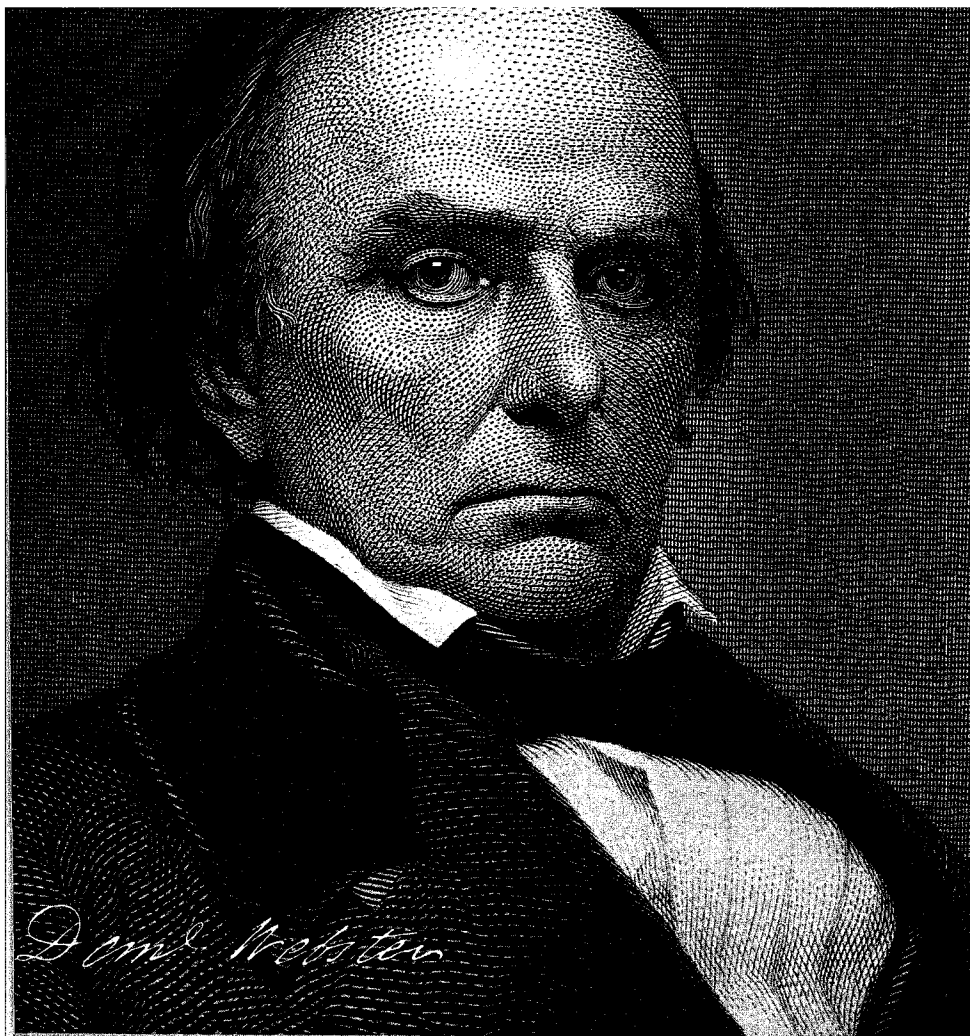
at \$15.95. Shirt and shorts sets at \$12.95. A new cotton fabric, which looks like linen and is washable like denim, is used in the *Linim Ensemble*. The shirt (\$3.95) may be worn outside or tucked into the beltless slacks (\$5), which have a tab front and side-hugging waist action. Jacket, \$5.95.

(See page 172 for department stores featuring Vacation-Wear selections.)

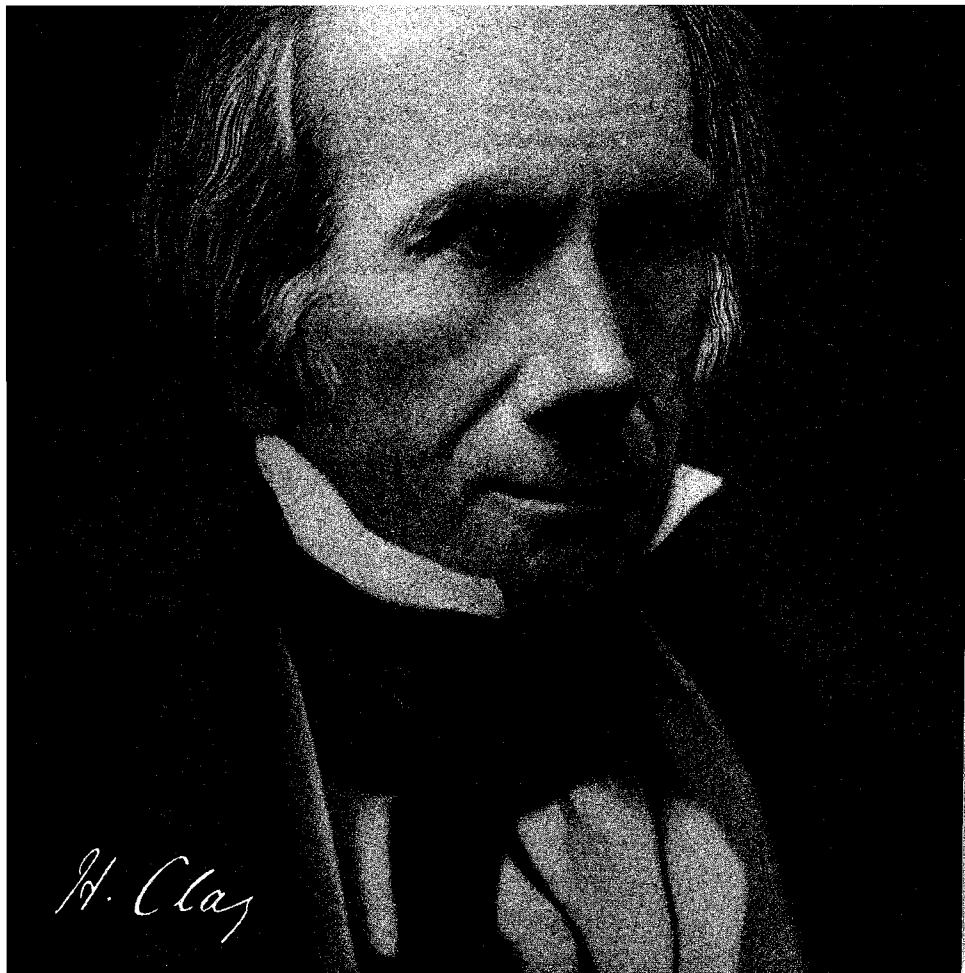
Men of History

*who helped make
James Crow's whiskey
world-renowned*





DANIEL WEBSTER, orator, statesman and friend of Kentucky distilling pioneer, James Crow, lifted a clay jug, sipped its contents and proclaimed that Old Crow was the finest whiskey in the world.



HENRY CLAY was in full accord with Daniel Webster, his Congressional colleague, on the superiority of Old Crow. Casks of James Crow's remarkable bourbon were sent to Mr. Clay's home regularly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARK TWAIN, the great American writer, often inquired about his favorite bar's supply of his favorite whiskey. He would ask the bartender, "*Lou, which barrel of Old Crow are we using now?*"

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SAM HOUSTON, Texas' beloved hero, knew the glories of Old Crow. He and Daniel Webster discussed problems of national import during an historic reunion over a drink of James Crow's whiskey.

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HISTORIC

Introduction of lighter, milder, lower-priced 86 Proof Old Crow...companion to world-famous 100 Proof Bottled in Bond...wins tremendous success for favorite bourbon of Daniel Webster, Mark Twain and Henry Clay

SUCCESS is a habit with Old Crow. Never before in its 119-year history, however, has the call for "*the greatest name in bourbon*" resounded so loudly throughout the land. Everywhere in America, the recent introduction of the lighter, milder, lower-priced 86 Proof bottling of Old Crow as a companion to the celebrated 100 Proof Bottled in Bond, has met with an enthusiasm rarely seen in the whiskey market place.

* * *

The very beginning of this success goes back to 1835 when James Crow first stamped his name on a barrel of



*Crow's original springhouse
is still in use*

his wonderful bourbon. Since that day a century ago, Old Crow has become a household word, a name engraved in the hearts and minds of millions of bourbon buyers. Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and Mark Twain were but three of thousands of celebrated Americans who filled their glasses with Old Crow—a bourbon that traveled in frontiersmen's saddle bags through the Cumberland Gap; that rode in the holds of keelboats struggling up the roaring Missouri; that went by thundering stage to become part of the stately elegance of the Atlantic seaboard's mushrooming cities.

SUCCESS!

From its historic Frankfort home—standing on the original site—Old Crow today is still going places, its uncommon goodness and flavor winning more and more friends daily.

In your glass, or in your liquor cabinet, Old Crow marks you as a man



James Crow instructs his neighbors

with an unerring instinct for quality and a knowing appreciation for tradition and good taste.

You may obtain Old Crow today in your favorite bottling—either in the

lighter, milder 86 Proof, or in the world-famous 100 Proof Bottled in Bond. *Whichever you select, you will enjoy the finest Kentucky bourbon ever put into glass.*

NOW—TWO GREAT BOTTLINGS!

86 PROOF

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Celebrated Old Crow—lighter, milder and lower-priced than the 100 Proof Bottled in Bond

★ ★ ★

BOTTLED IN BOND 100 PROOF

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

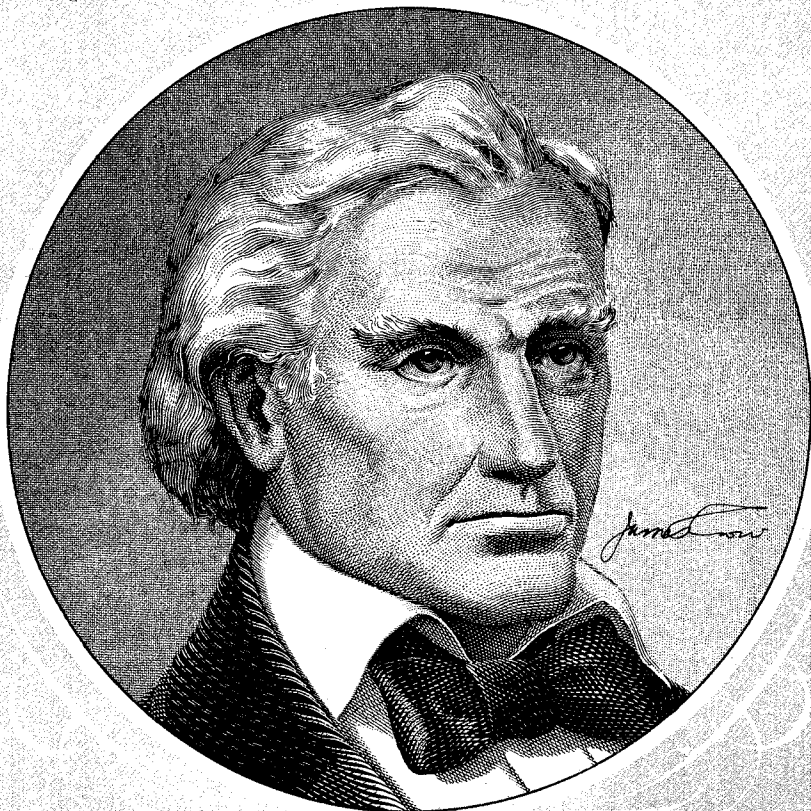
The most famous of bonded bourbons available as usual



OLD CROW
"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"



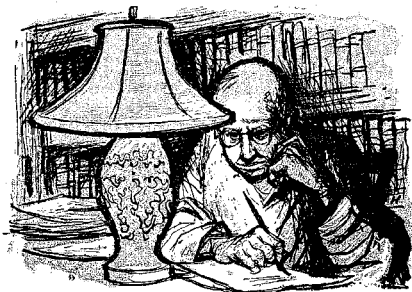
— The Old Crow Distillery Company, Frankfort, Kentucky —



JAMES CROW

the father of modern distilling. His scientific experiments in a tiny log cabin in the 1830's put Kentucky whiskey on the map and made Old Crow world-famous.

The Lost Best Seller



by JOSEPH H. FIRMAN

IT WAS SLOW, painful going for the bedridden author. But he kept on writing by hand with dogged persistence, until he finally completed his slim volume.

When the manuscript arrived at the publisher's desk, time was precious. So, without waiting to have it copied, the manuscript was wrapped in brown paper, put atop another set of sheets and hastily dispatched to the printer.

When no proofs of the author's work were returned, the publisher anxiously called the printer. The manuscript had not been received.

It seemed that when the package arrived at the printer's, it had been opened and the heavy sheets taken out. The thin little manuscript, unnoticed, had been thrown out.

The publisher was thunderstruck. A search was organized to trace the refuse from the printer's plant.

The discarded paper, it seemed, was sent to a warehouse in Boston. The searchers sped there, to be confronted with a mountain of scrap paper of every description.

They went through the great mass, sheet by sheet. The manuscript was not there.

The searchers turned again to the printer, who told them that occasionally, discarded paper was sent to a mill in Connecticut. They sped to the paper mill and searched in vain for three days before someone recalled that a small lot of waste paper had been sent to a Massachusetts mill.

The proprietor had received a bale of scrap from the printer, but it had already been consigned to the hopper. To stop the steady stream of paper from the gigantic dumping bin and attempt to search the hopper was out of the question.

The only remaining hope for the searchers was to post themselves at the mouth of the chute, where the torrent of scrap tumbled into the huge acid tank, and try to catch the lost work as it went by.

The weary searchers set round-the-clock schedules for themselves at the mouth of the chute. Occasionally one would grab a handful of paper, only to toss it back despairingly. As they were about to give up and face the dying author with word that his final work had been lost, one of them lunged at the stream of paper spewing out of the hopper—and held aloft the thin sheaf of hand-written pages for which they had watched so long.

Thus, miraculously and at the last moment, snatched from oblivion was Clarence Day's best-seller, *Life with Father*.

Women of all ages have found a new musical idol of stage and television

Liberace and His Piano

by KEITH MONROE

IN CITY AFTER CITY it was almost mass hysteria. When his concert in Chicago was announced, the Civic Opera House sold out in four days; he had to give two additional concerts there and one in Soldiers' Field. In New Orleans he signed autographs for two and a half hours. When a Denver bank arranged for him to give away photos of himself in the lobby, 6,000 women jammed the bank, created a traffic problem in the street outside and defied the worst cloudburst of the summer.

The sleek young man who caused

—and is still causing—such stampedes is a pianist named Wladziu Valentino Liberace. His earnings before taxes last year were over \$400,000, and he seems on his way to becoming the biggest money-maker in concert history.

Columbia has sold a quarter-million albums of his records. His weekly musicale is televised over 160 stations, even more than "I Love Lucy." His recitals are sell-outs at county fairs, nightclubs, hotels, theaters and music halls. Nevertheless, music critics insist that he isn't much of a pianist.

Critic Paul Hume, whose comments on Margaret Truman's talent evoked a wrathful letter from the President, wrote of Liberace in the *Washington Post*:

"He played some highly revised, truncated Grieg—then dished up someone's idea of Debussy's *Clair de Lune*, which he said was dedicated to a couple in the audience who had been married only a few hours earlier. He said he was playing it early in the program because he was afraid they might not stay for the whole concert. Liberace sold out Constitution Hall. Why, I have no idea. The last two times Jascha Heifetz played there, he has not sold out the house."

To anyone visiting a concert hall for one of Liberace's recitals, it is instantly obvious that this is no orthodox classical musicale. Hot dogs, peanuts, soft drinks, records and photos of Liberace are on sale in the lobby. The happy crowd squeez-



ing into the hall is mostly women, of all ages from bobby-soxers to grandmothers. There is a hubbub of excited expectation.

When Liberace bustles onto the stage, a welling sound of utter delight greets him. He waves and bows in all directions, smiling continuously, murmuring an occasional mild joke into a handy microphone.

"Ooh, look," he may burble as he peers up toward the balcony, "there are people way up there." A tumult of laughter rewards each Sally.

Finally he flips up the tails of his dress-suit, seats himself at the gold-cushioned piano bench and plunges into a fast, dazzling version of a classical number, with artfully simplified fingerwork in the frillier runs. As he plays, he is smiling and winking at the crowd, and his body is in such furious motion that his listeners' eyes never leave him.

Both his feet are jouncing rhythmically, with vigorous knee action. He flings a hand high into the air after hitting a chord. One instant his fingers are clawing at the keyboard, the next they are caressing or pounding. Often he crosses hands, or lets one hand lie conspicuously at rest on his knee.

After the number he jumps up and says through the pandemonium, "Thank you very much, thank you, I thank you, thanks so much."

For the next two hours he plays a variety of shortened classics, popular hits and old-time sentimental tunes. Now and then he sings, in an agreeably nasal voice. Often he chats, plugs his records and his TV sponsors, gossips about his mother and brother, makes folksy little wisecracks. At every pause the

crowd roars; he can scarcely finish a sentence, song or selection before there is tremendous applause.

When the program is ended he dangles his feet over the stage, signing pictures and everything else that is thrust at him, from handkerchiefs to high-heeled shoes. He accepts embraces from some of the more grandmotherly fans and occasionally pecks a girl on the cheek if she demands a kiss.

His managers stand vigilantly at his elbow, ready to pull any too-demonstrative admirers away. For all handshakes he has a trick grip which uses his palm only, never allowing his big powerful fingers to be squeezed.

Finally he apologetically withdraws to his dressing room. But a note in the souvenir program says: "Please, after this concert is over, drop backstage as I would enjoy meeting you in person. This is my life and so I dedicate it to you."

So another crowd is waiting at the door of his dressing room. By the time he finishes signing autographs and chatting, it may be 1 or 2 A.M. He probably will be up before sunrise, to fly to another city or back to Hollywood for his weekly TV show.

This sort of thing is so different from the engagements of Paderewski or Horowitz that formal musical circles were bound to be shocked. Perhaps Liberace deliberately needles them, in the knowledge that their bleats of rage will gain him more newspaper space than purrs of approval.

Actually, Liberace is enough of a musician to have appeared as guest soloist with the Chicago Symphony. He recently dug up clippings to

prove it when a Los Angeles music critic publicly doubted this claim. But he seemingly goes out of his way to annoy longhair listeners by scissoring Grieg and Chopin down to scraps of themselves, and by including such lowbrow numbers as the "Yakety-Yak Polka" and "Chopsticks."

THE REAL START of Liberace's success dates from the time in Long Beach, California, when he provoked a music teacher into publicly insulting him. Then he was a virtually unknown 27-year-old, who had been playing piano with occasional dance bands since he was 13. At 20, he had left his Milwaukee home and his Polish-Italian parents, to storm the big time in Chicago and New York, but had wound up playing in a New Jersey cafe for \$50 a week and meals.

At that point he was near nervous collapse, brought on partly by the failure of his musical ambitions and partly by a spine ailment which caused his rejection for military service. To recuperate, he spent a year in Hollywood as the house guest of old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Goodwin.

He spent hours at their piano every day, polishing up a repertoire ranging from classics to boogie-woogie.

Shortly after this, he scheduled a concert in Long Beach and was invited to attend a dinner given in his honor by the local music teachers. Liberace gave a speech at this gathering, illustrating how stars of the concert stage used showmanship to liven their performances. As he talked, he played flashy condensations of Chopin and Liszt, then

switched to low-brow boogie-woogie.

After a few minutes of this, the exasperated chairman banged her gavel and ordered him off the stage. He left meekly, but the local newspapers had reporters covering the meeting. They front-paged the story, and a big crowd swarmed into the auditorium for the concert. Liberace was at last climbing the rainbow. Cafe society loved his flamboyant arrangements, his rhythmically flailing arms and legs, the smart showmanship of ever-changing lights and humorous patter.

He played eight weeks at Hollywood's Mocambo. Meanwhile he was investing most of his earnings in penny postcards, sent daily to booking agents all over America, which said simply: "*Have you heard Liberace?*"

The cards brought a nibble from the Last Frontier resort in Las Vegas. He was a hit there, too; and he went on to the supper-club circuit in the plush hotels—the Palmer House, the Waldorf-Astoria, the Town House and many others.

At first there was trouble with hotel authorities. Liberace kept calling for requests from the audience, promising, "I'll play as long as you want me to."

The response sometimes kept him at the piano for an hour or more and hotel managers, seeing waiters standing around idly when they might have been serving drinks and dinners, clamped down. Liberace agreed to shorten his act, and all was well thereafter.

The money cascaded in. He began wearing a watch with a diamond-encrusted face and a gold band also studded with diamonds. He

adorned the little finger of his left hand with a ring bearing a miniature piano, the lid sparkling with diamonds.

By legal process he dropped his given names, so that contracts and legal papers could bear only the Napoleonic one-name signature, *Liberace*. He gave away hundreds of souvenir, piano-shaped ashtrays, each emblazoned with his flourishing signature over the keyboard.

He built an imposing home in California's San Fernando Valley and brought his mother and brother George from Milwaukee to share it with him. His mother kept house and George was his business manager. (His father has been a professional Frenchhorn player in Madison in recent years.)

Liberace himself—or "Lee" as he encourages acquaintances to call him—was not at home much as he was almost continuously on tour. However, after seven years on the road, transporting his huge Blüthner grand piano around the country, Liberace began to tire of travel. Television was coming into prominence and he saw in it an opportunity to win a huge new audience, yet spend more time at home.

So he announced he was open for TV offers. The absence of takers was overwhelming. Executives agreed that he would be okay as a guest star, but who would watch a pianist for half an hour every week? There would be too little action. Not enough variety.

Undaunted, Liberace invaded New York and appeared on seven

top TV programs in nine days. Still he received no offer for a show of his own.

It was a long time before a Los Angeles producer, Don Fedderson of KLAC, took the gamble of hiring him for a series of weekly local shows. Soon thereafter, Rube Kaufman of Guild Films syndicated the Liberace show nationally, and the film version was offered to local sponsors in each area.

Installed in his own program, Liberace was an immediate hit. He nuzzled right up to the lens, looking directly into the eyes of his audience. His warm yet almost shy personality came through to televiewers as it never had from nightclub stages.

He prattled as if he were sitting in their living rooms. Often he made mistakes in grammar, which helped convince people that this magnificent broad-shouldered, wavy-haired celebrity was really just a nice small-town boy.

Women went wild. They deluged him with fan mail, clamored for personal appearances, tried to kiss him on the street. At 34, Liberace is turning prematurely gray and slightly pudgy, but he still makes a splendid appearance on TV screen or concert stage. The big new demand has kept him on the road almost as much as ever.

"I don't feel well enough established that I can reject offers," he says humbly. "I must accept all my opportunities, no matter where."

He travels with six musicians who play background to his solos, and he insists that all his social engage-

COMING NEXT MONTH!

*The inside story of
the famous comic-
strip artists and how
they work. Special*

*16-page picture
feature.*

In June Coronet.

ments on tour must include them. Recently, a Texas hotel offered Liberace and his brother, George, a room, but stalled when he asked whether "the fellows in my band" could get accommodations, too. Liberace didn't stay at the hotel.

Liberace's friendliness to unimportant people is a notable part of his character; in fact, it seems to be a family trait with the Liberaces. Some time ago a handicapped girl named Henrietta Beck attended his broadcast. George Liberace saw her, strolled over for a chat and brought "Lee" to her after the show. They both urged her to come back.

The following week she did return, and this time George brought over "Mom" and "Jayne"—his mother and wife. They called her "Hank," and soon she felt like a close friend of everyone in the Liberace circle. When her mother came to California on a visit from Oklahoma, Mom and Jayne drove to Hank's apartment to meet her.

"Why don't you drop in at my house sometime when you're out in the Valley?" Liberace said to Hank one evening, giving her exact directions how to find it.

A month later, Hank's sister Josephine took her for a drive and they decided to stop at the house. Lee himself answered the doorbell and ushered them in with every appearance of delight. He explained that he was hard at work with his arranger, but that Mom was in the

kitchen and would love to see them.

No one entering Liberace's house can fail to realize that it is the home of a wealthy pianist. There is a piano-shaped guest book in the hall. The living room is dominated by a collection of pianos, ranging from hundreds of miniatures to an oversized concert grand. An oil portrait of Liberace in white tie and tails smiles down from the wall. The coffee table is shaped like a grand piano. The swimming pool has this same shape, with black-and-white tiles simulating keys.

Hank and Josephine felt overpowered, but once in the kitchen with Mom they were at ease. When Lee finished work he loaded them with cookies and candy and urged them to come back again.

Despite his friendships, Liberace's life seems almost lonely. He sometimes visits his TV technicians' homes for dinner, usually alone or with Mom. For a Hollywood bachelor, he is girl-less to a surprising degree.

He occasionally tells friends that he has been engaged three times, but declines to name the girls. For him, marriage is something which will have to wait until he can take life easier and settle down, he says.

Probably this is one reason why myriads of feminine fans are dreaming about him, each wondering if she is the one girl who some day may erase that lost-dog look from Liberace's dark eyes.



THE TROUBLE with being a leader today is that you can't be sure whether the people are following you or chasing you.

—Wall Street Journal

WHAT HAPPENED AT Lake Zoar was strange enough. But technically it could not be called "stranger than fiction" because it actually had its origin in a fiction story . . .

On a gray Monday morning, September 13, 1926, the State Police barracks at Ridgefield, Connecticut, received a report that a woman had drowned in nearby Lake Zoar while fishing. Senior Sgt. W. E. Bushy, instructing recruits at the barracks, headed for the scene with his entire class. This would be the best kind of lesson for them.

All morning long the troopers dragged the lake for the body. The search continued as high noon approached, while two prowling cars waited vigilantly near the dark waters. After hours of futile dragging, there was still no body. Finally the search party paused to rest.

As Sergeant Bushy sat pondering the grim assignment, his mind reached back into his childhood and he recalled a story he had read about suspected drowning victims whose bodies had been searched for by means of bread. Several loaves, with a quantity of mercury inserted in each, had been set adrift, the belief being that one or more of them would act as a "divining rod" and stop directly over the spot where a drowned body lay.

The sergeant stood up and paced back and forth, excited by his idea. He had no mercury, but decided he would try the stunt without it.

He got the ribbing he expected when he broached his unorthodox



THE TWELFTH LOAF

by DON MCNEILL

plan later in the day. "Maybe you ought to throw in a few slices of Swiss cheese for good measure, Sarge," called one of the men. But Bushy stuck to his guns.

"It's supposed to have worked in Missouri so why not in Connecticut?" he argued. "Beside, ever since reading that story, I've wondered about it. At least we can try."

The sergeant purchased a dozen loaves of stale bread, dropped them in the water and followed their progress. All floated down-lake with the current—all, that is, but one which bobbed at one spot, gently but firmly resisting the pull of the current.

The troopers jumped into their boats and promptly converged upon the spot to find the loaf definitely not snagged on anything but rather to be held there as by an invisible magnet. For a long moment, they were silent.

Then they began grappling beneath the strange "buoy" and in a short time, one of them let out a triumphant yell as his hook brought to the surface the limp body of the missing woman.

So far as is known, that is the only time when one of America's best loved books, *Tom Sawyer*, was pressed into service as an unofficial handbook on police procedure.

For 20,000,000 Women: *A Cure for "Low Days"*

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

*Medical experiments have produced
a tablet for pre-menstrual tension*

THANKS TO AN UNUSUAL medical experiment, some 20,000,000 American women now have a simple, inexpensive and highly effective means of treating one of the most widespread and least known of feminine ailments.

Puzzled doctors who have been studying this condition since 1931 call it pre-menstrual tension. But women who experience it regularly call it "the low days"—days filled with pain, anguish and confusion.

To relieve these symptoms, a new medication—now available at drug-stores in tablet form—has been developed, which in clinical tests has relieved more than 80 percent of women who have taken it. That such treatment is now available is also good news for millions of husbands, who have long wondered why the personalities of their wives seemed to undergo a sudden change once a month.

About ten days *before* the onset of the menstrual period, these women experience irritability, chronic fatigue, insomnia, crying jags, sudden cravings for sweets, mental confusion, painful swelling of the breasts, and abdominal bloating

and pain. Fortunately, few women get *all* these symptoms.

"I just feel like jumping out of my skin" and "I feel like a clock that has been wound up too tightly" is the way two women described it recently. To make things worse, most of these women find that their weight suddenly increases by three to four pounds or more during those morale-shattering days. The symptoms disappear, usually, with the normal onset of the menstrual flow.

Such physical symptoms are annoying and often painful, but the psychological ones can be far more serious. According to Dr. Emil Novak, eminent gynecologist, a woman who suffers from pre-menstrual tension may, during severe attacks, "border on the psychopathic, with striking changes of personality and emotional outbursts which make her very difficult to manage."

Many women who drive cars during pre-menstrual tension seem to be more prone to have serious accidents than other women, according to a survey of 500 female drivers involved in accidents. It was made by Dr. Louis G. Balsam, California sociologist, who concludes

that tension victims should not drive during those trying days.

Several surveys of plants and offices where many women are employed indicate that the average woman suffering from tension loses about a work week per year and that her work-output suffers somewhat, even when she comes to work during the tension period. Superintendents of women's prisons have long noted that the inmates become much more difficult to handle just before their menstrual periods.

But women prisoners form a small percentage of all women affected. How does the monthly onset of tension affect millions of average women? Dr. S. Charles Freed of San Francisco is convinced that tension and its "sudden and often dramatic changes . . . are probably responsible for many of the age-old attitudes toward women. Thus the traditional sayings, 'Women always change their minds' and 'You can never tell about a woman' arose from the observation that the personality of women is often different from week to week or even from day to day."

The husbands of such women are often better observers than doctors. One husband described his wife's tension this way:

"Usually she likes to loll around, but when she has her tension period, she becomes over-active, over-talkative and extremely sensitive. I can tell by the look in her eyes and the shaking of her hands that she isn't right. She seems like a different girl than the one I married. It's probably disloyal, but I feel better when I am away on one of her tension days."

Dr. Joseph N. Morton, New York

endocrinologist and chief of the endocrine clinic at Metropolitan Hospital, has devoted much time during the past ten years to an intensive investigation of the medical problems involved in pre-menstrual tension. When he first became interested, the prevailing medical opinion was that most of the troubles were psychological in origin. But investigators had already come to suspect that the villain was some imbalance in the endocrines, those vital glands such as the ovaries, the adrenals and the thyroid whose secretions pass directly into the blood stream.

The late Dr. Robert T. Frank, who had first named pre-menstrual tension in 1931, thought it might be due to overproduction of estrogens by the ovaries. He prescribed epsom salts and found that many patients were somewhat relieved. More recent researchers now believe that the improvement was probably due largely to the fact that the epsom salts acted to relieve the body of an unusual and uncomfortable amount of fluid accumulated in the tissues.

Using more efficient diuretics, other investigators showed that the average gain of weight during pre-menstrual periods could be effectively reduced. This was an important improvement, but Dr. Morton knew that more attention had to be paid to the more serious symptoms that came with tension: tremors, occasional faintings, marked exhaustion. Then he recalled a young woman who had had a bad case of diabetes and also showed clear signs of suffering from tension. Was there any connection?

It was known that women diabetics had been vastly improved

by large doses of estrogens—one of the female sex hormones. He asked himself: “Were the cravings for sweets and the occasional fainting spells akin to the insulin shocks reported by diabetics when they took an overdose of insulin? Orange juice, a concentrated and readily absorbed form of sugar, usually ended the shock. Was it possible that some of the severest symptoms in pre-menstrual tension were brought on by hypoglycemia, a sudden lowering of the sugar content of the blood?”

In 1949, Dr. Morton was able to set up an elaborate test of his theory with 29 women patients who had tension and who were free of symptoms of any other diseases. After months of testing, he found that the cause was estrogen, which temporarily upset the balance it normally maintained with the other female sex hormone, progesterone. This imbalance brought on the three major effects of the pre-menstrual period.

First, the rampant estrogen upset the water metabolism in the women so that their body tissue held on to much more liquid than usual. Then the hormone imbalance caused the body to burn up sugar more rapidly than usual. The final result was to upset the normal course of tissue growth in the breasts and uterus, causing unusual sensitivity during pre-menstrual tension.

Obviously, the answer was to help the body restore the balance of the female sex hormones. This could be done either by giving progesterone to balance the excess estrogen, or by using the male sex hormone, testosterone, to neutralize the excess estrogen. Also, in order

to overcome the body's over-burning of sugar, Dr. Morton put the women on a high protein, low carbohydrate diet and advised them to eat more frequently than three times a day. By this, he hoped to get the proteins converted to sugar easily and regularly.

The combination of therapies vastly improved nearly all of the 29 women during their tension periods. But Dr. Morton still wasn't satisfied. To have young women tied to a monthly hormone-shot routine for years didn't make sense, especially since the treatment could cost \$20 or more a month.

WHAT WAS NEEDED was a convenient medication combining the various ingredients found effective in the treatment of tension. Such a tablet, called Pre-mens, was developed by the research division of the Purdue Frederick Company of New York City.

In it are medications to prevent accumulation of water in the tissues, a relaxing agent to keep the tremors away, caffeine as a mild stimulant to combat depression, and Vitamin B complex to help the breakdown of excess estrogen and to increase conversion of the protein to sugar. This latter was important because Dr. Morton decided to add a special supplement of proteins such as milk and cheese to the diet of the average woman taking the tablets.

When the tablet was made up and tested on several hundred patients of his and those of medical colleagues, Dr. Morton looked around for a good group to test with scientific controls. Finally he received permission to go ahead from

the N.Y. State Departments of Correction and of Health, plus a promise of cooperation from Henrietta Additon, noted penologist who is superintendent of Westfield State Farm, a model reformatory and prison for women, in upper Westchester County.

The 249 volunteers for the experiment, with clear histories of pre-menstrual tension, were divided into four groups. The first got only its regular prison diet, plus fake tablets, coated to look like Pre-mens. Group Two kept on the regular prison fare, plus the Pre-mens three times a day for the ten days preceding menstruation. Group Three got extra snacks of milk and cheese, plus the fake tablets, while the fourth group received the regular prison diet, the milk and cheese snacks and the Pre-mens.

After four months the 249 women were checked: were their pre-menstrual periods now better, worse, or wasn't there any change?

In Group One, which received only the fake tablets, only 15 per-

cent felt better and 85 percent felt no change or felt worse. At the other end in Group Four which had received Pre-mens and milk and cheese snacks, 79 percent reported "feeling better."

There was additional corroboration of Pre-mens' value at the prison. Before the experiment got under way, there were 17 women who at the outset of the tension period asked to be locked in their rooms, because they knew that they always got into trouble with other prisoners during that time. Thanks to Pre-mens, they could now join the others without danger of tension-induced flare-ups.

What this important experiment emphasizes is the fact that many women need no longer accept pre-menstrual tension with philosophical resignation as part of a "woman's lot." Today, this is no longer necessary—thanks to a persevering doctor and to 249 prisoners who volunteered to help find the answer to a medical problem affecting 20,000,000 women.

Motorist's Lexicon



Traffic light: A trick to get pedestrians half-way across the street safely.

—WALTER WINCHELL

Parking space: An area about seven feet wide and 14 feet long, on the other side of the street.

—CEDRIC ADAMS (CBS)

American: A fellow who can boast that he has the finest make of car in the world while planning to purchase another kind next year.

—Wall Street Journal

Law-abiding motorist: One who slows down as he passes a Stop sign.

—DOROTHEA MARINGAS

Auto: Something your son can somehow manage to drive into the garage on the last drop of gas.

—Hudson Newsletter



NEW LICKS FOR LICORICE



by MADELYN WOOD

Scientists are probing the modern-age potentialities of this old Turkish plant

MOST EVERYONE THINKS of licorice only as something you eat in the form of candy. Not so, for science has found that there is black magic in licorice, a versatile chemical which is already playing a considerable part in your life and seems destined to play a still larger one.

Witness a group of engineers at work at the Underwriters' Laboratories in Chicago. One of them tosses a burning rag into a tub of gasoline, which promptly roars up in flame. He aims a fire extinguisher at it, a smother of whitish foam sizzles across the fire—and the flames are snuffed out.

"That foam choked off the air," the engineer explains. "Funny thing—it's made out of licorice."

That is just a start on a surprising catalog of uses for a long-known substance that science is just getting around to probing. Medicine, industry and agriculture are making the discovery that there are hidden powers in the substance extracted

from the root of the strange Near Eastern plant that bears the title "Glycyrrhiza."

Glycyrrhiza, or licorice, which we now import by the shipload from Turkey, has about as long a history as any plant useful to man. Forty centuries or more ago, in the areas of ancient Babylonian civilizations, slaves dug up the long, tough roots of this big weed. Their masters used the root extract as a tonic.

Egyptian hieroglyphics indicate that in the days of the Pharaohs, licorice root was mixed with water to produce a drink known as "maius," still a favorite in Egypt today. In 1923, when King Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb was opened, it was found to contain a considerable supply of licorice root.

Experts call licorice nature's sweetest substance. Thus, its biggest job in the compounding of medicines today is making them taste better, no minor task as any parent who has ever battled to get a child to take a dose of laxative or cough medicine can testify.

Meanwhile, in a dozen labora-

tories, medical researchers are beginning to wonder if the plant may not have even more important medical uses. Perhaps, they say, the medieval physicians had the right idea when they used licorice as a general tonic and blood purifier. A licorice compound is now showing evidence of power to combat Addison's disease, a form of anemia long puzzling to science. Another promising project hints that licorice can be effective in the treatment of stomach ulcers.

Though science is beginning to realize that these possibilities are important enough to warrant special research, it is a curious fact that licorice, which the ancients knew so well, has received up until now less medical study than many a synthetic compound that has just emerged from the laboratory.

Another of licorice's accomplishments has brought pleasant smoking to millions.

"Here's some fine grade tobacco," the white-coated technician in a tobacco company's research laboratory might tell you. "Just about the best there is. Take a puff."

You light up, inhale and grimace.

"Raw, isn't it?" he grins. "We'd be out of business if we sold it that way. Now smoke this—same tobacco."

Now you puff on a cigarette that is mild and pleasant, astonishingly different from the stuff that rasped your throat a moment before.

Licorice helps make the difference. It performs three important jobs that account for the sale by one company alone of no less than 20,000,000 pounds of it a year to the industry. Along with making the tobacco taste milder, it also

sweetens and gives it its distinctive flavor. Just as important, it helps the tobacco retain its moisture.

How does the licorice get into the tobacco? Generally, the technicians say, the leaves are sprayed with or dipped into a liquid compound which, among other things, contains the licorice.

A FACT WHICH SADDENS the licorice importers is the odd one that, for all its increasing use in other fields, comparatively little of it is used in candy-making. While the British ate 813 pounds of licorice candy per 1,000 population, Americans ate something less than one-fourth that amount.

What makes the licorice people still unhappier is the fact that a lot of candy which is called "licorice" actually does not have any licorice in it at all. Instead, it is flavored with oil of anise.

To counteract this, the National Confectioners Association has been pushing new kinds of licorice confections made with an easy-to-mix licorice syrup, and some manufacturers have made the happy discovery that candy made with it is low in calories, just the thing for dieters. Incidentally, they have also found that candy made with licorice does not have to be black.

To add still more to its versatility, the by-products of licorice are turning out to be as useful as the extract. Soon you may have licorice walls in your home, for they have also turned it into a tough insulating board so resistant to heat and cold that a sheet of it half an inch thick is equal to a stone, brick or concrete wall six inches thick.

Engineers wondering what to do

with the thick whitish foam that billowed up when the licorice roots were boiled, had no answer except to throw it away—that is, until William Williams Walker, now president of MacAndrews & Forbes, the company that imports most of our licorice, performed some mental gymnastics and tied up that foam with the basic fact about fire: if there is no oxygen present, there can be no flame.

The idea worked perfectly, and now fire trucks come armed with licorice foam to fight the most stubborn of fires. In oil refineries and chemical plants, where any fire would be a holocaust, licorice foam

stands silent guard. Let the heat rise above a certain level in an oil storage tank, and sensitive thermostatic devices trigger the mechanism that sends that foam up to snuff out the flames.

Just where the exploits of this new handyman of science and industry are going to stop, nobody is quite certain, but scientists are sure there is still more black magic in licorice.

"The potential of this untested gift of nature has only been glimpsed," says William Williams Walker. "Licorice may soon spring into amazing activity in the service of mankind."

Tag Lines De Luxe



A TRUCK DRIVER, trying to make a delivery in the heart of the town's less attractive district, found his way blocked by a new Cadillac, double parked.

With fire in his eye, the driver entered the bar in front of which the car was parked. Running his eye up and down the seedy lot of patrons he belowed: "Hey! Any of you guys drive that big Cadillac outside?"

At this, the bleariest, most disreputable-looking patron weaved his head upward and asked: "What color?"

—The Wellman Magazine

AN ENGLISH FRIEND of ours chose, last spring, to drive his new black-and-yellow Rolls-Royce over the Alps to Interlaken. Making a tight curve, his composure was jolted as the Rolls' front spring broke with a loud "twang" and left him to limp into the nearest Swiss Gasthaus. A few cranks of the 'phone and he was explaining his problem to Rolls-Royce, Ltd., in England. In no time, a representative of Rolls arrived, replaced the spring adroitly and our friend purred on his way.

Ordinarily, this would have been the end of the matter, but our Rolls owner reviews his bills regularly and noticed later that he had received no bill. Assuming that this was simply an oversight on their part, he went to Rolls and asked them to check their records for "Continental repair of broken spring."

After fidgeting for 15 minutes or so, he was confronted by a most correct manager of Rolls, and informed with level gaze that, "There must be some mistake, sir. There is no such thing as a broken spring on a Rolls-Royce!"

—Tide

Ads and Adjectives

PERFECT FOR THE MAN on your gift list who has everything—except a smile when he shaves.

—Remington Electric Shaver

CARS THAT PUT your wishes on wheels.

—Chrysler Corp.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING as a distant relative.

—American Airlines

SHIPMENTS of sunshine, freighted with flavor and fragrance.

—Dole Pineapple

HERE is a really *new* wrinkle . . . a collar that's guaranteed not to!

—Van Heusen Shirts

WE STAND BEHIND the quality of our products, package by package, flake by flake, shred by shred, and puff by puff.

—Kellogg's

THIS IS THE SHIP for a man who likes his steak thick and his state-room wide.

—S. S. United States

ONE WAY your wife can measure the sparkle and shine a shampoo puts in her hair is to check the way it lights up your eyes.

—Procter & Gamble

TASTE that tingling tang.

—Hires

SO EXOTIC it's almost sinful.

—Matchabelli Bath Oil

GENERATIONS have found it dependable as sunrise.

—Coca Cola

FLOWERS-BY-WIRE send a soft caress . . . when you can't be there to touch her hand.

—Florist's Telegraph Delivery Assn.

SETS your taste buds singing.

—Swans Down Cake Mix

SUEDE SHOES soft as a sigh.

—Guetting's, Philadelphia

WINDSHIELD WIPERS applauding in the rain.

—Trico Blades

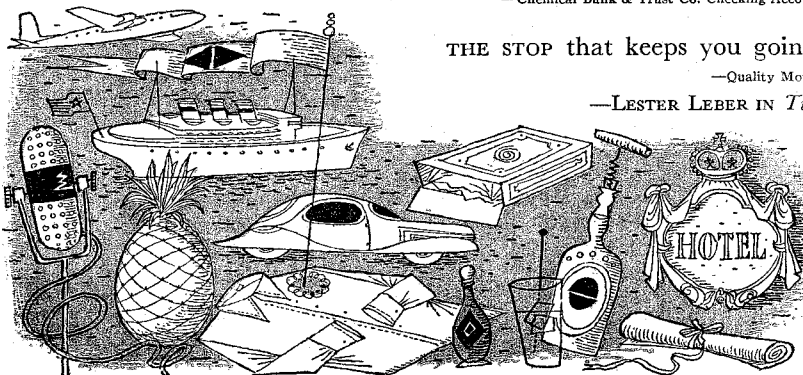
CARRY your money in your pen.

—Chemical Bank & Trust Co. Checking Account

THE STOP that keeps you going.

—Quality Motels

—LESTER LEBER in *Tide*



THE GLENN MILLER STORY

Although he died in Europe in 1944, his music lives for millions

by DAVID A. WEISS

A FATHER RECENTLY ENTERED a Broadway music shop with his teen-age daughter and sadly shook his head as she picked a record.

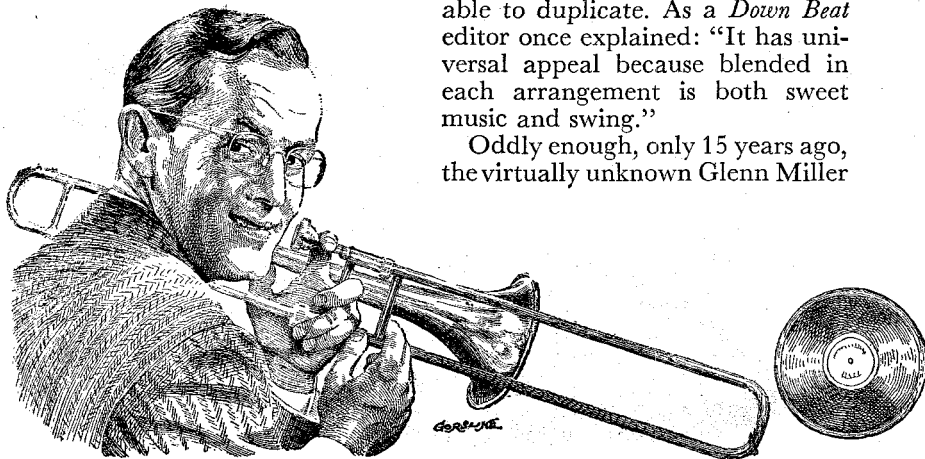
"Bop!" he lamented to the salesman. "What ever became of those old sentimental numbers like *Jumpin' Five* and *Tuxedo Junction*?"

What did happen is the talk today of Tin Pan Alley. Sentimental or not, these old favorites are spinning on as many phonograph turntables as ever. Not only that, but their leading exponent—the late Glenn Miller—is still, from the standpoint of record sales, one of the nation's top bandleaders.

It has been ten years since Glenn Miller of the rimless glasses, thin lips and serious manner last stepped to the bandstand, trombone in hand, and led his orchestra through arrangements like *Moonlight Serenade* and *In the Mood*. Yet today his record sales are pushing 16,000,000 and recently released by RCA Victor is the Glenn Miller Limited Edition, a special long-playing album with 70 Miller hit tunes. Released not long ago by Universal-International is "The Glenn Miller Story," a Technicolor picture starring James Stewart.

There is a magic in the Miller music no other bandleader has been able to duplicate. As a *Down Beat* editor once explained: "It has universal appeal because blended in each arrangement is both sweet music and swing."

Oddly enough, only 15 years ago, the virtually unknown Glenn Miller



orchestra was playing one-night stands in small towns. Then, in November, 1939, after engagements at Glen Island Casino and Meadowbrook, it hit the nation's top bandspot. Only six months, and Miller was vying with his two chief rivals—Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw—in waxing records, booking dates and signing radio time. America had awakened to a new band style: modern, exciting, danceable.

Cinderella of the Music World, Horatio Alger with a Trombone—is how the newspapers labeled the Miller success story. On that subject, the tall, slender bandleader who looked like a professor and was so modest that reporters disliked interviewing him because he discussed everything but himself, said simply, "It wasn't luck or anything else. I have worked hard."

So he had. Behind his skyrocket rise lay 17 years of labor on the musical rockpile. As an instrumentalist, Glenn had blown his trombone in more orchestras than he could remember. As an arranger he had worked for almost every top band in the country. Two of his own bands had gone broke.

Music was everything to Glenn Miller. Into it he poured all his talents and energies; the few close friends he had were musicians. So determined was he to perfect his band style that members of his orchestra sometimes found him

hard and demanding. So absorbed was he on the bandstand that audiences often considered him cold and gloomy.

Like everything else in his life, music had not come easy. When Alton Glenn Miller first puckered his lips in Clarinda, Iowa, in 1904, they closed on no silver spoon. Since his father could not make up his mind between farming and carpentry, the family moved all over the West in Glenn's early years.

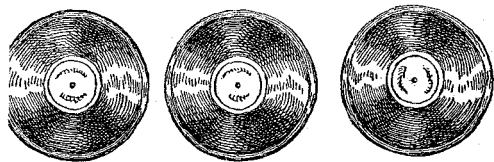
He milked cows all winter at \$2 a week to buy his first battered trombone. To pay for lessons, he worked after school as a soda jerk, shoeshine boy and garage attendant.

Although his mother, a former schoolteacher, was sympathetic, his father ordered him to practice out on the prairie; and his school handed him a "D" in music, an "A" in everything else.

With his trombone Glenn got in the school band, and bands soon came to mean more than school. After a two-year course at the University of Colorado, he left his studies—and a pretty coed named Helen Burger whom he later married—to go barnstorming with a Denver band.

When Glenn joined Ben Pollack's Californians in 1927, he found there two other young hopefuls, a drummer named Gene Krupa and a clarinetist, Benny Goodman. Often after work they would lie on their hotel beds and talk of forming their own band. But the selection of a leader always stumped them.

When the Pollack band played New York's Little Club, Glenn started studying musical composition with NYU Professor Joseph Schillinger. On a homework lesson



designed to show what he knew of harmony, counterpoint and orchestration, he wrote an exercise for the trombone.

Glenn gave it to a musician pal and was surprised at the reaction. "Say, that's good. You ought to do something with it."

"I will some day," Glenn answered.

That some day came years later when Glenn resurrected it for the other side of a Frankie Carle record. He consulted Mitchell (*Stardust*) Parish about writing lyrics.

"What about the title?" asked Parish.

"Well, since Frankie's side is *Sunrise Serenade*, how about making ours *Moonlight Serenade*?"

Eventually, *Moonlight Serenade* became Glenn's theme song and one of his biggest hits, but right then he was occupied with the hits of others. He worked mostly as an arranger and his abilities never ceased to astound his colleagues.

Once at a recording studio, a minute before the red recording light blinked on, Glenn waved his arms. He felt the arrangement was bad. On the spot he composed a new one. Going from musician to musician he dictated new notes, keeping the entire score in his head.

Glenn was years ahead of his time in music. So radical were his arrangements that leaders hesitated playing them the way they were written; he was constantly being asked to revise the arrangements. When he accidentally discovered the main feature of his now famous band style—to accommodate a personnel problem, he substituted clarinet leads for the usual trumpets—bandleaders turned thumbs down.

Glenn could stand it no longer. "I got tired of arguing about the arrangements," he said later. "So I decided to form my own band."

Before long, he had organized not one but two bands into which he poured his \$30,000 savings. He rehearsed them for months, played grueling one-night stands around the country, and then saw them fail.

Christmas 1938 was so bleak for the Millers that the dinner they sat down to had been paid for with borrowed money. The phone rang. A friend said M-G-M was going to offer Glenn an arranging job at \$350 a week.

Glenn looked at his wife Helen. She looked back and already knew the answer. Tossing down his napkin, Glenn started calculating on sheets of paper. He was going to try his third orchestra.

Mortgaging everything he had left, borrowing on his life insurance, Glenn began again. Twelve months later the band was grossing \$500,000 yearly. Everywhere it shattered records. Glenn's studious face topped by the ever-present rimless glasses became a symbol of the best in dance music. One of every three records in the nation's juke boxes bore the Glenn Miller label.

Success might have changed the width of Glenn's smile but it hardly turned his head. Unlike many of his colleagues who ran wild after striking paydirt, Glenn could still claim smoking as his strongest vice. Rather than collect new friends, he stuck by the old ones. And although he did start warming up to his audiences, he never was carried away by their sometimes fanatical devotion. One thing Glenn never

forgot was the value of a dollar.

When he moved across the Hudson for tax reasons, he found he liked Tenafly, New Jersey—as he liked all small towns. The boy from Clarinda, Iowa, felt better here than in Hollywood where even the \$100,000 he received filming “Sun Valley Serenade” with Sonja Henie didn’t put him at ease.

“I want to go back to one-night stands,” he grumbled. “Back to my kind of people.”

His kind—those youngsters who thronged the ballrooms and raised the roofs at his appearances—were taking criticism from parents who saw something delinquent in their frenzied adulation. But Glenn took up for them.

“Hepcats, sure. Rugcutters, sure,” he agreed. “But what if they are demonstrative? That’s superficial. I know those kids have the stuff.

Despite demands on his time, he still turned out three arrangements a week, about half the numbers his band introduced. *On Moonlight Bay*, *Kalamazoo*, *Little Brown Jug*, *Sweet Leilani*—they all came from his pen, each taking about six hours to arrange. Also looked over each week were the hundred-some arrangements that came in the mail from hopeful composers, amateur and professional.

As hard as Glenn worked, he also expected his band to work. A stickler for perfection, he rehearsed five days a week, sometimes six. “The men coast if you don’t watch them,” he said.

Still, it can’t be said he was ever

unreasonable or unfair. On the eve of the band’s debut at the Hotel New Yorker, drummer Maurice Purtill approached, telegram in hand. Tommy Dorsey was offering him a better job.

Glenn knew Maurice could not afford to pass up the opportunity; he also knew Maurice’s departure would hurt his band’s chances. But he did not hesitate. He released the drummer.

In September, 1942, Glenn Miller was sitting on top of the musical world. His record sales were over 6,000,000. Just released was *Chattanooga Choo-Choo*, destined to sell a million

copies, the first since Gene Austin’s *Blue Skies* recorded in 1927 at the height of the phonograph boom.

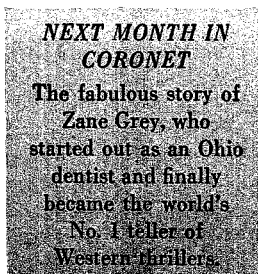
But one thing meant more to Glenn than his orchestra—his country. Broadway never understood why—the day after he signed a fabulous CBS contract—he disbanded his million-dollar band and enlisted in the Army.

Only a few months before, he and Helen had adopted a baby boy, Steven. But as Glenn explained with characteristic bluntness and honesty, “I sincerely feel I owe a debt of gratitude to my country.”

Service stripes popped when the Army learned what Capt. Glenn Miller was doing to the 418th Army Air Force Band. Top brass reviewing it one autumn day in 1943 saw the band march down the drill field to the tune of the *Jersey Bounce*!

“Sacrilege!” shouted old-time bandleaders.

Glenn retorted, “If we don’t go



after band music and streamline it, Army music will soon be extinct. We've got to keep pace with the soldiers."

Glenn stepped up his own pace by getting permission to organize the official Air Force band and take it overseas. In London, his Flying American Band of the Supreme Allied Command performed yeoman service for the GIs, broadcasting nightly over BBC, making 528 broadcasts and 435 personal appearances.

Visiting soloists like Dinah Shore and Spike Jones called it "the best band ever." But the finest comment of all came from an officer of slightly higher rank than Captain Miller:

"Next to a letter from home, the Miller band was the greatest morale builder in the European theater." The signature: General Dwight D. Eisenhower.

When the Allies landed at Normandy in June, 1944, Glenn, now a major, promised the GIs a Paris concert on Christmas, and that promise cost him his life.

On December 14, he motored to a London airfield to fly to Paris to make final arrangements. Fog! All except combat flights had been grounded. Glenn pleaded in vain. Then accidentally he met a sympathetic friend, Lt. Col. Norman Basselle.

"Sure," the colonel said. "We'll fly you over tomorrow morning."

When Glenn, Flight Officer Morgan and Basselle, who was to be co-pilot, showed up, the fog was still thick. Glenn was saying goodbye to Lieut. Don Haynes, his manager, who had followed him into the service, when Basselle bellowed from the single-engined Norseman:

"Come on, Miller, you can't live forever."

Glenn hopped in and the plane zoomed off.

When Haynes arrived at Orly Field in Paris the next morning, he thought there had been a mistake. No Norseman had logged in; Glenn's flight was unrecorded. A routine Army search was made, then an intensified one.

On Christmas Eve a telegram reached Helen Miller in Tenaflly: "Major Miller Missing."

The grief-stricken wife couldn't believe the words. At her side were little Steven; and Jonnie Dee, an adopted baby daughter whom Glenn never saw, was soon to arrive.

Helen Miller refused to give up hope. Even after the War Department officially declared Glenn dead a year and a day later, she pathetically tried tracking down leads on his whereabouts.

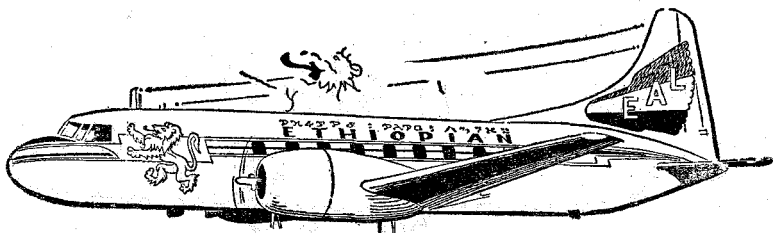
Of course, in one sense, Glenn Miller did not die. As long as we have radios, phonographs and memories, his arrangements will continue to come out of the air, as beautiful and perfect as ever.



Today's Economics

THIS CAN BE SAID about buying a home: It doesn't need new tires about the time you get it paid for.

—Grit



THE EMPEROR'S AIRLINE

by JOHN GUNTHER

A modest American pilot has brought transportation to a primitive country

HIS NAME IS WALDO G. GOLIEEN, but nobody ever uses "Waldo." His favorite flying companion, His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Ethiopia, may address him as "Mr. Golien" or "Captain Golien," but I never heard him called by anything except his nickname, "Swede."

The day I met him in Addis Ababa, capital of Ethiopia, he had just returned from a hunting expedition in the up-country wilderness. The place where he landed, in pursuit of game, is called Akobo, a site that few planes risk landing on.

Swede Golien, born 40-odd years ago in North Dakota, is creator and general manager of one of the most remarkable airlines known—Ethiopian Air Lines. He is tall, lean, modest in voice, quiet in manner and has piercingly bright blue eyes.

The first time I saw one of his aircraft—it was a Convair—I blinked. All of Ethiopian's ships are painted with broad, bright, orange-juice yellow and red and green stripes from nose to stern. On

the side of the fuselage is a sizeable Lion of Judah, yellow on a red plaque. The tail is red, green and yellow.

Swede has been flying since 1927, when he was a Marine pilot at Pensacola, Florida. From 1930 on, he flew for TWA. Came World War II and he was assigned to duty in the Atlantic Division of the Army Transport Command. He flew the Atlantic as a command pilot about 25 times.

Once, midway through the war, he had a distinguished passenger, none other than the present President of the United States. The ship droned hour after slately hour out of Washington, bound for Scotland by way of the Azores. It was the type of ship on which smoking was strictly forbidden because of the danger of gas fumes creeping into the fuselage.

After a time Captain Golien received a summons from General Eisenhower, who was making his first trip to Europe as Supreme

Commander. At that time (he has given it up now), Eisenhower customarily smoked 50 or 60 cigarettes a day.

"May I smoke?" he asked Golien.

"No, sir," replied Golien.

Eisenhower looked at him. Blue eye met blue eye. Eisenhower stiffened.

Golien proceeded in his quiet, low pitched voice, "I have orders, sir, not to allow smoking in the cabin of this aircraft. If you wish, sir, to countermand those orders—"

Eisenhower grunted. "No," he said shortly.

"But," proceeded Captain Golien, still looking the Supreme Commander in the eye, "I can interpret those orders, sir, as not applying to the cockpit. There are no gas fumes up front. Sit in the cockpit with me, and you can smoke."

The rest of the way, Eisenhower and Golien sat together up front, and it was a happy crossing.

Swede got into mild trouble later, however, because Eisenhower was in a hurry to get to London, and Golien took the forbidden risk of a night take-off from the Azores with the Supreme Commander aboard. Eisenhower probably does not know to this day that Golien was put on the carpet when he returned to Washington—and then forgiven—for having taken chances with the Supreme Commander's safety.

After the flight Eisenhower sent a personal letter of thanks, not merely to Golien, but to every member of the crew.

Golien returned to service with TWA after the war and one day in September, 1947, received orders to proceed to Ethiopia at once.

Something known as Ethiopian Air Lines had recently come into existence and TWA was managing and operating it. Swede flew out to Addis, one of the most remote and primitive spots on earth, and has been there ever since.

He often has another cockpit companion these days—not a President but an Emperor. Haile Selassie, the Conquering Lion of Judah, still runs practically everything in his country with his own hands, as he did before the Italian invasion of Ethiopia. When he has airlines business to transact, which is often since Ethiopian Air Lines is owned by the Ethiopian Government, he telephones Swede and they take off together.

Swede handles the controls and His Imperial Majesty adjusts his small frame into the co-pilot's seat, perching there like some dainty little bird, and they talk for an hour or so without interruption. The Emperor loves to fly and has covered almost every inch of his kingdom by air.

"I have every confidence in Mr. Golien," he said recently. "Moreover, I know that God is taking care of both of us."

Not long ago the Emperor wanted to visit Axsum, one of Ethiopia's most venerable towns. Except by air it is almost impossible to reach Axsum; moreover, it was not served by Ethiopian Air Lines at the time and Swede had never been there. But when His Imperial Majesty gives an order it is an order.

Swede piloted a ship up to Axsum himself, looked over a deserted airstrip that the Italians had built there in the 1930's and which had promptly reverted to jungle, and

risked a landing. He gave instructions to the local governor to remove vegetation from the runway, fill in holes, and cut branches from the nearby trees.

Two weeks later he flew into Axsum again to see how the work had progressed. It was done. Satisfied that the adventure of landing would be tolerably safe, he returned to Addis Ababa, picked up the Emperor and his party and delivered them to Axsum as if he were on a routine flight from New York to Boston.

Golien has a simple American directness, an honesty of approach, that has won the hearts of almost all the Ethiopian officials with whom he comes into contact. And they cannot but admire the extraordinary record of his airline.

Ethiopia has plenty of foreign advisers and technicians. No foreign nation has, however, given Ethiopia as vivid an impact as has the United States. And this is largely the work of Ethiopian Air Lines and Swede Golien.

First, the country is probably the most difficult in the world to fly in. It is an enormous plateau, so high that seven or eight thousand feet are normal or even "low" altitudes. It is as big as all the northeastern U.S. and looks from the air like a brown-green ball turned inside out. If a plane should crash that is "good night," if only because considerable parts of the country are still inhabited by savages.

Second, there are practically no communications. Even today, in spite of strenu-

ous attempts to make progress, only six towns in all of Ethiopia (population 15,000,000) are connected by telephone or telegraph service. Ten others can be reached by radio—but try it! To get from Addis Ababa to an important provincial capital like Harrar, which is only 300 miles away, takes three full, hard days by car.

Where Ethiopia is not impenetrable mountain and high forest, it is something even worse—desert. There are plenty of communities in Ethiopia which no motor vehicle, not even a jeep, can reach. You go by burro or by Swede Golien.

That is his importance. He is the first man in history to have given Ethiopia, one of the most ancient of nations, a communications system.

Politically this has had a profound effect. For the first time, the Emperor and his leading officials can get around the country with some degree of freedom. If the writ of the Emperor runs further than it has ever run before, Ethiopian Air Lines is to a certain extent responsible.

The line flies into Cairo, Nairobi and several other cities outside Ethiopia. Within Ethiopia it now serves 19 stations—21 if you include stops in Eritrea which has lately been incorporated into Haile Selassie's domain. Every Ethiopian province is now served by Golien's line, except the inexpressibly remote southern desert.

In 1952, Ethiopian flew 1,632,000 miles with 40,806 passengers. In 1953, it flew more than two million miles, carrying 60,000 passen-



gers or more. It has two Convairs, eight DC-3's and a scout plane.

Golien has 405 people working for him, 71 per cent Ethiopians. He has 18 American pilots, of whom 12 are regular captains, three reserve captains and three First Officers. There are eight Ethiopian First Officers.

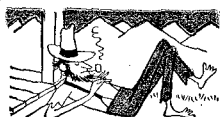
To get the system to work has cost such headaches as we in the West can scarcely comprehend. Just one example on a minor scale: nobody could figure out a way to keep the porters (at remote way-stations) dressed. They preferred to hoist bags in the costumes nature gave them, and which they saw no reason to augment.

Ethiopian officials, even those up

top, had no idea of the technical complexities of major airline operation; and thousands of people who now ride on Ethiopian as a matter of course never saw a timetable before.

Golien likes the Ethiopians and appreciates warmly—in spite of all the headaches—the cooperation he has had. Year by year he turns more work, more responsibility, over to them.

One thing Swede Golien is proud of above all. His line has flown in Ethiopia for seven years now, under day-in-day-out circumstances that would make any official of the Civil Aeronautics Administration faint or cut his throat, without a single fatal accident.



Great Country

A DRUMMER TRAVELING the hill country of Kentucky found himself at midday far from any town where lunch could be purchased. He stopped at an unprepossessing shack, on a mountain top, whose sagging porch was festooned with five or six men and hound dogs in attitudes of repose.

At the stranger's approach, the head of the family opened one eye and regarded him from the hammock.

"Howdy."

"Would it be possible," the traveler inquired, "to buy a bite of lunch here?"

"Reckon so," the native said and whistled shrilly toward a distant field where the lady of the house was plowing behind a team

of mules. Slowly the woman unhitched the mules and drove them, sweating in the hot sun, to the homestead.

"Got a visitor, Maw," the laird of the manor said.

She nodded to the stranger, tethered the mules and repaired to the kitchen in silence, he following. While she worked at the stove, the traveling man took in the wide, rugged vista of tumbled hills and trees and patchwork farmland under the vast blue dome.

"Er," he said, at length, "certainly great country you have here."

"Great for men and dawgs," his hostess grunted. "Hell on women and mules."

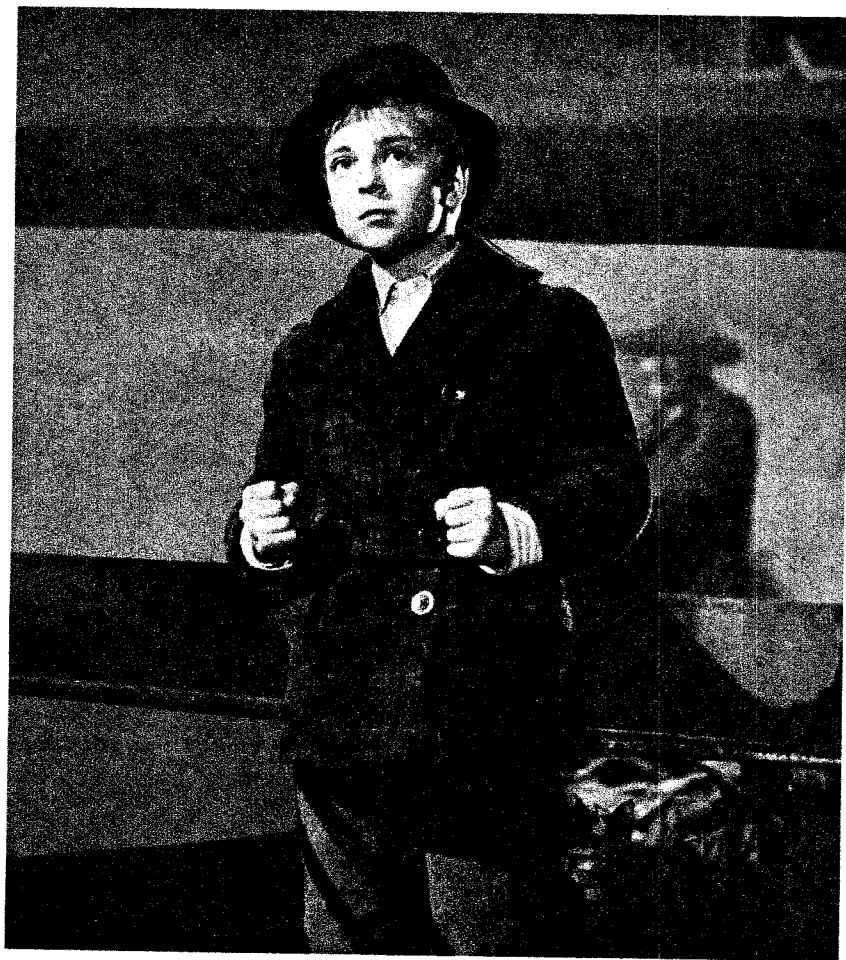
—RED SMITH (N.Y. Herald-Tribune)

Stars A-Growing

CHILDREN ON THE STAGE and screen have been reaching our hearts since the days of Mary Pickford, Jackie Coogan and Our Gang. What is more, the uncanny ease with which they can reduce adults to tears or laughter seems guaranteed to keep lines at the box office as long as there are mothers and fathers. So deep is their imprint that we often find ourselves asking, "Say, what happened to little Mitzi Green?" even while Mitzi Green is blossoming forth as a romantic star. And so it may well be that no matter what dramatic worlds George Winslow (*right*) goes on to conquer, there will always be those who remember him as the frog-voiced little lad in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

George Winslow





Tommy Rettig

TOMMY RETTIG WHO, at the age of nine, had played in more movies than many a screen veteran and now, at 11, earns more money than most bank presidents, has a newspaper route in his spare time. "I like to earn my own money," he says, and it is plain that here is one

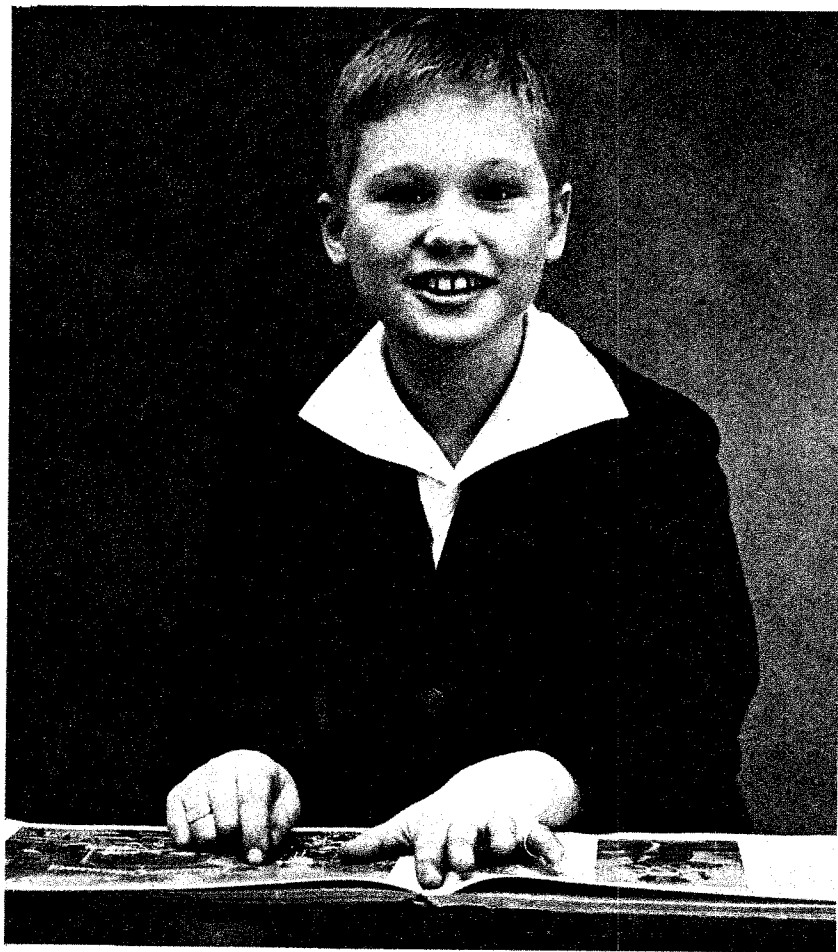
child star who won't feel the pinch of "that awkward age." He started as Mary Martin's brother in *Annie Get Your Gun*, was Jane Wyman's son in *So Big*, and is currently being lulled to sleep by Marilyn Monroe in *River of No Return*. What's next? Now he wants to visit another planet.



Donna Corcoran

AFTER TESTING 638 CANDIDATES, director Clarence Brown found his "dream girl" right on the MGM lot. Her name was Donna Corcoran and she had come to visit her father, a maintenance worker. She was eight years old. Soon cameras were rolling on *Angels in the Outfield* and

Scandal at Scourie, and Donna was a star. One thing troubled her—spending so much time away from her brothers and sisters. But that is working out. Sister Noreen got a contract, too, leaving only brothers Billy Hugh, Kevin, Brian and Kerry for Donna to get jobs for.



Brandon de Wilde

BRANDON DE WILDE'S EVOCATIVE deadpan was the hit of Broadway's *Member of the Wedding* for almost a year before the boy discovered that he was being paid to act. It was part of a campaign devised by his theater-wise parents to provide their youngster with as nor-

mal an existence as possible. A student at the Baldwin, Long Island, Public School and a dedicated cowboys-and-Indians player, Brandon is forbidden to read anything about himself, and despite his huge earnings (\$100,000 for *Shane*), his allowance is firmly pegged at 50 cents.



Lydia Reed

AN ASTOUNDINGLY SELF-POSSESSED young lady named Lydia Reed achieved something of a theatrical coup two seasons back by stealing a show called *Mrs. McThing* right from under the seasoned wing of Miss Helen Hayes. After that, radio and television appearances were,

in a manner of speaking, child's play to her, and at nine, she is a regular of the airwaves. A brown-eyed honey blonde, Lydia is happiest when romping with her baby brother—"He bites my nose when he kisses"—and signing autographs, "especially for nice little boys."



Gigi Perreau

GIGI PERREAU, who has been called the Shirley Temple of the 1950's, made her screen debut as the infant Eve Curie at two and, in the decade that followed, has appeared in the staggering total of 27 other movies. In some of these she shared honors with her older

brother, Peter Miles, and in all of them she projected the kind of wistful innocence guaranteed to provoke tears. All this may be coming to an end, though. At 12, Gigi has just gotten permission to wear lipstick—very pale—and is thinking about playing “grown-up parts.”



Philip Hepburn

WHEN PHILIP HEPBURN, age 11, went West to play the leading role in an MGM motion picture, he had behind him six years of stage and TV experience, but never had he been called upon to sustain a full-length drama. A slight story, the success of *Bright Road* depended on

young Hepburn's ability to breathe compassion into the character of a ragged, rebellious boy of infinite loneliness. The result could be read in glowing reviews, one of which said that "this boy has a guileless face upon which emotion plays freely." A new career was launched.



Chet Allen

AS LONG AS CHET ALLEN, the lad who electrified the nation in the Christmastime television opera, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, remained a soprano, he had the distinction of being the movie's highest-paid neophyte. To this youthful alumnus of the Columbus

Boy Choir went \$1,000 a week. Then his voice changed, so, in a complete casting transition, Chet took on the part of the deaf mute in Menotti's *The Medium*. A dedicated philatelist, Chet awaits each day's fan mail, looks at it with elation and exclaims: "All those stamps!"

*The astounding story of a hostess
who was snubbed by high society*

MRS. COOGAN'S REVENGE

by HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE

UNTIL QUITE RECENTLY, there stood on a fashionable street in Newport, R. I., a white-pillared shell of a mansion that shocked passersby with its air of utter desolation. The once-formal gardens had deteriorated into jungle. Weeds crawled rankly over the grounds. Through paneless windows and yawning doors, one could glimpse the cracked walls and caving floors of what had once been a magnificent and impressive mansion.

Indeed, "Whitehall" was once numbered among Newport's renowned ornaments to gracious living. But a remarkable woman deliberately turned it from a mansion into a derelict to revenge herself on her fashionable neighbors.

The story of Mrs. Coogan's dramatic renunciation of society surpasses fiction. The neighbors knew her as brilliant, beautiful and raven-haired, with spirited blue eyes. She was pretty in a French

way—wore high-heeled little slippers and petticoats that rustled. Her ancestors were the romantic Gardiners of Gardiners Island, that historic bit of entailed property in Long Island Sound where Captain Kidd cached one of his numerous treasure chests.

Harriet was born in New York City the year the Civil War started—1861—and was educated at a convent not far from the farm her ancestors owned on Upper Manhattan Island. In 1883, to the consternation of New York society, she married James J. Coogan, a Bowery merchant and politician.

Coogan took over the management of his young wife's three-million-dollar real-estate holdings; and part of the Gardiner farm, identified as Coogan's Bluff and Coogan's Hollow, was leased to the New York Giants for 99 years. The hollow is the actual Polo Grounds.

From the beginning of her marriage, Harriet was pulled between two worlds—her own highly social



MAY, 1954

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one and the Tammany sphere of her husband. It is to her credit that she chose his world. In 1881, when he ran for mayor on the Labor ticket, she was on the sidelines cheering. The social snobs made much of that, especially when Coogan was defeated. But they underestimated Harriet's husband.

With the backing of Tammany Chief Richard Crocker, he staged a comeback as the first borough president of Manhattan. So far so good. Now came the social hurdles.

In 1903, the Coogans moved into Whitehall, the Lorillard mansion in Newport. According to news accounts, Stanford White designed the house. The family evidently enjoyed it. In 1905, *Town Topics* told of the Coogan boys "coaching over Honeymoon Hill long before Newport orders its breakfast."

But despite the boosts of *Town Topics* and other society publications, Newporters continued to yank in the welcome mat when the Coogans called. For the next five years, Harriet and her family had ample opportunity to enjoy Newport's charm in complete quiet.

In 1915, feeling the united front against the family was beginning to crumble, she issued invitations to a dinner, magnificent even for Newport. The springboard was daughter Jessie's debut. Three hundred invitations went out. Sherry's spent weeks concocting rare delicacies. A brigade of chefs and waiters were transported from New York the day of the party. There was a special dance orchestra. Gowns fit for a queen and a princess had been designed for Mrs. Coogan and her daughter Jessie.

That night, beautiful Whitehall

blazed with lights. The smell of the sea mingled with the fragrance of roses. A full June moon painted the white-pillared entrance a luminous blue. At 10 o'clock the fiddlers began tuning up; the butler stationed himself at the door to announce the guests while Mrs. Coogan and Miss Jessie waited expectantly in the ballroom.

Ten-thirty, 11, 11:30, 12 o'clock. Not one of the 300 people showed up! Tightly-knit social Newport would not accept the Coogans, even though Mrs. Coogan's veins coursed with Gardiner blood. After all, her husband was a Tammany politician and—a Democrat!

Mrs. Coogan, her arms around Jessie, flounced out of Whitehall next morning, never to return. She left doors and windows swinging wide so that winds and rains might sweep through. Costly rugs were on the floors, rich draperies hung at the windows, and expensive china, crystal and silverware had been set on the table to tempt tramps, prostitutes and thieves to give their own parties.

"Whitehall can rot on its foundations," Mrs. Coogan shrieked, "before I or any of my family will ever return to it!" And that same year, Coogan died in New York.

Anyone so minded could, and did, lift all that was portable from Whitehall. Town authorities warned Mrs. Coogan. She never answered their letters. Squatters built a bonfire in the main hall, which burnt through the hard-



wood floor and started a real fire. The Newport fire department called Mrs. Coogan's attention to her irresponsible tenants. Again, she ignored the letters.

Mrs. Coogan's gowns still hung in the closet. Calling cards lay untouched on a butler's tray inside the main entrance. Nearby families were kept awake at night by shouts of drunken men and women who made Whitehall their unofficial and rowdy home.

It is difficult to determine at just what point Mrs. Coogan and Jessie withdrew from life. The name Coogan first appears on the register of the Hotel Biltmore, their New York retreat, in 1931. The daughter's name was not mentioned, but she was there. They were given suite 648 on the Madison Avenue side. Jessie had one room, her mother a second bedroom, a parlor connected the two.

E. Robert Manning, hotel official who rented the Coogans their rooms, had no inkling they were hermits. However, he and others began to suspect the truth once the Coogans moved in, especially when they refused to let any hotel staff people across the threshold. They communicated with the staff either through a closed door or by phone. They let their bills run months and months, but they were fussy about every little item.

Jessie would question the statement over the phone, usually in conversation with Manning. They spent more than \$500 a month for food alone. No waiters were permitted inside the rooms: they had specific instructions to leave food outside the door.

Once, when the Biltmore man-

agement renovated every floor and was spending hundreds of thousands of dollars redecorating, Manning approached Jessie by phone to know if the apartment she and her mother occupied could be redone. This threw her into a panic. "No!" she screamed, and banged the phone.

For more than 16 years, she and her mother lived in seclusion at the Biltmore. Visitors were few. An occasional call was their only contact with life. The switchboard operator had orders never to put through direct calls.

"It's wonderful that Mrs. Coogan keeps her mind after all these years of being shut in," remarked a hotel staff member. "She never opens the door until you tell her who you are, and then she's liable to keep the door closed and carry on a shouted conversation."

Biltmore employees described her as a lavish tipper and invariably polite in the few words exchanged with the office staff. The last person to see her on the street was a Biltmore doorman, who attempted to help her out of a cab. It was a stormy night. He hurried up the block where her cab had stopped, to hold his umbrella over her.

"When I took her arm," he recalled, "Mrs. Coogan screamed, 'Don't ye dare touch me! I'll go me own way.'"

In 1945, the Biltmore reported that it had been three years since either Jessie or Mrs. Coogan had ventured out. In the past, she had kept odd office hours. Her "office" was in the Coogan Building. Not until nightfall did she venture out, dressed in black, with a heavy veil covering her face. She and faithful

Jessie flitted through the hotel corridor to the freight elevator, descended to the street and went out by a side entrance.

From 9 P. M. to 2 A. M., she "worked at her office," shuffling through papers connected with her immense real-estate holdings.

There were reports that Jessie still had her beauty. Some one opposite the Coogan suite caught sight of her white face at the window, staring at Madison Avenue below. Employees described her as charming, with a "shut-in" pallor.

The maids often heard Jessie and her mother carrying on lively discussions about the war and about politics, yet neither Coogan woman ever voted. Unlike other recluses, they had no radio.

Incredible as it sounds, few of Mrs. Coogan's 15 grandchildren actually ever saw her. She breathed her last on the morning of December 18, 1947, at 5:30 A. M. She was 86 years old. Six floors below, New York's streets, shrouded in the darkness of winter's bleak dawn, were pale as death. In the recluse's apartment, lights burned with unaccustomed brightness.

Ever-devoted Jessie had called relatives who moved nervously about—ill-at-ease and self-con-

scious in the presence of the strong-willed woman, as if fearful that, even in her last hours, she might suddenly rise up and castigate them for violating her solitude.

Buried from the Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral, she remained, to the end, New York's most fabulous hotel hermit. Yet, incongruous as it seems, this recluse who loathed society kept up her listing in the New York *Social Register*.

Jessie could never break with the past. Now she is the hermit of the Biltmore. After her mother's death, the management did succeed in moving her to another floor so that the erstwhile Coogan apartment might be redecorated. One hotel official, genuinely sorry for this gentle middle-aged woman, whose entire mature life had been spent behind closed doors, suggested an apartment high up in the hotel, overlooking the East River. Miss Coogan shrank from the suggestion.

"I prefer the Madison Avenue side," she said.

And Whitehall, the Newport mansion which the mother forsook? It crumbled into ruins while she still lived. But not until she died were the people of Newport able to purchase the property.



Tactful Indeed

THE VETERAN BELLHOP was briefing a new man on the routine of his job. "Above all, always be polite and use tact," instructed the older man.

"I get the polite stuff, but explain the 'tact,'" said the younger.

"Well, now, I'll give you an example. One day I happened to open a door and there was a lady sitting in the bathtub. I shut the door quickly and said, 'Beg your pardon, sir.' The 'beg your pardon' was just politeness, but the 'sir' . . . that was tact."

—Snap Shots



NATURE'S MODEL T

by PETE BARRETT

ANYONE WHO HAS SEEN what my Southern friends call a "passel of possums" has witnessed the unique in animal transportation. An old lady possum will come trudging along on flat feet while her family rides up top, rubber-necking like typical country kids. Sometimes there will be six or seven beady-eyed youngsters hanging on to fistfuls of fur in opposing rows along their mother's back.

It is a slightly swayful ride, but the passengers never seem to mind. You could say that the mother possum serves as a roadster, since she has a rumble seat, too, even if this is underneath in the form of a pouch.

Once, when I surprised a possum family traveling as a group, the mouse-sized youngsters pulled a

magic disappearing act. There was a brief, lively scene as they scrambled about the mother's sides; then she appeared alone—her offspring had taken cover in her pouch.

Nearly everything else about the animal is equally astonishing. It produces broods of up to 18 in only 12½ days. The babies are so tiny at birth that an entire litter can be contained in a tablespoon. Blind, with only the front feet fairly well developed, the mites crawl into their mother's pouch to begin nursing. Two or three litters are raised in a year.

Possums spend a lot of time in trees and often make their dens in hollow trunks. For the fancy footwork of the treetops, nature has given the animal hind feet that resemble human hands. The big toe can be opposed to the other toes—which have claws for climbing—the way a person's thumb opposes his fingers. But the big toe has a nail. Tracks look like a child's hand-prints.

A long, scaly tail, which the possum can wrap around a branch, serves as an aerial emergency brake. In fact, the creature can do just about anything with its tail that a monkey can.

I doubt, though, that a possum ever sleeps while dangling by its tail, as folklore has it. Or that a female ever carries her young suspended over her back, their tails gripping her tail.

Possums are night gadabouts and will eat almost anything from bats to blueberries. Because they forage at night and are of a retiring nature, few people realize that the animals are to be found in nearly every

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State. Sometimes they succeed in living in almost complete anonymity, close to big towns.

Around the turn of the century, the possum was considered a Southern animal. In Dixie, it had been hunted for generations with any breed of hound that could make music in the night, and still is. But gradually it extended its range, particularly northward. Recently possums have turned up in southern Ontario.

The old expression "playing possum"—meaning to feign injury or death—has been around so long that many are unaware of its origin. But every possum knows about it and, if forced to, will play the game to the hilt.

I remember the time a friend and I came upon a possum cornered by a farm dog. The animal was backed against a fence, flashing ugly teeth at the dog. Apparently our presence was just too much, for suddenly the animal fell on its side as if dead. I picked it up. The possum was as limp as a widow's veil. Shaking it produced no reaction at all.

When I put the possum down, its mouth came open and its tongue lolled on the dirt. Death seemed absolute. And the dog showed no interest in the "carcass."

Then we withdrew a few yards and my friend threw a stick for the dog. A moment later as we watched with astonishment, the possum got up and slipped under the fence.

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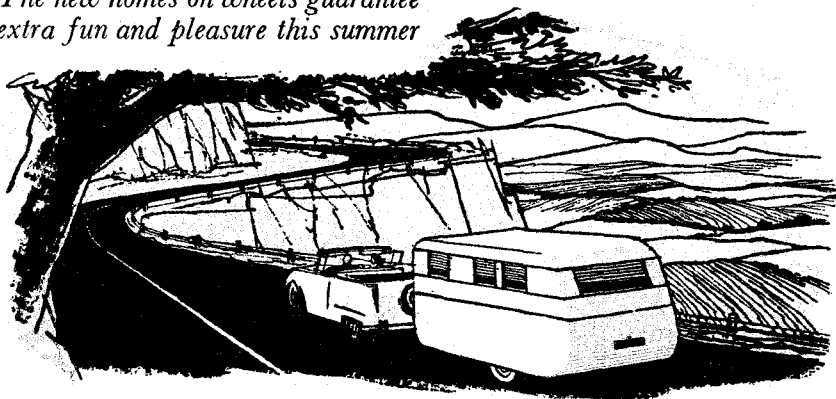
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Vacation Trailers Take You Anywhere

by PAUL KUNASZ

"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE," the dealer said, "to hook your car to a wing of your house and take the family fishing next week-end? Or to Mexico next vacation, or Canada? How would you like to do this with no more expense, beyond gasoline, than you'd have staying home, and with all the home comforts?"

It was too much for me. I signed on the dotted line. And with that I had, like thousands of other Americans, bought something entirely unfamiliar to me—a gleaming aluminum bubble to hitch behind my car—a vacation trailer.

What is a vacation trailer? Hauling it home that day, six months ago, I was none too sure myself. I kept looking back at it. I only knew

that it was very beautiful and sort of exciting and I hoped my wife would like it.

By industry definition, a vacation trailer—or travel trailer, if you prefer—is one capable of following any standard car anywhere it will go, as fast as it will go, and when it gets there, do everything its big cousin the house trailer can do.

It is small—about 14 to 18 feet long; weighs less than your car; and is often made of metal, finished in wood for decoration. It is designed for maximum comfort and efficiency in part-time living, and its one function is fun—vacation, travel, week-ends. That was what I hoped to get when I bought mine. What I really got was a revolution in our family life.

The trailer industry, spread out in mushrooming companies from

Los Angeles to New England, is booming. At last count, it was found that some 1,700,000 people call a house trailer home. Upward of 300,000 call one their second home.

The vacation trailer may roll onto any one of the 12,000-plus trailer parks which are anchorage for the big ones; but frequently their habitat is off-trail—the mountain stream, the far desert, the remote beach. Ninety per cent of owners are people who own their own homes—that is, houses attached permanently to the ground. They belong to all income groups, especially the vast middle section.

THE MOST SIGNIFICANT of the modern trailer goes back to the Covered Wagon, produced in 1927. All trailers then were small. They started getting bigger around the middle Thirties. At the close of World War II they had reached 40 feet. By 1951, they had gotten as long as 50 feet and as wide as the law allowed.

The industry discovered, then, that there were still people who preferred to live in houses but who wanted to get away from them occasionally. All they asked was something fast, light, safe, inexpensive, enduring, with no upkeep and as comfortable as their homes.

Meantime, some bright airplane-construction men had realized that the advanced techniques that went into building lightweight all-metal planes were ideally suited to building lightweight all-metal trailers. Today, all-metal trailers are manufactured by these same men, of the same materials, on the same jigs and with the same tools.

Inside, these trailers look much

like the cabin of a small cruiser; outside, they are for all the world a wingless fuselage.

What's the reason for the boom in travel trailers? One factor, surprisingly, is the high cost of living, the scarcity of the middle-income luxury dollar. One manufacturer explains it this way: "People can't afford motels and restaurants any more. It's buy a trailer or stay home."

They buy exceedingly carefully, he says. They want a long-term investment, something that will last at least until the kids grow up. They want surfaces that don't have to be protected from weather. And many of them want to be able, after the excursion is over, to put the trailer to use at home as an extra apartment, a wing on the house.

The cost for this is, on a rough average, about \$100 a running foot, with the 16-footer probably the most popular size. This will pay for itself, most families figure, in about five years.

For ourselves, it was indeed a matter of buy one or stay home, at least until our small sons got bass voices and jobs. The preceding summer's vacation bills insured that. We were a quiet, bookish family with a very dim idea of what was under the hood of our three-year-old station wagon, and our most rugged camping activity had been experienced in decorous lakeside hotels.

Now, six months and many thousand miles later, we are still like that. What we learned was that there was little to learn. The modern trailer takes care of itself.

Returning from one of our first extensive trips, an old friend looked

us over. "This proves it," he said. "If you can do it, anyone can."

Hauling my 21 feet of aluminum home from the dealer's, I found myself very reluctant to get out of second gear. But a few hours later, on our empty desert highway, I was startled to see the speedometer standing at 70. I had discovered

that with the electric brake (controlled by a lever on the steering post), I could stop as quickly as ever. And the little car had become a big car: it seemed to ride better, handle better, take the curves better. That there was no noticeable wind resistance was due, I learned later, to the trailer's rounded aluminum ends, riveted into a kind of segmented, peeled-orange pattern.

It was fine on the road, but could four people really be comfortable in it? We loaded up and took off for the big test, the boys spinning with excitement in the back seat.

Bounding our California town to the south is one of the largest and most primitive reserves in the country, the Joshua Tree National Monument. It is innocent of both water and electricity and is crossed with the roughest of trails. It would do.

I took the grade up the mountain with all the concentration of a jet pilot testing a new model. It wasn't necessary. We simply rolled on up at an easy 40. Near the top, I turned onto a trail that had been chosen in solemn family conference. I took a death grip on the wheel, but over gullies and stones and brush our gleaming companion fol-

lowed, easily adjusting itself on springs and shock absorbers.

There was level ground in the lee of a magnificent mass of granite boulders. I would now attempt that nightmare thing; I would back up to turn around.

The children were browbeaten into silence. I sat concentrated,

re-viewing what the man had said. We crawled backward, tense. The rear end simply came around where it belonged. We were there.

Making camp was a matter of unlocking the door, setting canvas chairs in the sun and mixing a drink—ice cubes were ready

in the gas refrigerator. The boys took to the rocks and we settled down with our books, exactly as we would have done on our front porch.

The sun dropped over the mountain in a blaze of desert glory. The stars came out. I lighted the two butane wall lamps, with their frosted globes. The polished and chromed and varnished surfaces glowed cheerfully in the soft light, as we applied ourselves to dinner.

For the test we would use all four burners, oven *and* broiler. Everything worked fine—the range, the refrigerator, the hot-water heater, the lights, the marine water pump at the double sink, the built-in water tank it was attached to.

We didn't need the panel heater, but I lit it anyway. And there was enough butane in the two steel bottles on the tongue outside to last a month.

After the dishes, we collapsed the twin couches that made a dou-

**"I'M SICK OF
WAITERS!"**

*Tired of getting
pushed around in
hotels and restau-
rants? Read what
you can do about it
—in the June issue
of Coronet.*

ble bed and the boys turned in, protesting. We sat outside over the embers of a fire in the moonlight. It was unlikely, I knew, that there was any living soul within 20 miles of us. Our compact comforts seemed very odd here. After awhile, we went in to our twin beds, full-size, full-mattressed, with books and ash-trays at hand.

Dovetailing closet doors kept smoke and light from the sleeping children. Fresh air circulated through windows and ventilators.

Sometime during the night I woke and listened tensely to a mountain lion in the distance. Then I thought of our double metal walls and stout airplane door and went back to sleep.

Since then we have stayed home little of our spare time. The travel we had thought a good ten years off is here and now—summers, week-ends, every chance we get. We have become trailerites.

My fears had centered on mechanical problems, but I've learned that if your car is sound and your trailer well made, there are none. The problems of trailering aren't mechanical but psychological.

The first and last condition is that

the family must be, or become, good sports. In a trailer you live pretty close together. So you have to share the work, respect the other fellow's rights, keep everything in its place, keep everything clean. If you can take the rough with the smooth, without complaint, the smooth will be wonderful.

For the perfectionist, something like a billiard ball on the floor (usually battleship linoleum) will show when the trailer is level; whichever way it runs is the low side. Don't boost the low wheel; shovel under the high wheel and let it settle; it's easier. Have your supporting jacks welded to the underside corners of the steel frame; arrived in port, crank down until the fellow with the billiard ball says "whoa!"

Travel light, not for weight but for room. Don't assume that a 14-foot trailer will travel better than, say, a 20-footer; for many engineering reasons, it isn't necessarily so. Many people buy their first trailer too small. Almost all sizes sleep four or five people, but elbow room is important, too. Go after reasonable size *and* weight; if the design is right, they handle better.



Fluff

NOT TOO MANY years ago, a certain newscaster worked two jobs in a small eastern city. He spent his afternoons coaching the high school athletic teams and the early morning hours as a disc jockey and news announcer for the local radio station.

"Poor timing," he explains, "cost me my radio job. One morning I concluded the newscast by

reading a story from the South telling how a pack of dogs broke loose from a dogcatcher's wagon and raced crazily through the fields of a tobacco plantation.

"Course, there was nothing wrong with that report," he adds. "But then I followed it with a commercial that began quizzically, "'Does your cigarette taste different lately?'"

—*Victorian Magazine*

I WAS A WOMAN SPY

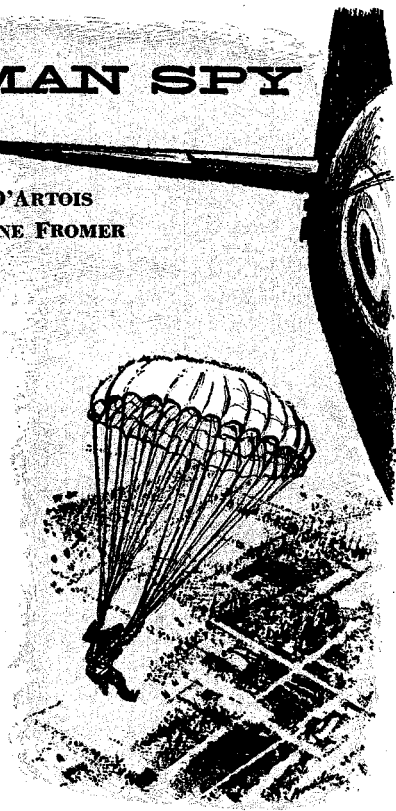
by SONIA D'ARTOIS
as told to ANNE FROMER

During World War II, women played roles as daring and courageous as were required of any man. This is the true story of one such woman, who gambled her life to help the Allies win final victory in Europe—The Editors.

MANY THINGS HAPPENED TO ME for the first time on a night in April, 1944. I rode in a Black Maria; I jumped from a bomber with a tangled parachute; and I began my mission in wartime France as a British secret agent.

We drove in the Black Maria from Intelligence Headquarters "somewhere in London" to an American air base equally cryptically located "somewhere in England." At headquarters the Chief, Col. Maurice Buckmaster, had told me what my assignment was:

"You will parachute into France with a wireless operator and a demolition specialist. The drop will be 40 miles from Le Mans, where Rommel's army is concentrated. Your job is, first, to recruit, arm and train a secret French force to carry out sabotage and harassment under code wireless orders you will receive from London Headquarters. Second, you will obtain and transmit to us all possible information on enemy strength, movement and disposal of personnel and material."



The Chief handed me four large sheets of paper covered with single-spaced typing—it was a complete summary of my mission, neatly categorized under the headings: Information, Intention, Method, Administration and Intercommunication. It also detailed my cover story.

It was a curious experience, to read and memorize the detailed life history of the person I was now to become. It meant not only adopting a new name and identity, but a new nationality and personality.

"My name is Suzanne Bonvie. I am the daughter of Alcide and

Marie Bonvie, of number ten Rue de Rivière, Bonneville . . .”

The cover story was careful to pick as my place of residence a small town which had been so thoroughly destroyed by allied raids that no municipal records remained. The address, which was genuine, was a bombed-out house.

The story took my personal history back to grandfathers and grandmothers, aunts and uncles. There were, purposely, little inconsistencies in it since a perfectly consistent story would be more likely to arouse suspicion.

“I am now going,” my cover story stated, “to stay with my cousin, Jean-Paul Bonvie, who has a chateau near Le Mans . . .”

There *was* a man named Bonvie who had a small chateau near Le Mans, and that was my destination. Bonvie was of the Maquis.

The Chief opened a drawer of his desk and took out a small Glassine envelope containing some white tablets and a single blue capsule. He handed it to me and said in an even voice:

“The white—remember, the *white*—are stimulants. Take one if you ever need a last extra ounce of endurance to pull you through an emergency. The blue . . . well, if you are captured and at your last extremity—it will work in three minutes.”

His words were a grim reminder of what could be the climax of the six strange months I had just spent.

It had all started when I was summoned to an interview in a

dingy London hotel, given a casual but thorough examination in French and my knowledge of the French people, assigned to the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry and hustled off to an isolated country house in Surrey for training.

The F.A.N.Y., of course, was only a cover for the real purpose of my enlistment—to become a spy, an intelligence agent, an underground organizer behind the German lines—a member of a secret third front which was to pin down and harass the German defenders against the invasion of Europe.

My fellow-agents at the Surrey country house where we trained were English who, like myself, had been educated in France; or citizens of Mauritius, a French-speaking English colony; South Africans who had lived in Madagascar; and some French-Canadians.

We spoke nothing but French. But more, we had to *live* French. We were watched every moment. Did we instinctively place our knives and forks in the French position after eating? Parties were held—for the sole purpose of getting us a little drunk. Did we lapse into English? Did we talk too much?

One night after such a party I awoke to find an officer sitting at my bedside. I sat up indignantly.

“Quite all right,” I was told stiffly, “we were only ascertaining if you talk in your sleep—and if so, in what language.”

Candidate agents had to learn how to recognize one person in a crowd solely from a description, be



able to appraise a person's character and sincerity almost at sight, after a short talk with him.

"You're going to have to choose people to work with," we were told, "people who might be planted by the enemy, people whom the enemy could later bribe. One mistake might literally mean death."

We had to learn how to steal . . . from another student's quarters, from a locked and guarded room. We had to be able to remove one sheet of paper from a drawer full of documents and leave the other contents undisturbed.

In what we called the "Cooking School" we learned how to combine ingredients obtainable at any corner store into deadly explosives.

ALL THAT was a preliminary to the toughening school in Scotland. The object of this second school, they told us, was to condition our bodies to withstand fatigue. It nearly killed me.

The few feminine agents were treated exactly the same as men, on the reasonable grounds that we would be living, working and fighting under the same conditions—and against the same enemy. The constant watch, the penetrating appraisal of us, was carried on until the very end when I was told to report to London for further orders.

At briefing headquarters the Chief greeted me with one word: "Good!" Three days later he summoned me again. That night he rode with me in the Black Maria out to the airport . . .

The plane banked to the left—the signal that we were over the "drop." As I looked out on the moonlit mass of France, I was hor-

ribly afraid. Yet it was a relief.

I moved to the hatch in the belly of the plane. Behind me crouched my wireless operator, a young Englishman who had recently acquired the incongruous name of Alexandre Dumont; and a wiry, middle-aged, genuinely French Maquis I knew only as Paul.

The light on a panel facing the hatch glowed red—"ready." When it turned green, that was "go." From my half-crouched jump position I watched that light. It stayed red for an eternity of ten seconds. Then it was green.

A huge paper bag popped in my ears and a giant slapped me between the shoulders. Then everything was still and silent; even the sound of the plane's engines, already incredibly distant, was only something rhythmic blending with the silence.

But I had bungled my jump. After four perfect practice drops I had failed when the real thing came, and I was impotently furious at myself. Endlessly our parachute instructor had repeated: "Hold your head up when you go through the hatch, otherwise you'll turn ears over bottom and twist your shroud lines."

I had done just that. I had found it impossible not to look down.

According to everything I had rehearsed I should now be floating gently to earth, manipulating the shroud lines to guide the chute towards a friendly ring of dimmed signal lights on the ground. Instead I was dropping out of control and much too fast. I could see no lights. I didn't even know which way the earth was.

Worst of all, in tumbling help-



lessly through the air I had lost my grip on the precious bundle of French clothes which British Intelligence had gone to so much trouble to collect for my French mission.

I struggled with the lines for another ten futile seconds before the earth came up and hit me. I blacked out.

When I came to there was a rumbling noise in my ears. I got my breath back, collected my senses, but the noise remained. It was low, insistent and not too distant.

My instinct was to move in the opposite direction. In enemy territory so continuous a sound was not likely to be made by friends.

A grove of trees to the left offered cover. I got up and discovered that I was still firmly attached to my parachute. "Bury your parachute immediately" was the "A" of our alphabet. I tugged furiously at the release. Nothing came loose. I must somehow have fouled it in my bungled drop.

I pulled my Colt automatic out of my pocket and started towards the trees, dragging the chute. It seemed to take hours of hard work, like walking in a plowed field up a steep grade, before I reached the leafy shadows.

I could still hear that ominous rumble off to the right. Once it stopped for a moment, to the accompaniment of much screeching, then started again. I guessed that it was a line of trucks on a road, running blacked-out and brought to a sudden halt.

I stopped under the first tree and called as loudly as I dared: "André." That was the code name

of the man who was to meet me if all went well.

There was no answer, but something stirred in the shadows and presently I could make out the shape of a man, watching me. Then another figure took shape, and another . . . until there were eight.

I gripped my pistol tighter . . . that was to happen so often in the next five months that the dull gray finish of the handle was worn through to the bright metal. I had to decide quickly whether to speak again—or shoot. Then, with blessed relief, I heard a voice say in French:

"It is a woman!"

The men came closer and I could see that they were quite elderly and roughly dressed.

"André is dead . . . the Boche got him three days ago." The tone of the man's voice was so matter-of-fact that he might have been announcing a simple and quite routine occurrence. This revelation of the violent death of the man who was to have been my chief helper and adviser made me realize, as nothing else could, that I was now among people by whom sudden death was accepted as a way of life.

Two of the men helped me off with the parachute, not gently but with the aid of wicked-looking knives. I explained to the Maquis who seemed to be the leader of the group—the only man who had spoken until then—that two men had parachuted with me, that the pack containing my clothes had dropped after me, and that we must search for the men and the bundle.

He shook his head and jerked his thumb towards the rumbling noise which continued ceaselessly.

"There is a big Boche convoy

moving tonight," he said. He pointed to one of the shadowy figures about him. "Pierre here has just told us that he watched the convoy from behind a hedge and saw it stop to pick up a pack. We knew it belonged to one of you who had jumped. As for those who came with you, there are others to meet them."

That was the most blood-chilling news of a night of misadventure. The enemy would now know not only that an agent had been dropped in the area, but that it was a woman—and a woman whose general description could be pieced together from the size of the clothing in the pack.

"Never underestimate the cleverness of the enemy," the Chief had told us, "or the speed with which he moves."

That meant that within an hour or two—certainly before morning—a grim methodical search would be under way in every field, every grove of trees, every haystack, barn and house for miles around. In any other circumstances the series of misfortunes of the night would have meant that the mission was a failure, and that it was better to call the whole thing off and start again. Except that in my case, of course, there could be no turning back.

"We must hurry," said the Maquis leader.

I suddenly realized that these men understood, as much as I did, probably more, the imminence of the danger of their being captured, just as André had been captured—and just as summarily executed. Yet they had waited for me instead of putting safe miles between themselves and the inevitable search.

We moved through the wood, away from the rumbling trucks. Out in the open moonlight I saw that my companions were even older than they had seemed in the shadows.

As if in answer to my thought, their spokesman, whose name was Alain, said: "We old ones meet and guide those who come in planes. The younger men are needed for more serious work."

All night we walked through fields, but when dawn came we took to the road. "We" were only three now. The rest of the men had melted away, one by one, in the night. A party of nine traveling together would be sure to arouse suspicion.

It seemed a curious reversal, to hide by night and to walk openly by day, but Alain explained that there was a curfew in the area and that anyone found out at night would be arrested. On the other hand, to attempt concealment by traveling through fields in daylight would be equally suspicious.

But it took a real effort for me to try to walk along that French road as though I belonged there, a road that soon would be crawling with enemy trucks, perhaps marching soldiers who would pass close enough to touch.

THE SUN ROSE and it became unbearably hot. The clothes I was wearing when I jumped—all the clothes I now owned—consisted of sweater, divided skirt and ski boots.

Underneath, next to my skin, I wore a money belt containing a million francs. It had had a comforting feeling when first I strapped it on—a million francs in genuine

smuggled French banknotes, but now it was an intolerable burden in the heat.

And then it came—the inevitable heart-tightening blood-chilling test. Around a bend in the road appeared a truck crowded with German soldiers.

Quickly I glanced at my companions. They were plodding along as before, heads bent, eyes on the road like the tired and worn old men they were.

Involuntarily my chest tightened as the truck approached. I had to suppress a wild impulse to dart into the ditch.*

The truck was abreast now and I was looking into the eyes of a score of Nazis. Then it was past. The Germans had waved at me and shouted words I did not understand—but which feminine instinct told me meant something other than “arrest that woman spy.”

That meant that I had passed the first test of direct contact with the enemy.

For 30 hours we walked without sleep, with scarcely a pause to rest and eat. Thus it was at dawn that we arrived at the Chateau Bonvie. My English wireless operator and Paul, the explosives expert, were already there and greeted me like a long-lost friend. So did my “Cousin” Bonvie who turned out to be very young, not more than a year or two older than I.

I was ready to sleep the clock around, but Bonvie’s mixture of hope and concern made that impossible. “We have been expecting help so long and need it so badly,” he said. “Organization, training, weapons . . . we have had none—since the last group was wiped out,

and that was almost a year ago.”

“Yes,” I said, “we will start work tomorrow.”

Next morning began the strange double life I was to lead for the next five months, lives so different from the rational existence I had led for 18 years, so kaleidoscopic in incident, adventure and danger, that sometimes now it is difficult to believe that they really existed at all.

Bonvie took me into Le Mans to introduce me to contacts; to the safe houses where I could obtain information, make contacts or seek refuge in an emergency.

The streets swarmed with German soldiers. They crowded the stores, the restaurants, the hotels. The townsfolk were in evidence, too, going silently about their business affairs.

AT FIRST I had the same chilled feeling as the day before on the highway. Walking casually among the teeming German uniforms with Bonvie, I was aware that not one among them would have hesitated to shoot me down on the spot if they had known who I was.

We knocked on doors of cottages and climbed stairs to apartments in which average middle-class French provincial families were valiantly living out the Occupation in a semblance of respectability and safety—but never with submission. I was amazed at their matter-of-fact willingness to take their lives in their hands by harboring and helping a British agent, especially when most families had German troops billeted with them.

We entered a number of little shops on side streets to be greeted, after Bonvie’s introduction, with a

sort of guarded warmth. In one, an old, aproned grocer eyed me quizzically.

"So madame is one of us," he said. "Yes, you should be able to move freely in this town. I took you at first for a German girl with your blonde hair."

In each shop I made a purchase. This served two purposes; first, to accustom me to the actual use of the Occupation ration books which in training school I had studied as carefully as a textbook; second, to avoid suspicion if we were being followed, as conversation not accompanied by a business transaction might well have aroused something more than curiosity.

I was relieved to find that the rationing system I had learned had not become dated—it was a favorite device of the Germans to change details in various Occupation regulations, including rationing, to keep the population on edge . . . also, to make it difficult for underground organizers to slip quietly into the life of a French community.

The ration books I carried were expert forgeries of the real thing, printed in England along with my identification papers from authentic originals stolen and smuggled out of France. When I made my most important acquisition of that first day—a bicycle—I even knew where to go for the license and how much it cost.

By day I belonged in the "lower town," making contacts among the men of the district who had been demobilized after the fall of France and were restless for action; among the refugees who had fled from farther north with the invasion and

could not go back . . . or had no home, no village, no town to return to because Allied air raids had wiped them out.

It was as dangerous as handling dynamite, this business of recruiting an army under the very noses of the conquerors. One error of judgment, letting a traitor into our ranks, could—and probably would—mean torture and death to everyone in my group, and to their families.

By night I disappeared from the haunts of honest Frenchmen into the shadowy quarter of black-market cafes and bistros patronized almost entirely by Rommel's officers and collaborators—male and female.

Here the role which I must play convincingly was that of a sophisticate, bored with the dull life of a provincial town under occupation, and willing to dare the disapproval of my fellow countrymen for a few favors. It was not a role that came naturally to me, but the Chief had told me:

"We are choosing you for the job because, well, because you're a woman—and a very attractive woman."

So I played it with all the talent I had, and I seemed to succeed. Soon I was accepted by the German officers—and, equally important, by the even more suspicious and calculating French collaborators and "officers' girls."

One German colonel in particular took to stopping at my table to exchange a few words, then to sitting with me over *aperitifs*.

It was not hard to read



the colonel's thoughts about me: "She is a typical upper-middle-class girl who is not quite so sophisticated as she pretends to be, and who, under the stress of the occupation conditions, might allow herself to become an officer's girl—possibly my girl."

From him and from other contacts I drew my information for transmission over my wireless frequency to Headquarters in London. Here it was fitted into the intricate mosaic of intelligence contributed by other agents, which was then transmitted to Supreme Allied Headquarters.

Then, one evening, a strange mishap occurred. For a moment I was certain that it meant the end of my mission and myself.

The colonel sat down at my table and I shifted my chair to make room for him. My handbag—in which I carried my revolver—slipped off the back of the chair and fell to the floor with an ominous audible clank.

For an instant I felt terror. It must have communicated itself to him, because the cold penetrating gaze he turned on me left no doubt he knew what my bag contained.

I reached for the bag and, as casually as I could, opened it. But what I took out was not the revolver. It was my forged permit to carry a gun and it was signed by Gestapo headquarters.

I pushed it across the table, left it in front of him for a moment, then returned it to my purse. I managed a faint smile that I was far from feeling.

From that moment the colonel and I understood each other. I was

a Gestapo spy, probably the mistress of a high Gestapo officer, which accounted to him for a lot of things—why I frequented the expensive black-market cafés, why I never let him accompany me to my quarters. I was a dangerous person, but that lent spice to our *tête-à-têtes*. He was playing with fire, he let me know in so many words—but he liked it.

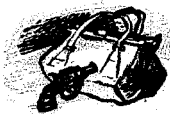
For my part, I had lived in that brief flash the greatest peril of the woman agent. Nor was this any imagined horror; my instructors had incorporated the grim facts into my indoctrination:

"The enemy knows that a woman is capable of bearing even more physical torture than a man without breaking. So Gestapo methods here are different. They will have an officer of the old school interrogate you first, in the manner of a kindly uncle. As soon as they find that is not successful they will change to cold scientific grilling.

"When that produces nothing they still attack you not as a suspect but as a woman. They will strip you naked and surround you with hard-faced officers hurling questions at you. And then they will throw you into a cell with men who are not men—human dregs . . ."

The colonel, whom I could easily visualize as one of those interrogating officers, became my most valuable informant.

One day he gave me the ominous information that for weeks now the Abwehr had been looking for a British woman agent who had been parachuted into the area. Her clothes had been found, some other



clues had been unearthed, and the Abwehr expected to have her in their hands soon. "Very soon, in fact," he added grimly.

"That is one thing I could never bring myself to do," I said "— drop in a parachute. . . ." And the shudder which accompanied this comment was very real.

It now became more urgent than ever to raise our Maquis force to required strength. I turned for aid to an influential parish priest in Le Mans, Father LeBlanc. He received me cordially but cautiously. He said nothing that was either sympathetic or hostile, but I gathered that one must be careful with a person who was known to have dealings with Frenchmen on one hand and with Germans on the other.

We had reached a conversational impasse when I said impulsively: "Father, I know how you must feel. I ask you to do this; select any sentence or phrase you choose. If you hear it repeated on tomorrow night's French news broadcast from the BBC, you will know who I am."

He thought a moment, smiled, and said: "The meek shall inherit the earth."

I returned to the rendezvous immediately and instructed our wireless operator to send a message to Intelligence Headquarters in London.

"Imperative BBC broadcast tomorrow night on French service 7:30 p.m. the following words . . ."

Nowadays I never listen to that calm disembodied voice which is the BBC without thinking that it received little credit for the tremendous undercover job it did in World War II.

The night after sending the message I listened intently to the BBC. In the midst of the regular news broadcast to the French nation the measured voice of the announcer said, clearly and quite illogically, "The meek shall inherit the earth."

Thereafter, Father LeBlanc's influence with his parishioners became our potent ally. Before long we had our "force" of 500 staunch Frenchmen, incredibly brave, utterly reckless when they got an opportunity to deal a hurtful blow against the invaders. They were divided into three groups, with widely scattered rendezvous.

Our arms and ammunition came from the skies. In answer to our requests, we would receive code messages giving the time and place of a parachute drop. Our favored method would be to round up the supplies, bury them and wait for market day, when there was least risk in moving them. The enemy never knew that many of the innocent carts slowly trundling their way to market were loaded, under the turnips or hay, with Bren and Sten guns and long black boxes of cartridges.

Now we were able to launch a minor reign of terror in the very heart of Rommel's area. We cut his communication lines as often as they were repaired. We blew up his petrol tanks. We kept the German maintenance crews busy with emery powder in diesel electric generators; we ambushed convoys, lying silently behind hedges and leaping out behind a blast of gunfire.

For these jobs we traveled miles into the lonely countryside, not only to minimize the danger of German

reinforcements being rushed to the ambush, but to avoid the brutal reprisals.

Then it came . . . the message we had waited for—the message which was, in the final analysis, the reason for our being there. None of us knew, of course, when the invasion was to come.

Our special instructions were only that we were to listen to the BBC without fail on the first and 15th of every month.

As soon as a prearranged alert came, each agent was to act on nightly preparatory commands aimed at deploying our forces for the crucial, coordinated strike on D-Day eve.

It came on the night of June 5, 1944. That midnight in full force we followed our blueprint . . . blow up the turntables in the Le Mans railway yards . . . cut every telephone wire leading out of the city. Blow up all possible road and rail bridges.

Never had my Maquis been so bold, so ruthless, so reckless. What they had scarcely dared hope for during four years of soul-deadening defeat had come true. They were like men possessed—possessed by an unholy joy. So reckless had they been, in fact, that we thought it wise to suspend all operations for a day or two.

On the night we were to reassemble I walked through the forest towards our meeting place. Suddenly a hand was laid on my arm and a voice whispered, "It is Jean. Do not speak."

I walked beside Jean, knowing something terrible had happened. Not until we had gone more than a mile—away from the rendezvous—

did he speak, and then there was agony in his voice.

"They came," he said. "The Abwehr. As we were eating. They surrounded the place, at least 200 of them. We got a warning from the lookouts, but as soon as they shouted, the Boche opened fire. We fired back as we ran. How many broke out, and how many were killed and captured, I do not know. They kept shouting at us in the dark: 'Surrender the woman—give up the British spy and we will spare your lives.'"

We made our way in grim silence to the emergency rendezvous. A handful of men were there. I was glad to see that Paul, our dependable, resourceful group leader, was among them. He tried to be optimistic.

"It will be hours before we know how many are lost," he said. "Many will make wide detours, and many will be waiting hidden in the woods to warn you. . . ."

This last brought a pang of gratitude to those men who were adding immeasurably to their own danger in trying to warn me.

By dawn 80 men had stumbled into the hidden clearing, some wounded, some exhausted. One man I kept watching for did not come. He was the wireless operator—by far the most important single person in the group. I questioned each man as he arrived. One of the last to come in told me: "Dumont is dead. He was sitting beside me."

Without Dumont we were no longer an organized action-group. There could be no more contact with Headquarters in London. His death made us guerillas.

At Headquarters they would wait

for our signal for a day or two. Then finally a large red question mark would be marked above our position on the map.

In the afternoon one of the men who had escaped the raid came in with the bitter details that he had gathered in the town.

Few of our men had salvaged their guns. We had practically no ammunition. By now the Abwehr would know the names of everyone in the group, so that none could enter Le Mans. Worse, because we were out of touch with Headquarters, there could be no more droppings of guns and ammunition.

There remained only one course of action open to us . . . to do as much damage as we could before the inevitable closed in.

Our last proposed operation now assumed double importance—the blowing up of a munitions train bringing guns and ammunition to Rommel. There would have to be a change in plans, for we would now have to disable the engine and capture precious supplies intact before setting the train afire.

Never had we planned an operation more carefully, or measured out demolition charges so precisely.

We could see the smoke of the engine far off as we lay flattened along the top of the embankment.

The train approached with maddening deliberation, seemed to hang poised over the detonator . . . then, in slow motion, the engine toppled on its side and dragged with it three or four freight cars.

Instantly all was confusion. Hiss-

ing white steam enveloped the engine. Guards screamed as they jumped from the overturned cars. From the embankment came the crash of rifle volleys. Here and there I could see the train's guards drop and lie still by the tracks. Others returned our fire wildly. Groups of Maquis moved in on the crippled train, guns blazing. Soon came the signal—all resistance ended.

Speed had been the essential ingredient of the operation, and now it was even more necessary. In a few minutes—when the train failed to confirm its arrival at the next signal point—retribution would be on its way. We worked against time to locate and unload the small, light and efficient German utility guns of the Tommy-gun variety; these we would use in running battles with the Wehrmacht.

Those who had lost their guns in the raid rearmed themselves immediately and stuffed their pockets full of cartridges. We formed lines to carry guns and ammunition to waiting trucks.

Finally we laid short-fused demolition charges under the railway wagons. Then we scattered, to travel fast but by wide detours to the new rendezvous.

We were still in sight of the train when the first charge went off with a force that nearly lifted us off our feet. When we were miles away we could still hear muffled explosions as the train methodically blew itself to pieces.

In the frenzied days that followed, many of our gallant men



died in forays, in ambushes, in attacks on the flanks of enemy columns moving against the invasion.

Then one day a patrol brought back tremendous news. They had contacted a patrol from General Patton's army. Conducted to an advance post they had asked what action would best fit in with the Americans' plan of campaign around Le Mans.

"Airports," they were told. "Tackle any airports in your district. Those Heinkel dive-bombers have been giving us hell!"

Three planes had crashed to earth before the airport's defenders, a regiment of Luftwaffe troops, were alerted. Although they greatly outnumbered the Maquis, we had one tremendous advantage—cover. Every time they tried to cross the airport and get within striking distance of us, we pinned them down with rapid fire.

Until mid-afternoon we contained the Luftwaffe regiment. Then it came—the sound of heavy gunfire from the direction of Le Mans. By nightfall General Patton's forces had the airfield surrounded.

WITH MY IDENTITY ESTABLISHED, the Americans assigned me to intelligence coordination . . . questioning prisoners. Then came the strangest experience in that final phase of my military career. One day I was assigned a prisoner who had proved exceptionally stubborn under preliminary questioning by American Intelligence officers. They were turning him over to me in hopes that I might be able to break down his adamant silence.

I glanced at the name on the

Today, Sonia D'Artois leads a life quite as active if somewhat less hazardous than when she dodged death behind the Nazi lines in France. "If you want to know why," she says, "ask any mother of four bouncing children—Tina, Nadya, Michel and Robert." Discipline in the D'Artois home recently took an upturn with the return of Sonia's husband, Maj. Guy D'Artois of the Canadian Army, from service in Korea.

The D'Artois family lives in a French chateau in Quebec. Few of Sonia's neighbors suspect that she is the subject of a dossier in the vaults of Britain's Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood at St. James' Palace in London, testifying that she is one of the few women to be awarded a military membership in the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire for "gallant and unflinching devotion to duty."

briefing sheet. It was my colonel of the bistros.

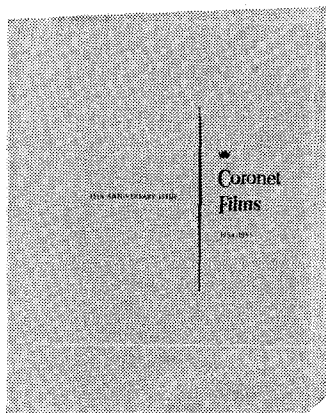
He marched in with his head in the air, stood before my desk, saluted automatically, and looked at me for the first time. His eyes stared from their sockets. His face turned crimson.

"You!" he gasped. "You!"

As I motioned him to the chair before my desk I could almost see the thoughts whirling through his brain . . . amazement, disbelief, self-reproach, then finally a grudging respect. He shrugged and sat down. A grim half-smile flickered on his lips.

"What is it you would like to know—that I have not already told you?" he asked. There was bitterness in his tone, but also a slight note of mockery in his voice, almost of banter.

"Oh, there are a few gaps," I answered.



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THE DEAD LETTER



AN AGED GENERAL, hero of many battles, was trying hard to maintain peace and quiet on an elegant plantation at Baton Rouge, Louisiana. His main enemy was expensive correspondence, and he determined to eliminate it.

To the mild-mannered, local postmaster, the old general gave an ultimatum: "I shall accept no more mail not fully covered by the senders!"

Months later, the anxious postmaster, noting the old man's accumulated mail, shipped it to the dead letter office in Washington. Then, a few days later, he faced a blustering, red-faced general.

"There was—perhaps—a letter" The general spoke hurriedly. "Important—possibly. A friend tells me there was a big convention in Philadelphia recently"

For days the restless veteran tramped his plantation until all his correspondence had been returned from Washington. Anxiously he scanned the pile. Ah, there was a letter from the Whig National Convention at Philadelphia!

"Important?" asked the wide-eyed postmaster.

The old general began reading aloud: "Sir, you were nominated as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States" The letter urged the general to accept the nomination.

The old general lost no time in answering that "dead" letter and paying ample postage! And it is a matter of history that Zachary Taylor became the 12th President of these United States on March 5, 1849.

—REV. PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

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